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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor* GRANT OVERTON, *Associate Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

CHIVALRY TO AGE

CHIVALRY in many of its manifestations is as little used today as the armors and plumes which were its habiliments. Yet the chivalry of youth toward age and experience cannot pass without a notation of regret. When a New York paper finds the death of William Archer, the eminent English dramatic critic, an opportunity for flippant judgment of his importance, the occasion is one for annoyance. Whatever Archer's abilities were — and we happen to view them as considerable — the dignity in which his living presence was held would seem to require at his death a measure of respectful tribute, or a kindly silence. Anything else is inexcusable. Last year when Julia Marlowe appeared in New York City as Cymbeline, the cruelty which was evidenced in criticizing a woman whose gift to the American theatre is obvious, had little of either chivalry or kindness in it. Youth is remorseless and cruel, you answer. Not always, is the reply; a tolerant youth sometimes sows the seeds for a respected old age. It is the most cruel youths who, in turn, find youth turned cruel to their middle age. Critical manners have mended somewhat in the last years, yet there is still a distance to be traveled. Can we not look for a revival of chivalry with the wane of the realistic novel? Does romance not presuppose some understanding of the ways of gentlemen — and ladies?

PURE POETRY AND JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

"WHAT, in the name of God, was it poets did with things?" If Joseph Hergesheimer had been asked that question at a sufficiently small and adequately ingratiating dinner at precisely the right moment in the progress of the champagne, and by precisely the right lady — for these æsthetic problems are, by the more exquisite of us, only to be dealt with under *precisely* the right circumstances — if then, the question had been so beautifully, so appropriately, and in short so exqui-

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sitely asked, Mr. Hergesheimer would have answered, replied to it in fact, told her. So he confides to us in "The Saturday Review of Literature". One need not say how greatly criticism and the science of æsthetics would have been enriched by that reply. But alas! things are in this world so seldom precisely right — are they, dear reader? The dinners have been but incompletely ingratiating, or the champagne did not "progress" in the esoterically correct manner, or the lady has had too much or too little champagne, or something has gone wrong — and so we shall never know Mr. Hergesheimer's answer. Too bad! As it is, Mr. Hergesheimer doesn't, doesn't quite, know what pure poetry is. Nevertheless, he knows what he likes, and he strongly suspects that it is much the same thing. He has found what he likes in George Moore's "Pure Poetry" anthology. This volume in the Nonesuch edition, "a tall slender book with a fine page, a warm, fine paper", *ought* to contain pure poetry; and sure enough, it, to Mr. Hergesheimer's delicate and exacting taste, did. Mr. Moore's introduction, relating a literarious conversation in Ebury Street, and striking, oh precisely the right note by a change from the dining room to the drawing room — "where it occurred to Mr. Moore that the coffee might be served" — this warmed Mr. Hergesheimer's heart. People like that, people who so unfailingly think of the right thing in the conduct of dinners, would know about poetry; and if not they, then who? Mr. Moore's confession that as a child he had read and loved poetry, touched Mr. Hergesheimer deeply. Who would have thought it! And the beautiful tenacity of Mr. Moore's memory — he actually can remember verses, one after another. Amazing! Some cynical and unromantic person might have been amazed, not perhaps at the abysmal depths of Mr. Moore's ignorance of poetry, for that is only natural, but at the blessed naïveté of Mr. Moore in fancying that his whimsical and dilettante preferences constituted a canon of æstheticism; but Mr. Hergesheimer is impressed differently. It seemed to him that what Mr. Moore said was so. Poetry — pure poetry — should have no thought in it, since poetry is "diluted, lost, by thought". Shelley — and how many more, alas! — made that mistake. But in these "entrancing" lines with which Mr. Moore opens his selections, there is no such fatal dilution:

> Isabel,
> Reflaring rosabel,
> The fragrant caramel,
> The ruddy rosary,
> The sovereign rosemary,
> The pretty strawberry . . .

Here is nothing so ill bred as thought, nothing but "fragrance and delicate color". Mr. Moore was pleased with the other selections, too, though he thought there was "a great deal of Blake". Of course, for Blake could hardly keep from thinking, though he did indeed disguise that process in symbols too obscure for Mr. Moore's innocent mind to fathom. Better pleased was Mr. Hergesheimer with the "Mariana" of Lord Tennyson — Mr. Hergesheimer does not fail to give him his proper title. Yes, Mr. Hergesheimer knows what he likes; and there being "no champagne, no lovely individual to be charmed by adroit definitions", we must be content with that. We shall never, now, perhaps, know why, precisely, Mother Goose is of the essence of pure poetry. Yet there is one hope — one. Bring on your champagne and your lovely "individuals", and perhaps Mr. Hergesheimer will unriddle the secret of the Sphinx.

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HOW SELL, WHY BUY?

WE were looking through the pages on pages that proclaimed the various excellencies of this publishing firm and that in the advertising section of one of the literary magazines, and wondering. Does anybody ever actually buy a book because he sees a printed advertisement of it somewhere? A book, we mean, by some author previously unknown to the reader of the advertisement.

Of course, if you like Edith Wharton — or Ethel M. Dell — the announcement of a new novel by Mrs. Wharton or Miss Dell may create in your mind a certain desire for its possession — but the others? A catchy title may arrest the attention momentarily, or a line of commendation from a critic whose opinions in general coincide with your own. But ordinarily, and in the majority of cases, does the usual book advertisement leave any more decided impress on your consciousness than, say, the stick or so devoted in the morning papers to an unimportant fire in Bridgeport or the funeral of a retired major general? Personally, we think books as a rule much less winningly advertised than most patent medicines, ketchups, or devices for restraining corpulence. But when we wonder how to better the situation, we find ourself whirling dizzily. Should publishers advertise less or more or not at all? Would a dozen undercover agents paid secretly to whisper a novel's praises wherever they went be more effective than the usual advertising campaign? Or how would you fix it? Why, for example, do you buy one particular book instead of another very much like it in size and color?

MODERN VICTORIANISMS

"GLOBEFILLED", "lowburied", "purplefringed", "lotusflute", "fountainpregnant'', "summervault", "lilygarlands", "brookbank", "blueglossed", "blosmwhite", "diamondeyed", "goldencored", "cedarshade" — no, these fancycompounds are not, as might notunnaturally be supposed, drawn from James Joyce's "Ulysses", nor, as would be a secondguess, from the opuses of his various young ecstaticimitators. Nor did we make them up out of sheer joy in their pie eyed appearance. They are drawn from the early work of Alfred Tennyson, in the period when he was writing "Keepsake" verses, subsequently suppressed. Thus we learn that there is nothing new under the sun, and that words like "brightwindbridled", "steelyringing", "strandentwining", "myriadislanded", "loudlatinlaughing", "shellcocoacolored", "peacocktwittering", have a precedent, such as it is. The fine rich earlyvictorian flavor of this resurrected vocabulary should console us for the untimely loss of the bustle.

ARTIST OR COIFFEUR?

BIOGRAPHY and autobiography are racing with fiction for lead in the reading lists. Publishers' catalogues bristle with provocative as well as staid volumes revelatory of the great, the near great, or the notorious. The ethics of autobiography are regulated only by the standards of gentlemanly conduct, and the revelations of a cad are that and nothing more. But with biography there is a moot question. Should biographers tell the whole truth?

"Of course", you say!

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Then, what of yourself? Would you care to have broadcasted the information usually filed in an insurance company safe? Would you care to have fingers tear strings from old packets of letters, open old wounds? John A. Steuart's recent discussion of Stevenson has caused much chitterchatter in the literary world; for he dwells long and with somewhat undue emphasis on certain unimportant sexual episodes. Granting that Mr. Steuart's taste has been faulty, in other cases is it possible to give the world a real evaluation of a man without entering the debits on the ledger? Is it not true that, though one might trust one's whole life story in all its details to a great biographer, one would hesitate to tell the slightest anecdote to a flippant or dishonest chronicler? Strachey, Guedalla, Harold Begbie, Thomas Beer, Van Wyck Brooks, albeit charming, are not entirely merciful biographers. William Allen White has cared to analyze the weaknesses of Woodrow Wilson. Yet these men seldom prove less than gentlemen in their revealments. In preparing her story of John Keats, it is well known that Amy Lowell blew the dust from every detail of the poet's life, and recorded each item from the tale of the black eye to the changing of a syllable in "Endymion". As it happened, Keats proved a spotless hero; but had there been dire scandals uncloaked, he has been dead so long that even his relations could make no objection. Not so, recently, in the case of a famous American man of letters. The daughter of that man, asked by his biographer for certain information, replied: "It's none of your business." And so another goes to lengthen the list of fine stories untold.

To appear at one's best at all times is primary and instinctive; but biography in which sympathy is carried to adulation has no value unless it be as a tract. Perhaps humanity is the characteristic we demand of our heroes; we can afford to admire them less if we can love them more.

Zuloaga, the Spanish painter, has come to America just in time to point the moral. Some time ago he made a portrait of a South American gentleman who had a heavy beard. Months later, the artist received a cable from South America saying that the man had been married and, since his wife didn't like the beard, he had shaved it off. Would Zuloaga mind erasing the beard from the portrait?

Zuloaga cabled back: "I am an artist, not a coiffeur!"

UNLOVELY AMERICA AGAIN

Restlessness such as ours, success such as ours, striving such as ours, do not make for beauty. Other things must come first, good cookery, cottages that are homes, not playthings; gardens, repose. These are first-rate things and out of first-rate stuff is art made. It is possible that machinery has finished us as far as this is concerned. Nobody stays at home any more, nobody makes anything beautiful any more. Quick transportation is the death of art. We can't keep still because it is so easy to move about.

SO Willa Cather states a belief in an interview granted to Rose Feld and printed in the New York "Times". Art, she sees largely in repose; beauty, she finds, must come from a civilization more like that of France than our own. No beauty in restlessness, she says — and she forgets all the restless, sensitive, striving beauty of youth. No beauty in machinery? She forgets the etchings of Pennell and the poetry of Carl Sandburg. If she means art, the technique of art, she is perhaps right in her feeling that America is not contemplative enough. We could not

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in this period have produced Anatole France; but we did produce, as she admits, Whitman. She forgets, too, the beauty of revolt, the beauty of struggle, the beauty of the very rugged unformed state she abhors. That our standards of success are warped we cannot deny; but the avarice of the French is no prettier a characteristic than our money madness, and the striving of the present generations, Miss Cather, is building up wealth for the leisure of those quietly cultured souls you so miss in this welter of "cinema" and "radio" publics. You regret, too, the days long past when these new readers did not exist and only a fine, intelligent public greeted the best books. This, you say, Miss Cather, is not intended to be a snobbish attitude. You will not deny that it is, at least, aristocratic!

THOSE MODERN THREE R'S

HAVE you noticed the change? They used to be Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic; now they are Reading, Writing, and Reviewing. (In some instances it seems to be Reading, Writing, and Righting.) But even as the earlier three R's were deemed to go inseparably together, so now it really does appear to be the faith of many that Reading, Writing, and Reviewing are interchangeable or complementary practices — not three occupations, but one.

We doubt it. Reading, as Dr. Johnson might say, is a common habit or employment of a portion of the human species. The moment it is done professionally or under some compulsion, great or slight, it becomes something entirely different from the reading which, we hope, you regularly enjoy. So performed, it is an opiate to all the beautiful instincts which must be constantly alive if one is to be a Writer. As for the reading achieved by the Reviewer — well — there are those who contend that he does not read at all; and the experienced Reviewer will, with a groan, agree with them.

Writers not seldom accomplish reviews and these reviews are not seldom extraordinarily bad. What does a Writer care, really, about another's writing? In the name of goodness why, except as a codicil to the testament of personal friendship, should he care? Of course he may be jealous in a dignified way.

It is a mistake of the young and ignorant to suppose that Reading, Writing, and Reviewing are a wise or helpful mixture. These three R's fight each other. Frequently reconciled and housed in the same person, like conflicting traits of character, they are profoundly antagonistic. They check each other's growth; they mutually inhibit; and darkly shoving back and forth in the subconsciousness, they create a crush in the mental subway. Dr. Freud has not yet solved the transit problems of New York or other cities; but he or she who persists in all three of the modern R's will call in the psychoanalyst too late for the soul's salvation.

NAUGHTY MR. BELASCO

AT the end of the rainbow David Belasco has found gold — but in the fleshpots. This veteran producer has brought two more silly and unpleasant plays to a season already distinguished by the naughty. "The Harem" and "Ladies of the Evening" add their sensational mediocrity to Mr. Belasco's long list of lavishly produced second rate dramas. How he must

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view with envy the Actors' Theatre with its superb rendering of "Candida", the Theatre Guild with "They Knew What They Wanted", Arthur Hopkins with "What Price Glory?" Perhaps he will wish to argue that the last named plays have their share of frank lustfulness. This would seem a poor retort. Sincerity rings in every word of the dialogue of these two fine plays, whereas Mr. Belasco, although we do not question his sincere love of the theatre, has not often seen life minus an oriental stage setting.

There are varying standards of what is proper and what is improper in theatrical circles. Jesse Lynch Williams's innocuous "Why Marry?", which would seem tame indeed in a season like this, when revived recently in a southern town lived up to its title in shocking a portion of the tender minded inhabitants. Yet motion pictures of far more violence are viewed there daily. "What Price Glory?" is assailed by wiseacres, while vile acts in a half dozen of the current revues go unscathed. Mr. Belasco, however, is not alone in his tendency to drape the truth in obnoxious but apparently appealing garb; the public meets him more than halfway. Yet so, too, it meets the producers of fine plays. A few individuals are so blind as to consider "What Price Glory?" non-patriotic and an assault upon morality; but in the main, persons of all ages recognize its fundamental truth and beauty. The popular rewards to the authors and producer of this play, as well as a number of other fine productions of the season, are unqualified and hearty! Why does Mr. Belasco fail to find the worthwhile manuscripts? It is either lack of discrimination or bad judgment that forces so wise a man into the undignified position in which he now finds himself. Brothel keeping has always been profitable, but it is not a profession chosen by the most discreet.

MANHATTAN

By Margaret Tod Ritter

THOSE who have lived in villages and heard
The slow, insistent tolling of a bell
Forever know the beauty of one word:
"Dead", says the copper tongue and they who dwell
In hearing, pause. A wave of silence . . . "Dead",
Urges the voice; oh, well remembered sound!
The living are not left uncomforted
In antiquated spots where chimes are found.
The proudest city on the continent
Is this where spring's enchanted never wake.
Charlatan hordes have paid it compliment
Denying quaint old hamlets for its sake.
Today I could forgive them, gathered here,
If they would toll a bell for you, my dear.

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THE LADY AND THE CARPET

By William McFee

THE Doctor, opening the door of his cabin, beamed along the single file of his New York cronies waiting to enter, and bade them welcome.

The usual personalities had arrived — the columnist who had been to Europe and was under the impression he had done something almost as remarkable as going to heaven, a publicity man who secretly liked his work, the commander of another steamer, and a writer of fiction. They sat where they could, bombarding the good doctor with news and questions, while he smiled his shrewd, sophisticated, yet entirely benevolent smile, and squinted into his cabinet with a view to discovering some "common denominator", as he called it, "that would go into all of them". He was evidently successful, to judge by the murmurs of approval, amid which he was understood to say he had had a strenuous voyage.

"Sick list?" asked the columnist.

"No, mental vigor", responded the Doctor. "We have just brought back a crowd of college folk, mostly women, highly charged with culture. They radiated it. Some of it fell my way. I ought to feel intellectualized, but I only feel bored. What's the answer?"

"You don't care for highbrow females?" said the fictionist. The Doctor screwed his monocle into his eye and grasped the silver shaker which he had just filled with ice and the other ingredients.

"I don't love them", he muttered, as he vibrated the vessel with scientific skill. "And I don't mind them — a few at a time. We had a — a plethora of them this voyage, though. Ground grippers, intense spinsters, incipient missionaries with Bagster's Bibles, deep breathers, and interpretive dancers. The whole shooting match. They inspected the Acropolis and St. Peter's and St. Sophia, and they photographed each other in front of the Sphinx. Seventy eight separate copies of a leather bound, gilt edged volume entitled "My Trip Abroad" were found by deck stewards and listed at the purser's office for return. One of the junior clerks, who in an idle moment turned over some of the pages, has now a very peculiar notion of American feminine mentality. As he remarked to me one day, when mentioning it: "We all think those things, Doctor, but tell me, why should ladies *write it down?*"

"He thought you knew!" chuckled the Commander.

"And he was right", remarked the Doctor, carefully filling an adequate number of glasses with a fluid the color of cloudy amber. "A young woman from a place she called Bahston, of all cities, asserted to me the right of every American woman to express herself."

"How was that particular girl doing it?" inquired the publicity expert. "Keeping her schoolgirl complexion with cosmetics?"

"Partly", nodded the host; "but principally by traveling alone on a tour of European countries. She had a portable typewriter on her lap as she

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lay in her deck chair, and everything, from the flash of a flying fish across the bows to the casual conversation of her neighbors and the thoughts of the books she was reading, was set down on many pages as we voyaged toward Europe, and filed in a loose leaf album."

"Well, but look here Doc," interrupted the columnist, who was sympathetic toward the Lucy Stone League, "just what are you getting at in criticizing those young women in their pursuit of culture? Don't you think they ought to? If not, why not? Would you have women remain ignorant and stupid? You ought to be frank about this, you know. This is the United States, not Turkey."

"True", replied the Doctor mildly, and as though reflecting upon past days. He seated himself comfortably in his big chair and polished his eyeglass. "True. By the way, have you ever had — I won't say personal relations — but any contact whatever with a woman who has been raised in Turkey?"

The columnist, who, like all who ply his trade, was remarkable for his blameless domestic life, suspiciously admitted that he had not. He was suspicious because nobody ever knew exactly what the Doctor was driving at until — presto! the train was fired and the argument blew up.

"That's what I thought", said the Doctor gravely. "Now you know my friend O'Brien, surgeon of the 'Utopian'? He has been here once or twice when you came aboard. O'Brien, unlike myself, is married and lives in Harlem when he's ashore. He met his wife when working in the Near East. She is a Circassian and lived all her life in Turkey until she came here. She could not be induced to join a woman's club, and traveling alone would seem to her supremely immodest and shocking. She is a homebody, as they say here — "

"A broodmare, in short", muttered the columnist.

"Now wait a minute!" begged the Doctor smiling. "She might give you that impression, but it would be a wrong one. She is comely, and a little diffident in company, yet she speaks eight languages. If you investigated you would discover that she can read D'Annunzio, Plato, Balzac, Cervantes, and Dostoyevsky in the original. Moreover — and this is what I want you to bear in mind — she has acute and original views of the surrounding American life."

"As how?" asked the fictionist.

"I mean she is entirely unimpressed by the extraordinary luxury and extravagance of American civilization. She has not been here long enough to penetrate to the true inward quality of occidental life, but the number of motor cars and railroads, for example, make little impression on her. She thought the Pennsylvania Terminal was a church! I am not so sure she was not right, for if Americans worship anything nowadays, it is efficient transportation."

"Well, why not?" urged the advertising man. "That is one of America's great contributions to progress — that and efficient communication."

"Quite so", agreed the Doctor. "And here is where my story bears upon our argument. You asked me if I wished woman to remain ignorant and stupid, and I can only reply that if she wants to remain so, I see no reason why she should pretend to be anything else or why she should be forced to assume a thin disguise of erudition. I would also add that a woman is not necessarily ignorant or stupid or ineffective because she has no traffic with the particular fashion-

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able shibboleths of the moment. The lady of whom I have been telling you would have no idea of what you were saying if you began to discuss psychoanalysis to her, or community uplift or the movement for better babies. She raised her own two babies, and when they were of school age turned their education over to their father. He, being something of a Britisher, was rather against the female element in boys' schools here and sent them to England. That's a matter of taste, I suppose. Anyhow, his wife's notion would be that it was their own family affair. Yes", the Doctor mused, "there is certainly a good deal of the broodmare about the business, I admit. I wonder if she's wrong, now."

"And do you really suggest that such a way of life is superior to the intellectual American woman who goes to Europe to improve her mind and acquire culture?" said the columnist.

"By no means", replied the Doctor. "I am only trying to show you that a woman is not necessarily a dolt because she grew up in what you would call a degraded way of life. Not superior but different. You see, the trouble with the American educated woman is that with the perfecting of mechanical devices in and out of the home her chance of doing anything for a man has dropped to zero. She has been forced to seek some other outlet for her energies. And by virtue of the present American conception of society, which is that of the group, club, or section, all federated into one homogeneous organism, she can develop only on the lines of quantity production. The canning of provisions and consequent standardizing of quality has been followed by the canning of culture, and that again by the canning of personality. I am astounded these days by the identity of the ideas, phraseology, and often the accent, of women from all over the Union. The amusing part of the average American girl's urge to express herself is that what she is expressing is not herself at all but the psychology of her group. I may be wrong, but I fancy that expressing oneself is either unconscious, or it is a mere pathetic gesture."

"You keep dodging the question, Doc", said the fictionist. "Why don't you like these girls traveling about and seeking to improve themselves? Come clean, man. You're holding out on us."

"I can tell you in a word what it is I don't like", responded the Doctor; "though mind you, my not liking is no more than a prejudice. I don't like the 'we women' business. 'We women are going to do this that and the other fine thing.' 'We women have the right to wear trousers and knickers and so on.' Now don't run away with the idea I am a reactionary. When I complain of the 'we women' attitude I mean the fundamental self consciousness of the trick. I haven't the slightest objection to her wearing trousers and shooting boots if she can only do it without posing. But as soon as it is accepted as a commonplace, as soon as colored laundresses and cooks and Chinese laundrymen's wives wear trousers and shooting boots, as soon as she can no longer *act a part*, she'll be back into skirts at once. Of course, I am using the phrase 'trousers and shooting boots' to symbolize all things masculine. I am resigned to women's expressing their personalities, but I don't see how it can be done by striking attitudes in my clothes. So clear is this to me that after an attentive study of the American woman I can assert that she has less emotional influence over her men than has the woman of any other nation."

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"Nonsense!" protested the columnist.

"It isn't nonsense at all. I'll add another heretical remark. No other women are so attentive to men or reveal their partiality for particular men with such astonishing candor. Now one of the American woman's favorite axioms is that men are like children; and children are notoriously shrewd in realizing the power they wield over those who like them. And if you wish for evidence of the lack of power the American woman possesses over her men, I can refer you to the bristling array of laws she finds it necessary to invoke in order to extract the money and care her personality demands. When I look around our dining saloon and observe all those hundreds of stylishly costumed women, I see in imagination the scores of American men who are supplying the funds for those wholesale pilgrimages to the sources of culture. The man pays and lets his women go."

"Then you think a man and his wife should go everywhere together?" inquired the columnist indignantly, rather strangely since that was his own inveterate habit.

"Oh dear no", murmured the Doctor. "For all I know there may be a law against it! But I am permitted to admire the altruism of the American business man. Moreover, I have been informed by more than one woman that her personality refused to develop when she was constantly with her husband."

"That might be true", observed the advertising man. "True of her husband about her too."

"Possibly", agreed the Doctor. "But you have missed the point. The point lies in her telling me about it. The fact meant nothing to her unless she could dramatize it and make an impression on another man."

"You're prejudiced all right, Doctor", said the fictionist. "You've evidently been fed up with your lady passengers. But you'll never convince even yourself that they shouldn't travel if they want to."

"Why should I?" retorted the Doctor. "Women have always traveled, from the Wife of Bath down to Rosita Forbes. Women have contributed more impressively to the literature of travel than any other branch, one might say. De Staël and George Sand were indefatigable travelers. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lady Hester Stanhope have left us excellent reports. I consider that even now Madame de la Barca's account of her travels in Mexico is worth reading. She was clever, brilliant, and amiable. But none of these women gassed about her personality, or for that matter about culture. Boiled down, that comprises my complaint. It is the fashion just now to talk what is largely nonsense about personality. Two youths murder a boy and the air is full of trashy talk about split personalities, inhibitions, and slave complexes. In short, it is the fashionable jargon. We carry cargoes of introspectives. I call them psychoanalytical tranceients. I once climbed on the boat deck at sunrise and found a young lady, with parted lips and shining eyes, watching our entrance into Genoa. She told me, when she came back to common earth again, that she had been trying to get outside of herself and behold the impressions she was receiving of her first view of Liguria. In short, she was trying to dramatize her own mind. I have just read a most charming book by a lady traveler called 'Colombia, Land of Miracles', and there you will find in its fullest extreme what I call self conscious observation. Blair Niles is not concerned about her personality.

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nor does she find her husband an uncongenial fellow traveler; but she never ceases to be filled with wonder at having such marvelous experiences. She is fortunately successful in evoking the spirits she desires, and the result is a fine and extremely feminine book. But to carry on this intensive introspection and psychodramatizing without any artistic motive will induce egomania and the 'we women' complex."

"But you don't imply all your lady travelers are of this intellectual type, do you?" asked the fictionist. "Don't you get commonplace women who are out for a lark or on the rampage, athirst for contacts with men?"

"Oh yes", said the Doctor, with a reminiscent grin. "I can recall some of all kinds. We had an absolutely perfect specimen of the club woman this voyage. She was a widow of about forty, plain, intelligent, healthy, and entirely materialistic as regards fundamentals. Her husband had left her a safe and luxurious fortune. She was not a strongly sexed woman, and regarded the celibate future without any misgiving. Her opinion of American husbands was that they are the finest in the world. Why? Because, in her own words, they get the money and are generous providers. The tone in which she expressed herself on this subject made me feel that in spite of all her intelligence and advantages, my friend's oriental wife was much her superior in spiritual development. What such a woman does is largely negligible. She is an accidental by-product of an extraordinarily wealthy country."

"Then", went on the Doctor, "we had another type. The young wealthy married woman who would travel to Equatorial Africa or Patagonia or Papua, so long as it was fashionable and she could find men to play with. I confess these American women hold me spellbound, because until I met them I was incredulous that a frank promiscuity could be disguised in such a charming way. Nor did I believe that any human being could deceive herself so completely as to her ultimate motives. We had one this voyage. We have one every voyage, for they seem to be turned out on a pattern like motor cars at Detroit. She was smart and pert and painted from chin to eyebrows, and she would hold a conversation with some youth with planished hair at a distant table in a voice like a buzz saw. She had read enormously of authors like Schnitzler and George Moore. She had read every suppressed book for the past four years. She was a radiant good-fellow to young men, and every woman in the ship hated her on sight. Why? Well, you see, what I had to guess at, they knew. They knew she was what I call a man eater, and at once their fur was up and their claws were sharpened. They didn't leave a stitch on her by the time she left us in Genoa to join her wealthy husband in Switzerland. About six young college men went to Switzerland too in her train. She was a type. She couldn't help it. Her one need in this world, after a providing and indifferent husband, was men. She was omnivorous. Even the elderly doctor would have been welcome had he not been more pleasantly engaged!"

"Oh, of course those sort are always vamping round", muttered the Captain. "But we carry business women too, eh, Doc?"

"Certainly", agreed the Doctor. "We had one this voyage, and if you ask me, they are the most interesting type of all."

"How do you mean?" demanded the fictionist.

"Because they are even more un-

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sophisticated, off their own special line, than American business men."

"Impossible", laughed the advertising man.

"Not at all. This young woman I am speaking of has a capital business in Harlem — children's clothing I believe. She had started it herself and built it up by grueling hard work and economy. She told me she'd not had a vacation for four years. An admirable type, you see. She was very touchy however, and somewhat brusque, simply because she didn't know how to behave. She had never seen a ship except in the Hudson River before she came to us, and if a passenger spoke to her without an introduction she would resent it. However, in Madeira, where we went ashore and climbed to that wonderful restaurant among the clouds and began to forget the Eighteenth Amendment, our little friend began to develop mightily. With the second glass of champagne she became gay and, as one cynical person put it, almost human. Of course, as the voyage proceeded she became more experienced in men and beverages and was obviously enjoying herself. But what has stuck in my memory was the remark she made when we were approaching Cività Vecchia and the talk was of the Roman Antiquities. She said she didn't care for old things. What she liked was something brand new. She had a brand new fur coat and a brand new car at home. She had not the remotest conception of European history. I believe she returned to New York without acquiring a single impression of European culture. She was as naive and natural as a Yellowstone geyser. I nearly fell in love with her myself! It wasn't that she didn't like culture. She was simply unaware of its existence. I have a notion she had the best time of all of them. I won't forget how we sailed up the Straits into the Sea of Marmora and I pointed out where Troy once stood. Her eyes, to my intense astonishment, brightened and she exclaimed:

"'Troy!'

"'Why yes', I said. 'Have you heard of it?'

"'Heard of it?' she chanted. 'Why I was born there!' But of course she was speaking of Troy, New York."

"Oh dry up!" laughed the columnist, rising. "I must go back and do my stint."

"Wait a minute", said the Doctor, "and I'll go with you. But don't you think there was something Homerically simple about that young woman? Don't you think she was a more admirable product of her times than these others who play at culture?"

"Do you think so, Doc?" asked the fictionist, setting down his glass. "Did she have a 'My Trip Abroad' book too?"

"Certainly", said the Doctor, as he got his hat and cane. "She showed me what she'd written, too."

"Confidential?" asked the newspaper man.

"Not at all. She put down each day what she spent. An absolutely truthful record. As for her personality, that was entirely unconscious, and it was perfectly expressed in her remark as we sighted New York on our return. 'Well if I'm not glad to get back!' she said, looking at the Statue of Liberty. 'That's a better statue than any I seen over the other side, believe me.' Now that", smiled the Doctor, pushing them all out and locking his door, "is what I call expressing one's personality. Travel had taught her that her own country was a fine place, and travel can do worse things than that to a woman, or a man either."

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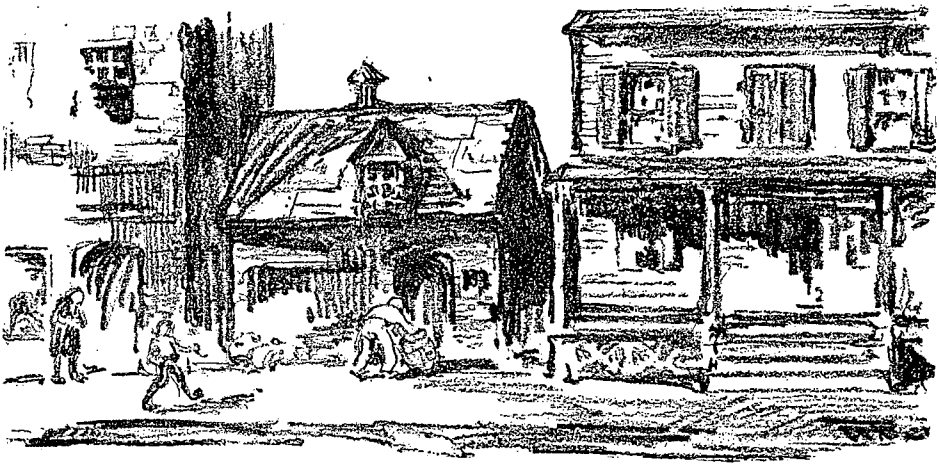

THE IDEALIST

By Ellis Parker Butler

With Sketches by Margaret Freeman

THIS is not my story, it is the story of a man who had far greater persistence in clinging to an ideal than I have or ever will have. For years I have kept his story in mind because I have hoped to use this man in a novel, but I see now I shall never write a novel in which he can be used. Someone may be interested in reading it here, this story of a man who lived an entire human lifespan for one thing, and died for it. The man's name was Adolph Pietz. A few of the older citizens of Muscatine, Iowa, may remember him, but not many. Not many knew he ever lived there.

I was born in Muscatine, which is a small town on the Mississippi River. The population, when I was a boy, was about 7,000; it is now probably 14,000, and this growth — in forty five years — fairly indicates the conservative quality of the place in a state where villages of the days of my youth are now large, brisk cities.

Muscatine was a lumber town, rafts of pine logs coming down the river from the northern forests to be fed to the mills. For the handling of this lumber cheap labor was demanded and much "contract labor" was brought from Germany, mainly from the Platt-deutsch districts. This labor was paid from eighty cents to a dollar a day and had work a part of the year. The sawmills were closed in the winter.

In addition to this considerable German population we had a great many citizens of an earlier immigration, refugees from the troubles following the German "revolution" of 1842. These had come up the river from St. Louis

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thinking the banks of the Mississippi might grow grapes as successfully as the banks of the Rhine, and many became farmers. Others took to shopkeeping. They were good citizens, thrifty, and staunch believers in education. Other Germans of the same type came, no doubt, direct to Muscatine because their friends were there. We had German grocers, butchers, watchmakers, cobblers, gunsmiths, founders and so on, as well as German physicians, lawyers and priests and preachers. I think there were four German churches when I was a boy; I know there were three. In the schoolroom attached to one of these Adolph Pietz, with sweat on his brow, labored to teach me German. He and I made a bad job of it.

The lumber and planing mills, the backbone of the town's existence, were owned not by Germans but by "Pennsylvania Dutch", and these good people built up considerable fortunes. However, when Adolph Pietz arrived in Muscatine the mill business was about through. The pine forests of the north were depleted and the Mississippi River lumber industry on its last legs; the pearl button industry which was to keep Muscatine alive had not arrived. When Adolph Pietz came to Muscatine everything was getting slack and even common labor was in little demand. We were as close to "hard times" as an Iowa town with a good agricultural back country ever can be.

The town itself was, and is, pretty; pleasant homes are set on the two hills and the trees are fine. There was one "main street", known as Second Street, a few stores encroached on two of the avenues running back from the river, and Front Street had a hotel, a few wholesale houses, a canning factory that was doing poorly, several other concerns, and a disproportionate number of saloons — "beer saloons", they were called. Second Street was narrow, the buildings were of two and three stories and for the most part as untidy as in other river towns of that day. The merchants put their goods on the sidewalk for display — groceries, drygoods, boxes of clodhopper shoes, tinware, stone crocks. As a boy one of my pleasures was to walk along Second Street with my "frog stabber" barlow knife open in my hand and "stab" the sacks of flour in front of the grocers', pretending they were bloodthirsty savages. As I stabbed them I would say, "Die, you villain!" but only under my breath.

The men of Muscatine all worked. We had one professional gambler who sat in the sun nursing his rheumatism or drove his horse at a smart clip, and we had a few "bums", but except for these everyone worked. The millionaire mill owners went to their mills every day, the shopkeepers were behind their counters; when a bookkeeper lost his job he tried for a week or so to get another — then he went to work in the saw mills, sorting shingles, piling lumber. Every man had his business and every man was busy attending to his own.

It was to this Muscatine that Adolph Pietz came from Germany. He had been told that money was earned easily in America and that as a teacher of German he could make a living. As it happened, the Germans in Muscatine knew German; others rather looked down on "German" Germans; the German who remained so was dubbed a "greenhorn". There was nothing the average man in Muscatine was less willing to pay money for than lessons in German for himself or his children. He would as willingly have paid money to have his children taught to dance.

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Adolph Pietz was above medium height, thin to boniness, but with a marked scholastic stoop to his shoulders. His wrists extended far beyond the sleeves of the coat of the only suit I ever knew him to have, and his hands were long and slender, with beautifully pink oval nails. They were always so clean and coldly damp that they reminded me of a corpse. I chilled whenever he shook hands with me. His hair was yellow and not curly; he had a good forehead, blue-grey eyes, and his complexion was a pallid white. I cannot remember that he ever smiled, although when I first knew him he had a sort of eager cheerfulness that was almost a smile. If it had not been for his clammy hands and his unpleasant breath I think I should have liked him far more than I did; but his teeth were bad and his breath was tainted by them; and it had in addition that odor I disliked on the breaths of so many of our town Germans — a musty odor of stale beer. I imagine it was thought nothing of; beer was as common as water (and better, I expect, than our river water) and the beery breath was no disgrace. But it was distasteful to me; it always made me want to recoil; yet since I was a diffident boy and wanted to hurt no one's feelings, I did not recoil. I suppose that is why I came to hate it so.

When Adolph Pietz came to Muscatine I was living with my aunt, who had given me my education until I was ready to enter the sixth grade at school. She was a woman of refinement and culture, unmarried, and poor. Her great admiration of Goethe's works had led her to take up the study of the German language, and she was enthusiastic about it, although she was teaching herself with the aid of only a fat English-German dictionary and a grammar. She thought it would be fine if I took German lessons; we could study and translate together then.

How she found out that Adolph Pietz had come to Muscatine and wanted scholars I have no idea. I know that my father agreed to pay my tuition and that I began to study German under Adolph Pietz, in a class of about twenty, in the schoolroom of one of the German churches. We met there twice a week and the tuition was fifty cents a lesson. This meant that Adolph Pietz was earning twenty dollars a week, three or four times as much as a "squarehead" common laborer could earn.

He had a room, which I never saw, and his best friend was an elderly German watchmaker, a gentle old fellow named Giesenhaus, I believe. This watchmaker Giesenhaus had a narrow storeroom on Second Street, and he sat at the window with a glass in his eye, tinkering with the watches that were brought for repair. He had at one time, I suppose, hoped to build a jewelry trade; but except for a few clocks so fly specked that no one wanted to buy them, and some remnants of cheap and dusty trinkets, his window had become a mere repository for sunburned papers and dead flies. He made, I imagine, enough to buy his food and his beer and to pay his rent, and no more. He wore a frock coat — what has since been called a Prince Albert — the lapels of which were so coated with beer drippings that they shone like polished black rubber. On his feet he wore carpet slippers — *pantoffeln* I believe they were called — and they flopped up and down at the heels as he scuffled along the sidewalk. He always seemed something that belonged in the dusty interior of his shop; he looked out of place when he emerged into the sunshine. By the time Adolph Pietz came to Muscatine the watch-

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maker had become, I believe, quite miserably poor. He was growing old and thin. He had a harassed expression, but when anyone spoke to him he smiled: a grateful and touching smile. Now and then I heard him in excited controversy; I suppose, like so many Germans who seem failures, his life was in the books he read and not in his dusty shop. Or he may have played a flute.

I do not know whether Adolph Pietz knew of old Giesenhaus before he came to America or met him after his arrival in Muscatine, but it was not long before he was spending most of his spare time in the little shop. I often saw him entering or leaving the place.

At first Adolph Pietz was a well dressed man. As I recall it, he wore light trousers and a dark cutaway coat; I know he had a rather fine pearl-grey hat — "Fedora" it was called then — which he treated with meticulous care. Before he laid it on a table or on the top of the little brown organ in the schoolroom he carefully brushed the spot. Of his clothes he was almost as careful; no doubt he had bought them in Germany when he decided to come to America; they were possibly the only "good" clothes he had owned in many years. You might think of him as a starving tutor wanting to look well in a new position, but knowing such fine garments might never come his way again.

I do not know who had done the "hustling" for Adolph Pietz, getting his goodly class together — possibly the minister of the church which gave him the free use of the schoolroom. I know that when I entered the door of the schoolroom I found twenty children, some quite small, and nearly all Germans. Adolph Pietz was tremendously excited. He was dashing here and there, getting the boys and girls seated, trying to secure quiet. He received me enthusiastically, introduced me as "Eeelis Boodler", and began his first lesson. The course was to be a thorough one; it was to begin on page 1 of the grammar and end at the bottom of the last page in the book. This would take a year, two "terms" — he found the middle of the book and showed us how far we would go the first "term". Therefore we would do three lessons a week. One and one half lesson each day. Today we would begin, but we would not try to do one and one half lesson — we would learn the German letters, A, B, C.

I think perhaps four of us paid a little attention; I know the others did not. They never did pay him the least attention. Now and then one boy, wanting to lay hands on another boy, would push Adolph Pietz out of the way. For the rest they played, shouted, laughed, ate, and made a general racket. And always Adolph Pietz was gentle and polite. He besought them to be quiet, but he did not lose his temper. It may have been a mistake; perhaps he should have taken a club or a strap to them. Released from the public schools for the afternoon, with a half hour of boisterous play just before coming to Adolph Pietz's lessons, they were in no mood to settle down to study. They were also convinced, most of them, that they knew as much German as Adolph Pietz knew. Possibly they did. Certainly they mocked his pronunciation. He told me once that he spoke, and was teaching me, the purest Berlin German. Certainly, too, the scholars began to stop coming to the school. As the weeks passed they dropped out by twos and threes. Their parents said they were not learning anything. Nor were they. Presently I was the only scholar; twice a week I went to the

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schoolroom, Adolph Pietz taught me, and, at the end of the lesson, I put fifty cents in his hand. For a year or more and until he "got sick" this was his income. He was still teaching me German when he was bent of back and had a hacking cough, was hollow eyed, a mere skeleton with bony hands.

I have not come to his story yet, and before I do I think I should say that I never learned German from Adolph Pietz. I hated the German language as I have hated every language that has "cases" and "genders" and "regular and irregular verbs, with exceptions". I did not learn the regular verbs, so I did not learn the exceptions. I learned nothing. I was densely ignorant of German; the little I might have learned by talking with my German-American chums was now impossible; I was in a dark, dank, beery-breathed German mire, every part of which I detested.

Our lessons were now of three parts. The greater part of our hour was taken up by Adolph Pietz in a careful computation of the number of pages of grammar we had "accomplished" and an estimate of how many weeks more it would require to complete the book. He did this every time, twice a week. Then we spent the rest of the hour discovering how much I did not know of the lesson he had assigned me. The third part of the affair was mine. It began before I entered the room — a dark and gloomy room — and was a prolonged dread of the moment when I had to put the half dollar in his hand and feel its cold clamminess.

In this way we continued for many, many lessons, he and I alone, until my father decided even I was not learning any German from Adolph Pietz, I decided I was not learning any Latin in the high school, and I went to work. From then until his death I do not believe Adolph Pietz had any income whatever; I believe he was taken in by the old watchmaker and fed what the watchmaker himself ate — almost nothing. It may be that he agreed to give the old watchmaker a share in his magnificent reward when the wonderful apparatus was completed and the prize won. I do not know. And now let's see what the life of this man with an ideal was. He told it to me. In fact, toward the end of our lessons, he talked of it most of the time and did not bother much with lessons. For which I was grateful.

In one of the rivers of Germany there is an island, and on the island there was a mill. The miller was the father of Adolph Pietz; he was the father of many children. Of these Adolph Pietz was the youngest. The father was the stingiest man in the world and as cross and harsh as he was stingy.

To reach school little Adolph had to cross a bridge, walk a tremendous distance. He was given, when he left in the morning, a crust of bread. He was expected to hurry home, do his share of the chores, eat his supper, and go to bed in the loft of the mill, sleeping under a thin and ragged blanket in winter. No light, no heat. The older boys, as soon as they could, ran away from home. It was a place of unutterable misery. The child was allowed no time for play whatever, and his father grumbled that he had to send him to school.

He gave the boy no paper on which to do his sums at school, although all the other scholars had paper. Occasionally Adolph could pick up a crumpled sheet some scholar had thrown away; then he could do his sums on the back of this. For the most part he hunted old newspapers in the street and did his sums on their white margins.

From the moment Adolph began to

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learn to add one and one together the science of mathematics fascinated him. He sped far ahead of his class in arithmetic, and when he discovered algebra he went mad with joy. He traded everything he had for a tattered algebra book, and every minute he could steal he spent on its problems. Again and again, filching the candle ends, he would burn them in his attic, working out the problems, eager to "do" the entire book and enter the paradise of geometry and logarithms. And again and again his father discovered him burning the candle ends and beat him with a stave — beat him until he fell senseless. The next night the boy would light his candle ends again and lose himself in his computations until he heard his father's step on the stairs; then he would hide his book on a rafter and wait for his beating. He did not tell me all this as a boast; he gave it no literary quality; he told it to explain why he was so poor.

As soon as he was old enough he ran away. It was clear he could never become a great mathematician in the mill, and he took nothing but his hat and his book and a stub of a pencil. He went to Hamburg. In Hamburg, he knew, there were schools where he could learn the higher mathematics. He found a room for a few pence a week, in a quarter harboring thousands of poor. It was the vilest and sickliest slum in Europe at that time. It was notorious. The inhabitants often picked up scraps of wet bread from the gutters, if lucky enough to find any, and ate them.

In Hamburg, which was a great seaport, there were vast warehouses to which goods came from all parts of the world and from which goods were sent to every port. Adolph Pietz found work in a sugar warehouse. Here huge casks of sugar came and went, and big barrels of molasses, sugar in bags and in barrels. Ships unloaded cargoes and cargoes were loaded on ships. But Adolph was a puny, starved young fellow; he could not handle such heavy work. So he stood at a table in the great warehouse, day after day and month after month, making tiny brown paper cornucopias, into each of which he put one pfennig's worth of sugar to sell to the poor of the slums. A pfennig is, I believe — or was then — one fifth of a cent of our money. Adolph Pietz, intent on being the world's greatest mathematician, was doing up sugar in one-fifth cent parcels. His pay was in proportion. Of this he saved a good part.

When he was finally forced to see that this work would never give him time or money to go on with his education, he gave it up. He took his few belongings in his hand and walked to one of the university towns. He believed he could find a position tutoring in arithmetic while he attended the university, and he was right. He spent one evening with one backward child and another with another, and so on. The pay was small, but he had learned to live small. Now and then someone gave him an old coat or a cast off pair of shoes. Of the university life he had none; he heard his lectures, worked at his geometrical problems, ate little, and had a glorious ideal. Thus he completed his university course.

It was in his last year at the university, I believe — although it may have been just afterward — that he heard of the Great Prize. The Royal Society, in London, England, had offered a reward of five thousand pounds to the mathematician inventing and perfecting a mechanical apparatus that would automatically divide an ellipse into any number of equal parts, taking any point within the ellipse as the centre.

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I should like to make this as clear as I can, explaining it as Adolph Pietz explained it to me, or as I understood it. An ellipse is a sort of oval; we may call it an oval for my purpose. We will suppose we have an ordinary round pie; it is not much trouble to cut a round pie into four quite equal pieces. It is much harder to cut it into five absolutely equal pieces. Think then how hard it would be to cut an ordinary round pie into five hundred and thirteen equal pieces, the points of all the pieces to join at a spot one and seven eighths inches from the edge of the pie, the pie being one foot in diameter. What the Royal Society wanted was a machine that would divide an ellipse in this way — an oval pie, let us say — taking any possible point within the ellipse as a centre. Societies interested in such things do offer prizes for them; this prize was actually offered. But anyone can see that to construct such a machine was a tremendous task; it called for innumerable and complex levers, delicate joints and universal joints. It was the work of a master mathematician to figure out every possible division of an ellipse; it was the work of a master workman to make such a machine. Adolph Pietz, living on bread and water, saw his life work in this. He set to work to create the machine.

For several years he gave every moment of his spare time to the work; he completed his computations, and began the construction of the machine. He was in a constant fever of eagerness. The winning of the prize meant not only fame of the sort he desired, but it meant money — more money than he had ever dreamed of having. Unfortunately, he found that the construction of the machine took not only all his time but more money than he could find. The tutoring did not pay well enough to permit him to buy the materials he must have. It was then he decided to come to America, where teachers were well paid. He came in order that he might find money to go on with his great work.

I remember his telling me one day that he had completed the scale that was in effect a dial. The divisions of this scale had to be so minute that even a scratch was too large. He had spent his days and nights, since he no longer had scholars, in making this scale. It was so minute in its divisions that he had inlaid drawn hairs of gold and silver side by side to make it. The tiny hair of gold was one division, the tiny thread of silver was another, the meeting place between them was another. There were thousands of these. The old watchmaker had let him pick up the scrapings of gold and silver that fell when he engraved a watch or a spoon. At that time Adolph Pietz had no money left.

I remember, too, when he came to me with the fat and long legal envelope in which he was sending the details of his completed machine to the Royal Society, London, England, and by virtue of it claiming the prize. He coughed continually as he talked to me. He wished to know whether the address should be "London, England" or "London, Great Britain". I told him "London, England" was right.

I saw him from time to time in the next few weeks. The man was plainly dying of tuberculosis, but that was no one's business. He could not understand why he did not hear from the Royal Society. He showed me the faded page from an ancient German scientific journal containing the details of the prize offer. The society was properly given, it seemed to me, and London was the correct address. We decided that the delay might be caused

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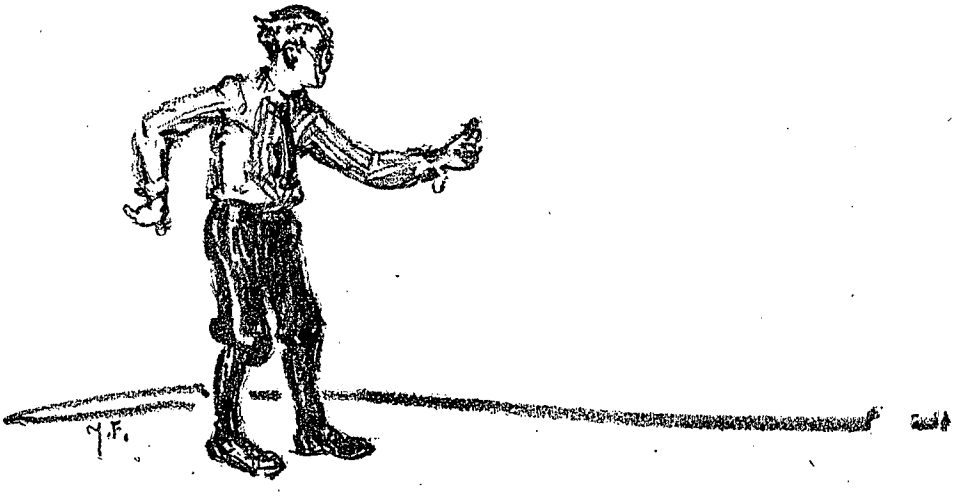
by the time elapsing before the Royal Society met.

And then he came to me with the envelope. It had been sent back to him stamped "Returned for correction; insufficient address".

I suggested then that there might be several Royal Societies in London, which is the case. I advised him to go to Professor Witter of the high school, who might know the correct name of the proper society. From Professor Witter, Adolph Pietz secured not only the title — I believe it was Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences, or Royal Scientific Society, or something of the sort — but also the street and number and the name of the honorary secretary.

The letter Adolph Pietz received in due time from the honorary secretary said that there had, indeed, been such a prize offered; but that the machine for dividing the ellipse was to have been shown the society within twenty years, and the offer had expired three years earlier.

A little later I heard that Adolph Pietz was dead, and I felt rather sorry for him.



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THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIOGRAPHY

By Joseph Collins

THE next best thing to talking about ourselves is talking about others. Hence the lure of autobiographies, biographies, and autobiographical fiction. James Joyce wrote a book half the size of Webster's Dictionary to tell of a few hours in his own life, and Ben Hecht seemingly cannot exhaust himself. The genesis and development of personality can be conveyed only by words. Palette and brush in master hands can preserve for posterity the lineaments, and in a measure the character, of those we love and those the world admires or fears; but the written word alone is the medium to convey the soul. Sherwood Anderson has laid bare his soul in "A Story Teller's Story" and he has drawn a portrait of his father that compares favorably with Velasquez' Innocent VI. It is a contribution to the literature of self revelation excelled only by Rousseau's Confessions and Cellini's Memoirs.

Rarely have autistic and purposeful thinking, revery and directed mental activity, been so skilfully displayed, so successfully made vocal. In the lines, and between the lines, Mr. Anderson has told all he knows about himself and more. He has put psychologists and writers, be they Freudians or behaviorists, subjectivists or objectivists, under obligation to him, for he has permitted them to observe the gestation and travail of the poet's fancy, the birth and growth of poetical form. His story, taken with Mr. Stieglitz's portrait, tells all there is to know about a creature at once as simple as the heart of a child and as complex as the midbrain of an adult who first saw the light of day in Camden, Ohio, nearly half a century ago.

He knows little of his ancestry, but that little goes a long way to explain him. His father, a fifty-fifty mixture of Colonel Sellers and Wilkins Micawber, born in the south and given to rum, romancing, and revery, was once a dandy and always a hokum expert. The origin of his mother, who had been a bound girl in a farmer's family until she married, was something of a mystery, which her children did not care to solve; but she was kind, indulgent, faithful, and she suffered fools silently. Her mother was an Italian peasant, one eyed, polyandrous, and at times murderous. Once a tramp tried to rob her humble home. She beat him until he begged for mercy; then she filled him and herself with hard cider and the two went singing off together down the road. Marvelous germ and sperm-plasm for a poet; wondrous parentage for one destined to be absorbed by the visual fancies of his unconscious, to see strange features in the clouds with Polonius, and faces in the fire with William Blake. No wonder Sherwood Anderson has often been called a "nut". He is not averse to being thought a little insane, but he has been stung to the quick by charges of "personal immorality". One with such ancestry is perhaps not so likely to be an invert as a poet, but it is from similar ancestry that they both not infrequently come.

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Had Mr. Anderson investigated the forebears of Judge Turner who found the boys of his town were not of his sort and was unable to understand them, who had never married and indeed cared nothing for women, he would have found them in many respects similar to his own. The judge was very congenial to him, despite the disparity of age. They saw many things eye to eye; and the short, fat, neatly dressed man with bald head, white Van Dyke beard, cold blue eyes, soft round white cheeks, and extraordinary small hands and feet, is as typical an example of the strange genesic anomaly as was M. de Charlus whose acquaintance we made in Marcel Proust's much discussed "Swann's Way". To understand the long, long thoughts the judge had when as a boy he meditated poisoning some of his schoolmates, one must either have "temperament" and "fixations" like Mr. Anderson's or else be a psychiatrist.

"A Story Teller's Story" is full of portraits, mostly miniature, but here and there is a lifesize done with a few sweeps of the brush. Such is that of Alonzo Berner, from whom Mr. Anderson learned as much about men as Mr. Kipling did about women from the "arf caste widow, the woman at Prome, the wife of the head groom or the girl at home". Alonzo did not have that contempt for men that Sherwood had. He knew the great commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"; he had learned there was none other greater; and it was vouchsafed him to believe. "Where had I got my contempt and how had he escaped getting it?" You got it, Sherwood, from the one eyed grandmother who tried to kill her granddaughter with a butcher knife, who had four husbands and was ready for a fifth. Alonzo escaped it through the father who had, the night the stallion Peter Point died, "some thought about most human beings, including myself, that I haven't ever forgot".

Next to the evolution of the artist, the determination of Sherwood Anderson to be a writer, the transformation from slug laborer to chrysalis writer, these portraits are best in a book which is all excellent.

Freudians will find Mr. Anderson's story of his life corroborative of their teachings. Fanciful birth, vicarious parentage, fantasying childhood, reverying manhood, sexual fixation, self observation, unconscious fantasy following in the wake of conscious thought, conflict between authority and desire — all these and more are here. Rather than dwell upon them, and upon his artistic temperament, rather than attempt a summary of his conduct which would represent his strivings toward the beautiful, I shall discuss what may be called his urge to authorship. The most remarkable thing about it is that it did not seize him until comparatively late in life. What it lost in forwardness it made up in intensity. After having lived nearly one half of the life of man as a laborer and business man, he began to write.

> There never was such a mighty scribbler as I later became and am even now. I am one who loves, like a drunkard his drink, the smell of ink, and the sight of a great pile of white sheets that may be scrawled over with words, always gladdens me . . . oh what glorious times I have had sitting in little rooms with great piles of paper before me; what buckets of blood have run from the wounds of the villain foolish enough to oppose me on the field of honour; what fair women I have loved, and how they have loved me and on the whole how generous, chivalrous, and open-hearted and fine I have been!

Solomon chanting the song that has come down the ages to testify that the wisest of men was also a poet, is not

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more pregnant with sincerity, no more redolent of fervor than Mr. Anderson's record of his art which he sought in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stars. By night on his bed he sought it; he sought it in city streets and country fields, from watchman and from barman, only to find it finally within himself, in his own creating, shaping intellect into which the unconscious had projected his own grist. He began to write of his observations, experiences, and fantasies; and as he wrote he seasoned them more and more generously with his aspiration: to cause his fellow men to share his love of beauty, to thrust beauty first upon the middle west and then upon the U. S. A., to show that happiness and prosperity are not synonymous. He was by nature a word-fellow who could at most any time be hypnotized by high sounding words, and he was to come under the influence of Gertrude Stein, a "surefire" verbal artist; all of this resulted in "Many Marriages", which was the life of the author strung on a fictional clothes horse. John Webster's *grand geste* in fiction is Sherwood Anderson's in reality. It came to him like a revelation; it came with a rush: the overwhelming feeling of uncleanliness engendered by buying or selling. "I was in my whole nature a tale teller. My father had been one and his not knowing had destroyed him. The corrupt unspeakable thing that happened to tale telling in America was all concerned with this matter of buying and selling." And so he walked out of his factory saying to his secretary, "You may have it, I am not coming back any more." As he walked along a spur of railroad track, over a bridge, out of the town, he whispered to himself, "Oh you tricky little words, you are my brothers and for the rest of my life I will be a servant to you."

That is what he is today and likely will remain — a servant of words. And though their servant, he is yet their master, for he is able to assemble them in beauty and in majesty; he can march them rhythmically in single or double file, or in platoons; he can blend them as a kaleidoscope blends colors; he can draw from them a harmony that Rimsky-Korsakoff draws from sounds, that Léon Bakst drew from motion and color. Indeed, there is a music in his style which, though not classical, is charming. There is a measured flow of words in every sentence; alliterations and rhythms, resonances and luminosities which no contemporaneous American writing exceeds. But its author has a lack and a compulsion. The former is in the ideational field, the latter in the emotional. He lacks capacity for synthesis and integration, and he is obsessed with sex. No one who reads of Nora, and of the high school graduate from an Illinois town who had married a young man of that place and come to Chicago with her husband to make their way in the great world, can fail to interpret his obsession; neither can the reader fail to understand how large it has loomed in Mr. Anderson's life.

The stories Sherwood Anderson used to hear on every side in stable, workshop, and factory concerned, he says, one impulse in life. He grew unspeakably weary of hearing them, and gradually a doubt invaded his mind. A similar weariness has come to many readers of his stories; and the doubt that he had of his fellow keg rollers, I have of him.

Few critics will be able to dispose of Sherwood Anderson in as brief space as his friend Mr. Ben Hecht: "I can give you all of Sherwood Anderson in a sentence — the wistful idealization of the masculine menopause." But, like

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so many things Mr. Humpty Dumpty Hecht says, there is truth in it.

Sherwood Anderson of manic-depressive temperament is an artist who is a blend of many characteristics, the predominant of which is a love of beauty, particularly of form. All of them are inherited. Had he been able, or enabled, to bring the unconscious of his makeup into consciousness early in life, he might have earned the immortality of Hawthorne, Howells, or Crane. Had he studied Fielding instead of Whitman, Chekhov instead of Clemens, he might have been the bellcow of the literary herd of the midwest. The man who first said "It is never too late to mend" has much to answer for.

Thomas Burke, a young Britisher who has familiarized readers of English with the East End of London and its motley inhabitants, who writes about unclean things in a clean way and of vicious people wholesomely, and who has rare talent for creating literary atmosphere, calls his biography "The Wind and the Rain". Next to Mr. Anderson's story it is the most captivating narrative that I have read in a long time. Scarcely are these words written before pages of the "Memoirs of an Editor" by Edward P. Mitchell are reflected in the mirror of memory. But that and the Life of another great journalist, Joseph Pulitzer, must await the occasion when I shall attempt a differential diagnosis of authors and journalists.

Thomas Burke says nothing of his parents; I fancy he did not know them. His first recollections are of his uncle, a gardener with a sense of humor, and of a Chinese with an appearance of mystery who was later deported because he trafficked in opium and morals. He got from the latter what Dostoyevsky got from epileptic attacks: a sense of time arrested, crystallized; a sense of eternity; a fancy that always, behind the curtain of time, the joy of the moment had been. The secret that Pater attributed to Mona Lisa he learned from Quong Lee. Though Tommy was but ten years old, he knew all the beauty and all the evil of the heart of Asia: its cruelty, its grace, its wisdom. And the contact generated a writer, for from his sixteenth year he has been animated by a single motive: to express in writing one moment in a London side street. He has not yet succeeded to his own satisfaction. As Marcel Proust seeks to revive the memories and reveries associated with incidents and experiences of childhood and youth, Mr. Burke struggles to make come again "the pins-and-needles sensation in the back of my neck" and to have the soul feeling that accompanied it when Quong Lee beckoned him to his shop and gave him a piece of ginger.

Mr. Burke's life seems to have been without remarkable event. He stalked poverty, and he fell in love with a snob who had an understanding friend of her own sex who shared a flat with her; he made a halfhearted attempt to get on in the City and a wholehearted one to be a bohemian; and he saw the seams of the seamy side of life burst wide open now and then. But he also met men with hearts, like Mr. Creegan who gave him his first leg-up. This benefactor rescued him from *une maison de joie et de jeux* where he cleaned boots and ran errands after he left the orphanage; fed him, clothed him, lodged him, got him a job, and started him on the road that led to hobnobbing with Caruso and reminiscing in Monaco. And he met Gracie Scott. If he treated Gracie as he says in his book he did, it will be one of the sweetest memories of his life when that of Cicely shall have

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gone forever and that of Cosgrove shall have faded.

One of the many precious lies that grown ups like to tell themselves is that the days of their youth were happy days. Mr. Burke is not addicted to that sort of story telling. "I had little happiness then, partly because I was young, and partly because I had no friends, no money, bad food, and no hope. There was just one thing I had then which belongs to all youth, however miserable. Though utterly joyless, I had a tremendous *capacity* for joy." One may share that tremendous capacity — for he still has it — by reading "The Wind and the Rain".

We like to read about men of genius and identify our virtues with theirs; we deny ourselves their sins, and we do not recognize our limitations in theirs. Lafcadio Hearn was a man of genius who had tremendous limitations, and undoubtedly the Reverend John Roach Straton would say he wallowed in sin. But he was an interesting human being; he had a most uncommon ancestry; and if there were any occidental and Christian conventions he did not trample upon, transcend and rail at, it was because he did not encounter them.

In one of his letters to Henry E. Krehbiel, he called himself a dreamer of monstrous dreams. The reader who gets information of Hearn from Mr. Tinker's book will think he should have said "a monster dreamer of monstrous dreams", for the Hearn depicted in "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days" was a monster. He ate like one, he loved like one, he had no family feeling, no capacity for sustained friendship. No hand extended to help him was withdrawn unbitten; no kindness was ever accepted that he did not endeavor to repay with cruelty and abuse; no appreciation and praise was ever accorded him that he did not reciprocate with scurrility and scorn. Exceptions prove the rule: Mr. Courtney's hand bore no teeth marks and Elwood Hendrick still speaks lovingly of him.

All that Mr. Tinker says of him may be true, but it is not a picture of Lafcadio Hearn as he really was, or as the letters published by Mrs. Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore discover him, or as "Reminiscences" by his widow show him to be. He was hybrid, he was oversexed, he had paranoic trends, he was pathologically sensitive and morbidly timid, he was deformed facially and possibly morally, and he saw neither far nor straight. What has all that to do with Lafcadio Hearn, an asset of literature? He wrote like a god and he made angelic music. "Chita", "Kokoro", "The Nun of the Temple of Amida", attest it. He was a critic in the class of Remy de Gourmont. He was a translator that Mrs. Constance Garnett would call master. He had a flair for beauty of literary style keener than anyone since Pater. He could not judge men and he could not discriminate between women; he had no color sense, and his olfactory sense was abnormal; he had greater compassion for turtles and toads than he had for Jesuits and Jews; but he rarely hurt anyone's feelings save those of Mr. Alden. That grand old mediator of writers' thoughts and reflections said, "Father forgive him, he neither knows the nature of his act, nor the enormity of the offence, for he is a genius." He may not have been "cultured" to a twisted mind like that possessed by Dr. George M. Gould, but Goethe would have thought him cultured, for he was a poet; and George Moore would have made an affirmation to that effect for, like himself, Hearn was a story teller; Aristippus would not have denied him for he too was a hedon-

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ist, and Anatole France would have proclaimed him, for they both held that beauty was the touchstone for worth.

Judged by his contribution to literature, he was a man of culture and he had illumination and understanding.

I can understand that it interests physicians, especially psychiatrists, to investigate the ancestry and study the conduct of men who agitated the waters of their time; but I cannot understand what bearing heritage or behavior has on their contribution to literature. How does it concern the seeker of emotional solace or intellectual sustenance to know that Poe and Verlaine were drunkards, that Rimbaud and Baudelaire were inverted genesically; that Hearn's father was an Irish rake devoid of parental responsibility, his mother an Ionian of composite ancestry profoundly psychopathic who married a Jew?

Mr. Tinker says, "Hearn's peculiarities and mental affinities were entirely the result of idiosyncrasies of ancestry and youthful environment." Well, is Hearn any different in that respect from the whole world? Does Mr. Tinker aim to do what Mr. White recently attempted to do for Woodrow Wilson: allot his cardiac virtues to the Wilsons and his cerebral gifts to the Woodrows? I suppose he would attribute his bulimia and illassible sexual cravings to Charles Bush Hearn; his tenderness for cats and his desire to create beauty to Rosa Tessima; his Jesuit phobia to the strain of English blood; his penchant for gastronomics to the Turk strain; his *Wanderlust* to an ancestral Arab; his passion for personal cleanliness to a gypsy forebear who had learned that there are few more pleasant experiences than those of bathing; his pride to a remote Moor; but his sensitiveness came from his wall eye — all his friends say that.

Mr. Tinker thinks "his warring inherited instincts were to have a large part in moulding his life, for they made of his soul a battleground. Frank Oriental sensuousness was shamed, but not curbed, by Anglo-Saxon self-control. Gallic expansiveness tried to break through Arab impassivity, and all the while, Gypsy lure of the road and love of new location lashed his life to restlessness; in short, what one set of inherited impulses bade him do, another inhibited, until all constructive action was paralysed."

Lafcadio Hearn's soul as it has been revealed to me from a long intimacy with his writings is not my idea of a battleground. Undoubtedly his instincts had much to do with shaping his life. They have in shaping the life of anyone who amounts to something. Lafcadio Hearn had a very high sex coefficient and he did not bend the knee to church and convention. Well, there are others, and I fancy they would deny that their souls are battlegrounds. And this paralysis of constructive action, how does that show itself? Certainly not in New Orleans, more certainly not in Japan. Perhaps in Martinique? The heat and the atmosphere there make for lassitude that is tantamount to paralysis. We are perhaps on safer ground in attributing it to them than to warring impulses. I need scarcely add that I do not admit Hearn's "paralysis of constructive action".

Mr. Tinker's book is a wrong picture of Lafcadio Hearn, but it is not the author's fault. It is Hearn's fault. He should not have philandered with Althea Foley; he should have spurned Dr. Gould's advances; and knowing Denny Corcoran's record he should have avoided him; and we can never forgive him for not wearing stylebuilt clothes by Smart, Daffner & Harx.

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Had he done so he would not have had Krehbiel's door slammed in his face, nor would the great musical critic have had occasion to write the letter, Cæsarean in brevity and Nelsonian in construction: "Dear Hearn, you can go to Japan, or you can go to Hell."

Suppose Mr. Tinker were to get drunk and stay so more or less for a week, and that I should shadow him with a camera and notebook. Does anyone think that my record of his conduct and my picture of him would be correct or adequate? I do not. It might do him a great injustice.

(*This is the first of a series of three articles on contemporary biography and autobiography.*)

SHEEP

By Elfrida De Renne Barrow

I WANDER down
The silvered lane of night
And I come to misty gates
Dimmed in dreamlight
And swinging open
Into faint stirring fields
Of starlit sleep;
And eager to creep within
I find huddled in its shadowed space
A trailing flock
Of moon-white sheep.
And I say:
"Silly sheep
Who bar my way to slumber,
I will not wait here
Staring at each added number
Until I count you
All away,
For those who count
Their sheep
At night
Are very much
Like sheep themselves
By day."

Then I lean
Against the gate
And shut my eyes
And wait
For the sun
To rise.

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OUTLINES

By John Erskine

MR. WELLS made the outline popular, or at least he discovered in the reader of today the unsuspected thirst for outlines. We have had "The Outline of Science", "The Outline of Art", "The Outline of Literature", the "Wonders of the Past" (an "illustrated survey of the marvels of antiquarian research in all parts of the world"), "The World of To-day" (a survey "of the things every intelligent person would like to know of the various countries and peoples of the world"), and doubtless other admirable series less familiar to the present writer, and they have all come, as it seems, in the wake of the famous "Outline of History".

Though these works vary in excellence, they are all so good, so informing and so entertaining, that it need not surprise us to find them, or at least one of them, in almost every home where books are bought at all. But why are they called Outlines? What is the difference between an Outline of Art and a History of Art? Can an Outline of History be anything more or less than — history? This magic word "outline" will bear some looking into. The dictionary says that an outline is the line which marks the outer limits of an object or figure. An outline of history, therefore, would give us in succession those events which the outliner thought the high points or the outer limits of history. Would any historian pretend to do otherwise? From any outline, as the word implies, something is omitted. But all human accounts of life must leave out something, every intelligible story is a selection of essentials, and even the portrait which is at the furthest remove from a sketch will go to the heart of the subject, as we say, or get under its skin. The dictionary also says that an outline is a preliminary sketch or a plan, but this meaning hardly colors the present consumption of outlines. Mr. Wells, to be sure, suggested that his outline would be revised and readjusted from time to time, but most readers seem to think their copy of his book is final; and the later outlines in other fields are of a satisfying fulness.

So far as the general public is concerned, the "Outline" in these titles probably means nothing very subtle; to them it probably ministers the enticing hope that the books won't be hard to read — like the "Simple" or "Short" or "Easy Method" that encouraged and deluded us on the front page of our school arithmetics. When you buy an outline of something, you have reason to think that much of the difficult subject will not even be mentioned; and except for a few intransigent intellectuals, we all at times are brightened in the search for truth by the assurance that we are finding a part and not the whole. We want information, but not too much of it, and not at too high a price. The advertisement in the newspaper warns us that if we have not read enough to keep conversation going, we shall not be asked out to dinner, and the other young man, who wisely reads his ten minutes a day,

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will win the favor of the girl we like. But not too much information, of course, and not too thorough; we have heard of scholars who for social purposes were dull. Some such meaning is in the word for the most careless patrons of Outlines, and perhaps even the more thoughtful readers accept without demur the description of Outlines which usually appears on their cover jackets, promising conciseness and protection from scholarly blight. "In this new addition to the Outline series, there is no attempt to cover all the details of the history of Art or to indulge in learned argument or criticism. The main purpose is to reproduce as many as possible of the great pictures in the world and to say enough about their painters for the reader to understand what are their peculiar characteristics, and what are the qualities of the work that make it beautiful and inspiring. The Outline of Art is not intended for the critic and the expert, but rather for the general public wishing for guidance to the great art treasures of the world."

Such a description would not be worth quoting if the work in question were inferior in plan or execution; what holds our attention for the moment is the advantage the work enjoys with certain numerous readers just because it is an Outline and not a History of Art. Elie Faure has given us a History of Art, illustrated like the Outline, with sufficient discussion to make the masterpieces intelligible, and put into language which anyone who cares for art at all can understand. For the moment it is not a question whether Elie Faure or Sir William Orpen has given us the better account of art. The question is why one book is called a history and the other — seductive name! — an outline.

The scholarly blight. Many a reader among the more competent is convinced that the experts, because of desperate and selfish impulses to add value to themselves, have surrounded their subject with unnecessary difficulties, irrelevant disciplines, technical jargon; and an Outline seems to give hope that any sane intelligence may cut through the pedantry and liberate the subject. Whether or not the experts are so bad, and whether an Outline is the cure for them, at least the idea is current and must be reckoned with if we wish to account for all the allurements in the word. The illustration is on the cover of Professor J. A. Thomson's splendid "Outline of Science". "This work gives the intelligent student-citizen, otherwise called 'the man in the street', a bunch of intellectual keys by which to open doors which have hitherto been shut to him, partly because he got no glimpse of the treasures behind the doors, and partly because the portals were made forbidding by an unnecessary display of technicalities." The display of technicalities, then, as we men in the street suspected, has been unnecessary? We are free at last. Let us have a look at this science (four octavo volumes, 1,220 pages, 800 illustrations), and see what the professors and historians have been keeping from us so long.

The reader who is attracted by "Outline" in his titles might be surprised if he knew what the books really give him, if he knew what it is in them that really fascinates and compliments his intelligence. His Outlines are histories under an easy name, but their charm is that they are less fact than interpretation, less history than philosophy. The dictionary forgot to tell us clearly, whatever it implied, that an outline is a philosophy. We delighted in Mr. Wells's book because he boldly interpreted the world for us. We have

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delighted in Professor James Harvey Robinson and in Hendrik Van Loon for the same reason. Such writers, of whom the number grows, differ in scope and quality, but they all bring a clarifying philosophy of one kind or another after decades of thick-accumulating fact. We were led to believe that modern life was so complicated that no one man could understand it all. In a sense it is true that no one man can know it all, and for that inability there is little regret. But the suggestion that no man can understand his world has never been popular and never will be. There is too much to see and hear in detail, but we may rise above it all in our imagination and take a balloon view of the landscape even while we remain the humble man in the street; and we have never doubted that the noble and serious among us might look once more from Pisgah, and understand what our lengthy pilgrimage is all about. "History", says Mr. Van Loon in his fine preface, "is the mighty Tower of Experience, which Time has built amidst the endless fields of bygone ages. It is no easy task to reach the top of this ancient structure and get the benefit of the full view. There is no elevator, but young feet are strong and it can be done." There it is. Our Outlines give us the benefit of the full view. There were no elevators before, but the Outlines now serve for a lift.

It is almost the best intellectual sign of the times, that books which confer a strong meaning on life have been so popular. Not all of us have approved the particular philosophy of each Outline; sound historians have thought Mr. Wells quite wrong, and philosophers have smiled at him. But they have neglected to give us instead their own outline of history; and until they do so we shall read him, for some outline we must have. Too much of science and scholarship has been merely defensive — preoccupied with the cult of method and the fear of making a mistake. Good qualities, but the essence of motion is not in them. "The thoughts of these men", as Mr. Santayana said, "are like the Sibylline leaves, profound but lost." We are not willing to go to the grave without some guess as to the whole drama enacting about us — at least a guess, if nothing more, a hazard which will have the appearance of light and will be harmonious with itself. No need to tell us that there are plenty of philosophies and religions already; we know too well that they all are partizan against each other, and to some extent at war with themselves. Perhaps in our religious moods we wish to be partizan. But there is another yearning of the mind which only the broad Tower view will satisfy.

Our desire to see life in outline meets, of course, with unequal success. "The Outline of Science" is perhaps the best effort in this kind, probably because the scientists have been working for the last sixty years or so on one general hypothesis. No matter then how widely the schools of science differ, nor how deeply the hypothesis may often have seemed smothered by the phenomena, it is not surprising that a competent scientist with a gift for exposition should be able to tell us clearly, when we are ready to hear, just what the world means to him. In the account of archæological remains ("Wonders of the Past") the success is less in the outline than in the information; here are these interesting remains, the world over, all speaking of lost civilizations. Civilizations sooner or later are lost or displaced; beyond this simple philosophy there is little to say, and we turn our curious gaze from one

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relic to the next. In literature and in art, much as we crave a philosophy, we have as yet no widely accepted hypothesis to base it on, and the temptation even for makers of outlines is still to name over authors and painters in the old chronicle fashion against which the true outlines help us to revolt. Perhaps it may be said that Elie Faure has more of a philosophy of art, and that he therefore wrote a truer outline of it, than Sir William Orpen. Also that several critics now living have a more definite philosophy of literature than Mr. Drinkwater. But no distinction among these books should obscure the importance of them all, as first attempts in our day to bring into coherence fields of knowledge which because of their very richness threatened to get out of hand.

If these outlines are so many philosophies, is not our first question answered? Is the general reader not justified in thinking that his favorite Outline is different from a mere history? Well, perhaps; and perhaps the difference is only of degree. What if the appearance of this word in our titles should mark the fact that we understand, or begin to understand, what all history is — a very realistic form of philosophy, a noble form of tragedy or romance? The historian, bent by methods so called scientific, may try to take the bright personalities out of his story, but he cannot prevent us from putting our own personalities in; we read more for our own experience than for the adventures of men long dead. It is as if we sat at a play. And the historian wrote to give his own personality, his own philosophy, a career. The maker of outlines is only a frank historian, who knows what he and we really care for in his work, and who plays it up, unashamed. To say so much is not to blame historians, but rather to praise them for being, like other men but in a higher degree, poets and philosophers. Mr. Wells used to interpret life in his novels. No doubt the novels were somehow founded on human experience, on fact and reputable reports of fact. He afterward interpreted life in his History. The History is longer than the novels, but it also has, no less than they, a basis in fact. There have been a number of men who, as they thought, knew facts but did not know what they meant. Perhaps we do not know a fact until it yields a meaning to us. Mr. Wells and the other leading outliners are rich in meaning, which may be the same thing as rich in knowledge. If Mr. Wells's knowledge is mistaken, I shall not worry so much as once I should have done, for with time my own outline of history grows very simple and comforting. Man is an incorrigible poet; human nature survives our reforms and our improvement; the universe outlives our explanations.

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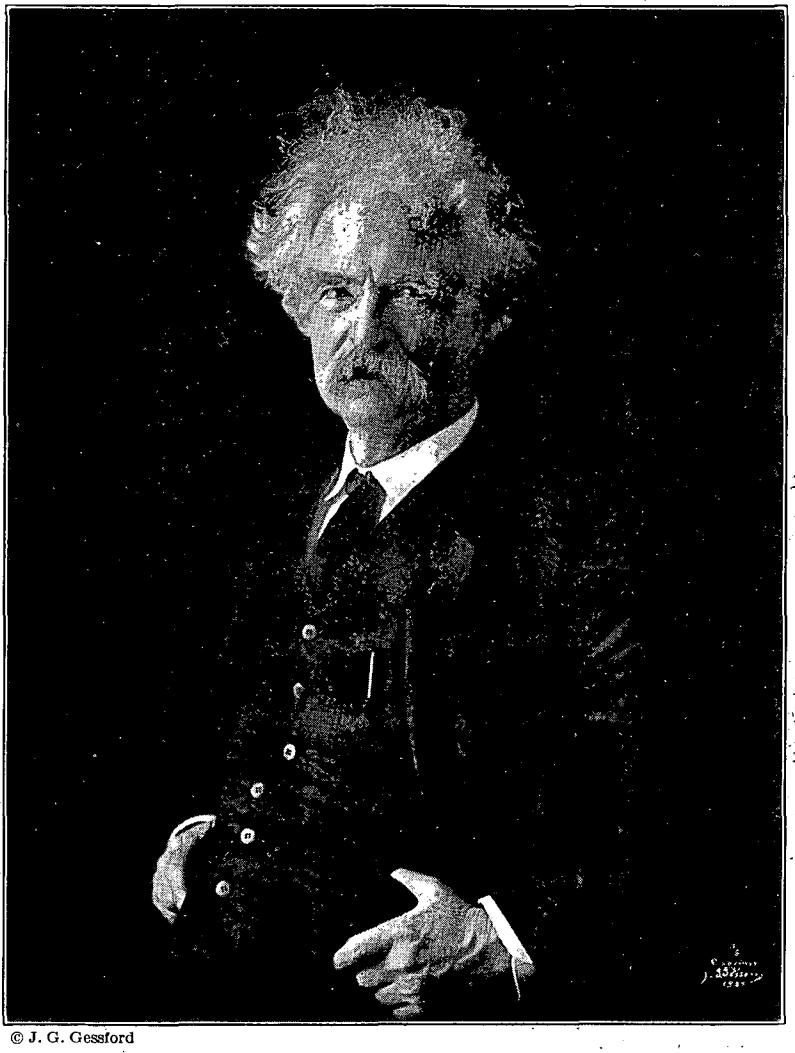
Bookmen and Women



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Mark Twain

Fourteen years after his death, the autobiography of Mark Twain has met with as instant and as great a success as any work of his lifetime. If proof were needed, this alone would serve to witness the vitality of the famous creator of "Huck" and "Tom."

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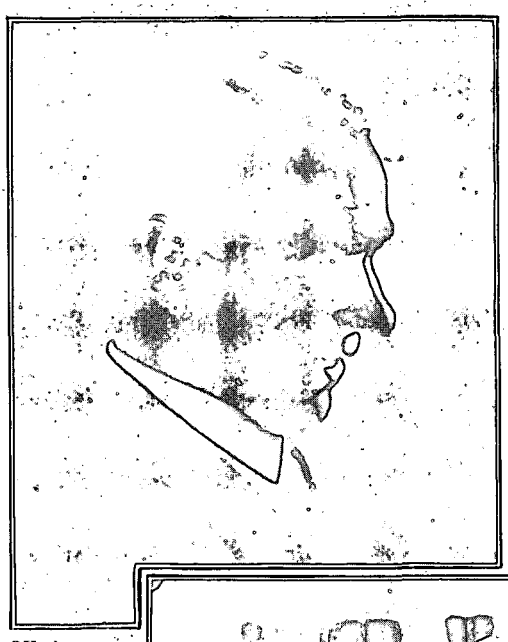

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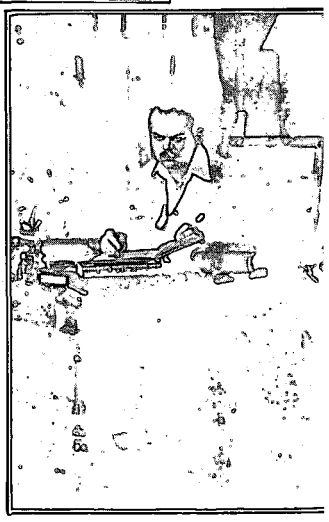
SINCLAIR LEWIS, who has been very thoroughly touring Europe, is idling in Paris while awaiting the appearance of his new novel, "Arrowsmith," the study of a doctor's life.

© Gabriel Moulin

THE life and work of Kathleen Norris will soon appear under the title of "Noon" — her own version of her own very interesting career.

AND Charles Norris has just finished a novel, which with "Brass," "Bread," and "Salt" may be another extraordinary monosyllable.



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ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS, needing no introduction as an accomplished short story writer, will make her bow as novelist with "The Skyrocket."

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EUGENE O'NEILL has had three plays in New York this season which have been almost simultaneously successful, with one, and perhaps two, more to come.

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© Pirie Macdonald

GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON'S "East of the Setting Sun" brings the famous imaginary kingdom of Graustark back to contemporary fiction.

© E. Hoppe

ZONA GALE'S play, "Mr. Pitt," is soon to appear in book form. The novelist has temporarily abandoned Wisconsin to lecture in the east.

© Whitesell

"A STORY TELLER'S STORY," which is Sherwood Anderson's own, is hailed by the critics as one of the greatest of American biographies.

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IN "The Great Gatsby" F. Scott Fitzgerald turns from exploiting the younger generation to a love story of present-day New York, where fortunes are made and lost with such amazing rapidity.

ELMER DAVIS has forsaken New York to follow the fortunes of a prodigal orphan in a midwestern romance, "The Keys of the City."

INFORMALLY introducing Aldous Huxley, minus his mustache and carrying his habit of reading to the slopes of the Jura. Or are they press notices of his latest novel, "Those Barren Leaves"?

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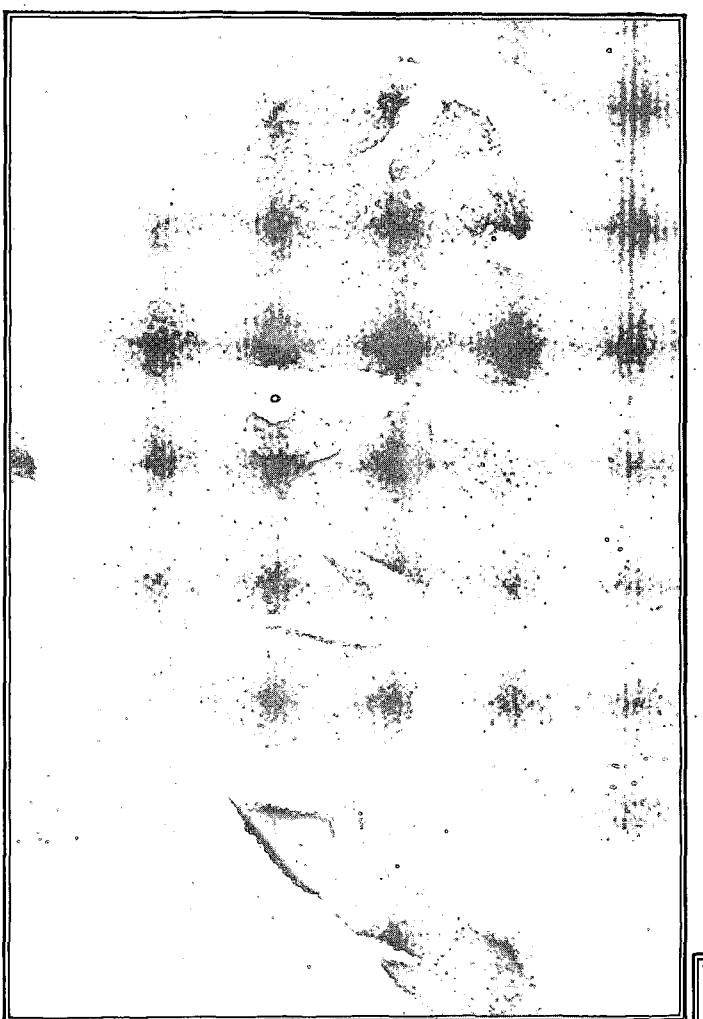

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IRISH poet and Americanized playwright ("Three Plays" will appear this spring), Padraic Colum is known to a various public as the author of some of the best contemporary fairy tales as well.

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EMANIE SACHS is at work in Florida on a second novel, with which she expects to rival the popularity of "Talk."

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY is back from his year in France and hard at work on a new novel — this time without the aid of the versatile Don Marquis.

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LUCILLE VAN SLYKE has taken the recurrent problem of the woman in business as the theme of her third book, "Nora Pays."

A. HAMILTON GIBBS, brother to Sir Philip Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton, presents "Soundings," a novel which stands comparison well in a position where comparisons are sure to be made.

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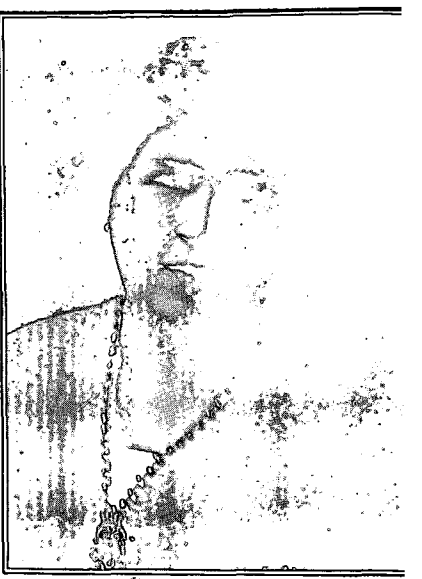
"THE TURN OF A DAY," the new novel of Mrs. Dawson Scott, the English writer, is sure to cause more of a stir than her own quiet visit to America last year.



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EMIL FUCHS, artis painter, sculptc friend of kings, has r called his days abro in an unconvention autobiography, "Wi Pen and Brush a Chisel."

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GETTING INTO SIX FIGURES

By Arnold Patrick

IV: PETER B. KYNE

AMONG many other books, Peter B. Kyne is the author of "The Go-Getter", a short story which has been used by organizations both business and social across the country as a gospel of salesmanship and success. If Mr. Kyne occasionally becomes bored or amused by being considered the fountainhead of wisdom in matters of personal efficiency, if he is staggered when he finds himself the patron saint of "Go-Getter" Clubs and aspiring young clerks, he has only his personality to blame. He is that individual, not so rare in the United States, a successful Irish-American. He takes his own abilities and those of his countrymen seriously up to a certain point, then he is saved from Dr. Frank Cranism by his ready and virile humor. These two qualities — a worship of success and an ability to laugh — brought to bear upon American life, backed up by experience as soldier, lumber salesman, storekeeper, traveler, make his stories important to the masses. Nor does he overlook the importance of the masses to him. The creator of Cappy Ricks, the author of "The Enchanted Hill", "The Pride of Palomar", "Never the Twain Shall Meet", believes in his public and the debt he owes it. He is self educated for the most part, and he believes in self education. He has given this public of his what it desires and he intends to go on doing so. I have seldom encountered a writer so articulate in analyzing his own methods as this grey eyed, romantic yarn spinner. He loves to tell or to write a story, and he dramatizes life, his friends, himself, in a manner authentically and charmingly Celtic.

"When an editor buys a story from me for a good price, he expects it to help his circulation. If I give him a product which is some abstruse expression of myself, and not a good story or a serial with as much pull as I can give it, I'm not an honest business man. If a stocking manufacturer sells an inferior product, he is soon called to account. Why should it be different with writers? The construction of a serial is definitely a technical job. It must be planned so as to give the editor a long first instalment, several shorter ones for the middle part, and a fairly lengthy final section. Each of these must have its punch, and its holdover quality, or it will not bring circulation to a magazine. I'd rather destroy twenty five thousand words of a story than fail an editor on a first instalment. That faith to him, and through him to the public, seems more important to me than all this talk about art. What's a definition of art, anyway? Here's one definition — "

And Mr. Kyne settled back to tell a story. It seems that a friend of his youth, a small-town tradesman who had allowed himself to take on the marks of success at the waistband, one day encountered the author on the street. He had just come from seeing a film version of one of the Kyne romances. His eyes were brimming with tears. "It's great, Peter, great! I

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congratulate you. It's art, Peter, art!" ("Well, it wasn't, you know", Mr. Kyne confided. "They had made the most awful sentimental bunk out of it, all sob stuff.")

"Come now", said Mr. Kyne to the melted but content representative of the bourgeoisie. "What do you know about art?"

"I know all about art, Peter", was the reply, as with a stout finger the gentleman indicated the central portion of his abdomen. "When a thing gets me here, Peter, it's art."

"If he'd been a little more highbrow he'd have gestured to his heart — but he wasn't far from right", said Peter B. Kyne.

Like most other members of the "six figure" group of writers, Mr. Kyne did not spring full armored into fiction, but had stirrings of imaginative impulses as a lad. He was born in California in 1880, of farmer stock, with the chores and the delights of a farmer's boy. In the small country school taught by his cousin, now principal of a large school on the west coast, spelling was more important than in these days of advanced education; spelling bees were still in vogue. But the exercise which appealed most to young Peter was the using of all the spelling words of the week to form a "composition" on Fridays. Peter, one week, had asked if he might write his in the form of a story, and had received an affirmative reply. He gave his imagination full sweep. It chanced that the visiting member of the county school board arrived. Would he stay to hear the compositions read? He would. Small Peter was filled with anticipatory thrills. He was sent home on horseback — for that was how the farmer boys went to school in those days — to fetch a hot dinner for the educational dignitary. This he carried back precariously but successfully; and the worthy gentleman, content after a comforting meal, listened to a score of childish flights. When Peter had finished reading he called him forward solemnly. "Peter," he said, "whatever else you may do in life, if you become a writer, you'll be successful!"

"Strange", said Mr. Kyne, "what a small thing will turn a boy's head in a given direction. The man was probably no prophet; but he was the fire that lit the tinder."

Farm life was dull for a young man who had visions of adventure and literary prowess. Peter Kyne turned his efforts to business, and finally became clerk in the modest country store, where he worked for twenty dollars a month from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M. Here came the ladies to buy and their husbands to buy, and both to chat. Herwere whispered or shouted all the scane dals of the community, and to Peter came the wily proprietor of the local newspaper with a request for news. This was the aspiring writer's golden opportunity. He seized it, and for no remuneration sent in notes which soon grew into a column. However, the affairs of a small community rapidly lost novelty for a vivid Celtic imagination. War was declared on Spain, and Peter, lying about his age, entered the army at seventeen.

"It wasn't a question of patriotism", Mr. Kyne explained. "I wasn't foolish enough to think that we couldn't lick Spain without my personal assistance. It was simply an escape."

However, he admits that his soldiering as a captain of artillery during the late war had nobler motivation.

"The proprietor of the paper had asked me to write him, so I did. He published it with the line, 'From our Special Correspondent'. He also went to my family and secured from them

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the letters I wrote two and three times a week to my mother. He published them all."

Then it was that Mr. Kyne first became a circulation builder, for the little paper prospered on the fruits of the youthful soldier's experience. Yet the only tangible result was the boosting of family pride. After the war, a six months' course in business college prepared him for work, first in a wholesale provision house, later in the wholesale lumber and shipping business. It was in the latter that he met the characters which were to give him the material for "Cappy Ricks".

"I don't often write a 'Cappy Ricks' story now, unless I get an idea for a particularly good one", he confided to me. "The old man must certainly be getting on in years. He's served me for a long time!"

Various business efforts, not too successful, culminated in an attempt to function as a lumber broker in California Street, San Francisco. In that venture Mr. Kyne lost everything. After a serious attack of pneumonia he turned to his old ambition and, propped up in bed, wrote a story which he sent to a syndicate starting a morning newspaper in San Francisco. They gave him a job, and he was able to pay the doctors and nurses. Presently he sent a story, "A Little Matter of Salvage", to George Horace Lorimer of "The Saturday Evening Post". Mr. Lorimer liked it, but took the precaution of writing to a friend in San Francisco to find out if the background detail was correct. Assured of Kyne's information and honesty, he paid $250 for it.

"We had paid the office rent, but not the stenographers that week", Mr. Kyne told me. "So when I opened the long envelope and the boys saw the check, they turned it over for me to sign, went across the street and cashed it, and we paid the young ladies."

He wrote several more stories and sold them. On the strength of that, and of his job as a reporter, he married. Immediately he lost his job. Nothing daunted, he wrote an 8,000 word humorous sea story which he sold for $200 to the "Sunset Magazine". After this he did a series of ten sea stories built around his original characters, and from then on his career as an author was without serious interruption or financial worry.

I had always heard that the first characteristic of Kyne's method was the almost incredible swiftness with which he wrote. Ray Long of "Cosmopolitan" tells a story of the time when he was editing "The Red Book" which corroborates this fact. Kyne, in response to a telegram, arrived in Chicago from a San Francisco train on one of the hottest summer days of a warm year. He demanded a typewriter, sat down, and by six o'clock that night had finished one of his best stories, "Hassayampa Jim". He often writes from six to ten hours at a stretch, occasionally for twelve. In this respect his method is similar to Zane Grey's and different from Joseph Lincoln's. Twice, he says, he has written over 13,000 words in twelve hours, the results being "The Three Godfathers" and "The Go-Getter". Nor in these cases did he rewrite the copy. Not one of his many short stories has taken him more than two days to write, or more than two sessions at the typewriter. His first novel was completed in thirty three days. Although the actual production of a novel may stretch over a period of six or eight months, he considers thirty five days the average amount of actual time he puts on each.

This speed of production is largely due to the fact that Kyne spends so

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much time planning his work before he actually sits down at the typewriter — a small portable, in the mechanical use of which he is expert. So far, except for a few of his earlier tales, he has never used longhand; but he wants to try it for his next book. As a rule plot is first in the plan, and characters fit themselves around incident. While he composes, incidents and characters often grow and change.

He likes to be absolutely alone when he writes, "so that nothing is with me but those vivid burning characters visualized before me". Sometimes he flees to his ranch, where his chauffeur has a bungalow in which a room is always ready for him. Incidentally, the raising of sheep, hogs, and other live stock is his avocation and chief delight.

As in the case of Mary Roberts Rinehart and many other authors, his original draft is made on cheap, glaring, yellow paper. Kyne says that he does not spare words but uses just as many as he wants. On this first copy he leaves three typewriter spaces between lines.

"Then you do rewrite?" I asked.

"With me, it's deletion rather than rewriting", he replied. "I seldom add anything, but I cut out a great deal. The main purpose of a first draft is to put in all the material that's in my mind. The corrected copy is just enough of the original to leave a story as vividly and cleanly told as I am able."

Ideas? Mr. Kyne's? They come from everywhere and anywhere. The story behind "The Go-Getter" was a personal experience of William Randolph Hearst's. Mr. Hearst, it seems, had seen a blue vase in an antique store window on a Sunday morning, had wanted to take it with him on a 6:30 train. The vase was presented at the appointed hour; but many the adventures that lay between. It is of the romantic material of everyday life that Mr. Kyne is admirably aware. He lives in a man's world, in which sport and adventure and love hold sway. All these he embraces with a touch that is determinedly and wisely wholesome. He understands the American people as do few others, and he writes of them as they believe themselves to be and in a way which they like. Of him, they can ask no more.

BEATA

By Jane Barbara Alexander

I HAD looked on you as one
Whom dawn had touched about the eyes,
And left on tiptoe to the sun
In delicate and dim surprise.
Poised with iridescent wings
As a gull for shining flight. . . .

You were not made for common things,
You were not made for day and night.

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THE CHILD IN MODERN LITERATURE

By Eva v. B. Hansl

I DON'T know who started it or when the fashion was set, but certain it is that the beginnings and endings of works of fiction have in recent times been extended to cover more years in the life of the principal characters than was formerly considered necessary. The first adult fiction I read (not prescribed for college entrance examinations) began with the heroine home from boarding school, dealt almost exclusively with her conquests, and ended with her final capitulation in the arms of the most irresistible male.

Then some horrible realist (I believe it was Herrick in "Together" if I may venture a guess), having developed a notion that the conflict which makes a novel only begins at the altar, started the fashion of going on from the capitulation mentioned above through all the hazardous adjustments of early married life, sounding the tinkling brass as well as the clashing cymbals of matrimony. Not much was said about the accompanying children — if there were any — save as they affected their elders and the elders' relations to one another. Things went on this way, one revelation treading on another's woes, until Freud and his fellow psychoanalysts called our novelists' attention to the fact that life's conflicts do not begin at the altar but in the cradle. One must understand all the early influences. One must comprehend the effect upon the unconscious of happenings in the nursery, in order to grasp the true inwardness of the hero's soul and to understand why he must inevitably choose a career as a manufacturer of brass tacks or drift into a life of sculpturing tigers at the zoo. And so we begin to find our novelists, persuaded by this newer psychology, not only considering their hero in his infancy but going even further back than the psychoanalysts and probing for us the hereditary influences which may be at work before ever he reaches the cradle.

The Victorian novelists, you may remind me, spent any number of chapters describing the childhood days of their heroes and heroines. True — but they did it in a manner quite different from the novelists of the most modern order. They described the home, giving us a sense of the refinement or the squalor infusing it; they described the family's activities and sketched in the background against which the childhood was spent. It was, in short, an objective development of character and description of environment. What we find today is, rather, an inventory of material and spiritual forces likely to influence our hero. Samuel Butler is probably the first novelist of the new order. Professor Phelps in his introduction to "The Way of All Flesh" calls it "a wonderful treatise on the art of how *not* to bring up children". Did not Butler dare to prick the fatuousness of parents by showing that they are not always gods to their children and that love is not the only or the predominant sentiment bestowed upon elders by their offspring? What iconoclasm, what heresy! Since when,

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how have we parents been assailed and flayed for our stupidities, in what we hoped would be light and pleasant reading!

In May Sinclair we find, no doubt, the most thoroughgoing proponent of Freudian principles. Has she not taken "the mother complex" as a theme for two books? When she describes, minutely, the emotions aroused by a prickly beard in the child sitting on the knee of its possessor, we certainly must admit that here observation from without has given way to digging from within. Her books are not only novels; each is "A Life". Though the end of her latest volume, when Arnold Waterlow has almost reached the half century mark, may seem far removed from the beginning chapters when he was a toddler among his mother's crinolines, still one must admit that to understand the calibre of the man whom fate ripped from a chosen pursuit of the classics to the sale of cheeses, the reader must spend one third of the book with him in his childhood and study, with the author, the influences at work molding his character.

It is obvious from a casual survey of our latest novels and plays that one of our chief concerns in life today is what Rabbi Wise calls "the irrepressible conflict" between the generations — the relation between parents and children and their divergent attitudes toward morals and customs. Where once it was the evils (or the blessings) of divorce which novelists and playwrights chose to discuss, the theme today is as likely to be its result with regard to the children. Where a Balzac or a Thackeray might have desired to show the effect upon a woman's character of indulging in a succession of lovers, what concerns Miss Sedgwick in "The Little French Girl" is the effect upon the woman's daughter and her chances of making a suitable and happy marriage. It is not the morality of the husband and father that is the subject of paramount importance in such books as Balmer's "The Breath of Scandal" or Webster's "The Innocents"; it is the effect of his behavior upon the lives of his children.

Researches in psychology must inevitably have an appreciable influence upon contemporaneous literature. As psychologists began to discover the differences between the behavior of children and adults, and the effects of early happenings upon later character and career, it was to be expected that our writers would profit by the new light and use it in their work. But they have done more. They are providing a literature of childhood that is growing up side by side with the literature of child training and that is, in many instances, far more illuminating to the parent in search of understanding than the books written by the learned psychologists themselves. And this is as it should be. Are not our litterateurs the interpreters of life, and the psychologists merely the analysts and recorders of facts?

Aside from the galaxy of new novels which discuss the conflict between the older and the younger generations, there is a group of books which deal only with the younger generation, interpreting its moods, aspirations, tragedies and joys to its elders. There is no conflict here, except that which each individual must make to adjust himself to this extraordinary world into which he is born. It is difficult to classify these books. They are not exactly biography, though written in the reminiscent mood; they are not juveniles, though older children might enjoy reading them; they are not precisely essays because there are too many characters in them; nor are they novels

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either, since few or any of them contain what is known in literature classes as "the love element" (the serious, not the puppy kind!).

And yet, broadly considered, they are of two types: the one, the more familiar narrative on the order of Tarkington's "Penrod" and Walpole's "Jeremy"; the other, a combination of essay and short story or shorter character sketch — a sort of philosophical contemplation of childhood illustrated by an incident in the life of a particular child. Kenneth Grahame's "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age" are the predecessors of the newer collection.

Let us consider, first, the array of stories about children. Strangely enough, all but one were written by men about boys. Perhaps this is not so strange, after all, for is not a boy's life a much more interesting affair than a girl's, and do not most men look back upon their childhood with chuckles and a feeling of satisfaction? Whereas many women still feel, as they did when they were little, that they have been cheated out of a lot of the best fun because they were born to wear skirts.

When I say that, so far as I know, but one woman in recent years has braved the task of writing a book about a little girl's reactions to life, I am not unmindful of the incomparable "Emmy Lou", written some twenty years ago, nor of one of the newest books, "A Nineteenth Century Childhood" by Mary MacCarthy. But the latter seems to me to have been written more to regale us with a delightful picture of "the calm and tranquil Nineties", to create a milieu, than to reveal the psychology of a child brought up in that atmosphere of purity and nobility. It is a delicious book, however, full of pictures of another day which make us wish it were not quite beyond recall.

Since "The Child's House" by Marjory MacMurchy is the only book before me which has essayed to plumb the depths of a little girl's soul, I wish the author might have brought to her effort the insight of a Grahame or a Walpole. I find her method a little strained, her point a bit flattened. Perhaps it is only because I believe so hopefully in the treasures to be uncovered in such a study as she has made of Vanessa, and because I did so want the one feminine contributor to measure up well against all the masculine ones, that I am somewhat disappointed. However, if for nothing else, I must always be grateful to her for this perfect description of what appears to be a universal characteristic of all children: ". . . she had a suspicion that her mother wanted to make her different from other girls; and the one passion of Vanessa's existence was to be exactly like everyone else. . . . If a mould had been invented of the average little girl, she would have poured herself into it with sublime cheerfulness, her substance gurgling with satisfaction as it ran to the desired consummation."

If aching with laughter over a book is a criterion of its value as an interpreter of life, then we must give the verdict of success at once to Booth Tarkington and Owen Johnson. However, we all realize that nonsense and mischief do not make up a child's existence, and he who does not know how to make us suffer their sorrows and perplexities with them has told only half a story. Tarkington is frequently guilty, I think, of sacrificing truthfulness to a telling effect, as when for instance the dialogue smacks of an adult sophistication which you feel cannot be true to life even though you laugh over it uproariously. But no one can describe better than he the clever way of a boy in a hole excavating himself

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by changing the subject; no one can better discern the deep dyed contempt of the older brother for his adoring sister who has aspirations to be apprenticed to his gang. And yet, when all his books are read, one still feels that he has skirted over the surface of childhood and forgotten, perhaps, that there are deeper depths to plumb.

"Skippy Bedelle", written about Lawrenceville in the Nineties when collars were worn standing and skirts trailing, is as true of boys today as it is of that time. Though Owen Johnson gives us much to chuckle over, he never lets us forget the great solemnity of life in the teens, the tremendous seriousness of many things which to our purblind souls may seem unimportant.

Children in themselves are so amusing that it is no wonder they tempt the professional humorist. But just because they are, *sui generis*, so funny and because they are the most natural creatures in the civilized world, their chronicling requires no artifice. Children do not make a good theme for the stylist — florid language and children are a contradiction in terms. If you do not agree with me, see what happened when Irvin Cobb, one of our best comedians of the pen, tried to write a book about boys. In "Goin' on Fourteen" you find, not a wise man interpreting childhood, but an author trying to maintain a reputation for humor.

Similarly, when Edgar Lee Masters starts out to write a book about boys and puts it into the vernacular of "the kids", he loses the value of the narrative because he has sacrificed its plausibility. I defy anyone to find a twelve year old boy who can report the proceedings of a court trial as Skeets Kirby does in "Mitch Miller". I know but one story purporting to be written by a child himself that is convincing, "The Diary of Plupy Shute". That one small urchin should have been able to think of so many diabolical things to do taxes our credulity somewhat — but it reads like an honest-to-goodness diary for all that! Unfortunately, when Judge Shute tried to recapture its charm in "Plupy and Old J. Albert", he proved again that it is always wiser to let well enough alone.

Joseph Anthony, in "The Gang", has succeeded most satisfactorily in catching the vernacular of the East Side kid, and his psychology too. Against a background of the Hebrew-Hibernian feuds of uppermost Park Avenue, he has etched in an amusing collection of credible Jews, any one of whom you will recognize the next time you travel on a Madison Avenue car — northbound. But the most interesting thing he has done is to show how a high I-Q and the family's expectations can conspire to make a student out of a boy whose greatest joy is to read Horatio Alger and whose real ambition is to be Kid Diamond, Leader of the Twennies and dread foe of the Park Avenooers.

An outstanding book in this collection, to my mind, is "One Little Boy" by Hugh de Sélincourt, a book which all parents should read together to remind them never to regard a child's action with an adult's sophistication. It is a poignant study of a little boy's groping for the truth and of a mother, bewildered and helpless in her lack of understanding. We have here that simplicity of style with which all books dealing with children ought to be written. I have read no more lucid interpretation of the questionings about life which must arise even in the most wholesome little minds and which cry out to be answered honestly by their elders. There is much beauty here, and much wisdom.

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And for a fine description of friendship between boys, I commend you to "David Blaize" and "David Blaize of King's", stories of English boarding school life filled with real young people. E. F. Benson and Hugh Walpole are to me the masters of the boy story (yes, even more so than Kipling!). I can only stand awed before their talent and exclaim: "How do these men remember what it was like to be a child?" For, surely, it is memory and insight they must depend upon; confidences cannot be wrested from the inarticulate creature which is a boy, and observation alone cannot suffice. But they do know, and they make you suffer and rejoice and discover the world anew with the children of their creation. And what is more, they succeed in depicting many wholesome little fellows who are not prigs, yet who are not everlastingly getting into scrapes like the Penrods and Varmints and the Plupy Shutes! There is a certain dignity of purpose and behavior in these English boys which makes our young Americans seem rather like hoodlums. Is it, perhaps, the influence of a discipline which is a tradition, and the effect, on the other side of the ocean, of substituting more freedom for discipline in home as well as school? Well, there's this consolation — the Britishers aren't one tenth as funny!

"We who are passing 'through the wilderness of this world' find it difficult to realize what an impenetrable wall there is around the town of Boyville", writes William Allen White in his preface to "The Court of Boyville", a collection of short stories which try, nevertheless, to penetrate this wall. "Storm it as we may with the simulation of light-heartedness, bombard it with our heavy guns, loaded with fishing-hooks and golf-sticks and skates and base-balls and butterfly-nets, the walls remain. If once the clanging gates of the town shut upon a youth, he is banished for ever. From afar he may peer over the walls at the games inside, but he may not be of them. Let him try to join them and lo, the games become a mockery and he finds that he is cavorting still outside the walls, while the good citizens inside are making sly sport of him."

If this be true, then Bertram Smith and Edmund Lester Pearson had X-ray eyes of memory or powerful telescopes of sympathy with which to penetrate this stronghold when they wrote, the former "The Days of Discovery" and "Running Wild", and the latter "The Believing Years". Like Kenneth Grahame, these two authors have an almost uncanny power of recalling the activities and the experience of childhood. And how delightfully they recall them to us who are so likely to have forgotten! They seem to know just what is the secret zest of taking risks and dares; the impulse to "talk big" and the joys of getting as near a good swear as the school law will allow. Do you know what it is like to be "the child in the middle" — one who belongs neither to the bigs nor the littles? Do you remember how you vacillated in your ambition between the professions of pirate and lion tamer, and then decided to make it a plumber, thereby effecting a happy compromise? Do you think your children are silly when they whisper secrets about nothing-at-all behind doors and chairs and fat relatives' backs? Didn't you?

Do you remember how the first parlor car looked to you? The first hotel? "In the days when the world was 'so full of a number of things', before any film of indifference had come to cloud one's eyes, every new departure had about it an element of unreality", writes Bertram Smith in

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"Running Wild". "Nothing ever looked the same the second time; every new door that one encountered was the threshold of an enchanted castle. Soon enough, it is true, we were caught up by the lagging atmosphere of everyday (which we had left behind) dispelling rosy mists, lopping off battlements, filling up moats, making our castle a very ordinary affair."

I wish there were space to quote at length from this book or to read to you the whole chapter about the Fourth of July in Pearson's book. You will be tempted to do the same to any contemporary within earshot, for to enjoy a good reminiscence one must have good company. These books constitute a corking reminiscence full of tidbits that will be a revelation about yourself when young — and so, a dissolvent of your obtuseness regarding your children. To understand one generation is to understand all.

In conclusion, I want to call attention to two books which do not really belong here but which should. "The Seven Ages of Childhood" by Ella Lyman Cabot deserves a word because it offers a cross section of child life and gives us a tremendous assurance that whatever our children are doing now that annoys us is only a stage of their development, and that in three or four months they will have outgrown this particular pestiferousness and grown into another which may be better or worse. Give them but time and the various phases will all be outlived!

The other is a tiny book of verse which is a veritable sun of illumination into the secret soul of nursery inhabitants — "When We Were Very Young" by A. A. Milne. You may buy it for your children but you will keep it for yourself. If it reforms you in no other particular, it must help you to remember that, when you reprove Johnny for dawdling at his dressing, you may be disturbing him in the midst of a momentous decision:

Shall I go off to South America?
Shall I put out in my ship at sea?
Or get in my cage and be lions and tigers?
Or — shall I be only Me?

ICE BELLS

By Letta Eulalia Thomas

A WORLD of crystal, burning with multicolored flame
Lighted by arrows from the golden sun
That fall in shattered beauty
Against the shining, silver armor of the earth.
The soft winds touch to music,
Millions of tinkling bells of ice;
There is a whisper of the coming spring
In the light clashing of the branches,
Silver-chained and striving to be free;
Dropping long strips of silver on the mottled snow;
And from the sky, the high, blue, cloud-flecked sky,
Spring laughs down at the crystal world;
And plays upon the cloudy heights with rosy winds.

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FOR RELEASE MONDAY

Autobiographical Disclosures in the Informal Manner

By Robert Benchley

With Sketches by Herb Roth

ENCOURAGED by the form and subject matter of the Mark Twain autobiography, I have decided to write mine now. There are fifteen or twenty minutes each day when I have nothing to do, and I might as well be writing an autobiography as shaving. In fact, I find that I can shave *and* write an autobiography in the Mark Twain fashion, all in the same fifteen or twenty minutes.

My method is as follows: I sit by an open window in my farmhouse at Lexington Ave. and 49th St., smoking, reading, shaving, anything. Then, when something occurs to me that I think might possibly go into my autobiography, I shout it out the window at my brother-in-law who is puttering around in the back yard. He takes it down on the back of an envelope or an old laundry list and, when he comes into the house at night, puts these notes away in a big box which he keeps for the purpose. As soon as this box is full of old envelopes with notes on them, it is to be locked and placed in the cornerstone of the new Merchants' National Bank Building, along with a copy of the New York "Times" of even date. When, in the course of seventy or eighty years, the Merchants' Bank Building is torn down to make room for an apartment house, the box is to be opened and the manuscript given to the world in book form. If it causes any hard feeling then, I shall be up in Maine trout fishing and won't hear about it.

Material for the first volume has already accumulated, and is herewith printed for private circulation in THE BOOKMAN. Readers are placed on their honor not to divulge the plot.

THE BENCHLEY INFORMAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAP. 1

THE STEWART DICTATIONS

(*Dictated about seven o'clock*)

THE first time I ever saw Donald Ogden Stewart he was eating lunch with Edmund Wilson, Jr. They were having Yankee pot roast (.85). Stewart told me that he had just come from Brooks Brothers where he had been having a terrible time about a golf suit that they had sold him. It seems that the coat didn't fit very well and he had taken it back to have it altered, but the people at Brooks had said that all alterations, except for

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"I shout it out the window at my brother-in-law"

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moving buttons, etc., would be charged for extra. Stewart protested but the Brooks people were adamant. I told him that I thought that the whole thing was outrageous, and Wilson said that he thought so, too. We went over to Brooks together and saw Mr. Brooks and his brother Mr. Brooks. It was no use. Stewart got a bill for eight dollars over and above the price of the suit which was sixty dollars, making a total of sixty six dollars.

* * * *

In a conference with my lawyers I told them about the Stewart affair and they said that Stewart could bring action against the Brooks people. I called up Stewart and told him this, but it wasn't Stewart who answered the telephone.

* * * *

(Dictated Thursday)

At a dinner given Stewart by the West Side Bowling Association an amusing incident happened. The speaker of the evening was General Leonard Wood. As the guests were coming in, Stewart and I approached General Wood and said: "I guess you wish now that you hadn't worn that funny looking collar, General." The General laughed and said: "I don't remember." This showed that he, as well as Stewart, had a good heart.

* * * *

In December I went around with Stewart again to see the Brooks outfit about that overcharge of eleven dollars. They said that nothing could be done about it. That was on a Tuesday. On the following Monday nothing had been done about it.

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is Albany that George Dixon lives in now. R. B. was mistaken.

CHAP. 2

EARLY DAYS IN WORCESTER

(Dictated during a light sleep)

I WAS born on September 15, 1889 in Worcester, Massachusetts. I remember that there was a boy in school named George Dixon. Later, when I went back to Worcester to get some things I had left there up in the attic, I found that George had moved and gone to Utica.

There was an old man in Worcester when I was a boy who sold cornucopias. "Motorcycle Dan", we boys used to call him. One day he called me up on the telephone and said that he had some very good cornucopias in fresh that day and would I like one. I said that I would be right down. So I got Arthur Stone and Walter Woodward and Harrison Prentice and Will Weir and we all three went down to "Motorcycle Dan's".

Will said: "Well, Dan, how about those cornucopias?"

"Well, Mars' Will," said Dan, "I did have some, but they are all gone."

Will Weir is working in New York now. Arthur Stone is still in Worcester. I saw him when I went back there last year. Walter Woodward is still in Worcester, but I didn't see him. As I said before, George Dixon is in Utica.*

CHAP. 3

CHAPTERS ADDED IN FALL RIVER 1923

(Dictated in the Ocean House, Fall River, Massachusetts, 1923. Present, Mr. Benchley, Mr. Weaver, Miss Whitcomb, secretary, and the Sheriff)

I HAVE just found out about that overcharge of Brooks Brothers against Donald Ogden Stewart. It

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was Donald *Harrington* Stewart who had the changes made and who was charged sixty nine dollars. Donald Ogden Stewart never bought a golf suit in his life, which is very lucky.

CHAP. 4

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. BENCHLEY WRITTEN BY HIS LITTLE SON, BOBBY BENCHLEY, AT THE AGE OF FIVE

"DADDY is a very funny man, at least he thinks he is. Today he tried to carry some wood up from the cellar to burn in the fireplace and jammed his hand against the cellar door. 'There goes my hand against the door!' he said."

* * * *

Bobby is wrong there. "What the goddamn!" is what I said, although it *was* the cellar door and it *was* wood for the fireplace.

CHAP. 5

EARLY DAYS IN WORCESTER

(*Dictated but not read*)

MY grandfather, Henry W. Benchley, wore a beard. I never knew him, but I have seen pictures of him. My grandmother on my mother's side was a Heyward, although I don't think that I ever knew her either. The Heywards were always very quiet people and kept to themselves a great deal; so it is quite possible that I never met her. On my father's side everyone was either a Goddard or a Gale. One of my forebears, I think it was an Endicott, later had his name changed to Lipsky.

I remember how good baked beans and fish balls used to taste at Sunday morning breakfast.

* * * *

(*Thursday, April, May*)

Mr. Benchley intercedes in behalf of Thurston, the Magician — As Mayor, he vetoes the Traction Bill — Home life at Kneecap — Mr. Benchley's letter to ex-president Taft — The big drought of 1920 — Bobby and his father have a fight.

IT was early in 1920, I think, when we moved to Scarsdale. We had a terrible time making the furnace work, I remember, because it wasn't all there, the house being new. So I called up the furnace people and said: "Look here. You didn't send all of our furnace. We can't start a fire when all the coal drops right down into the place where the ashes are supposed to be. You'll have to send a grate right up."

The furnace dealer said (as nearly as I can remember): "There was a grate in the furnace when it was sent to your house. Have you looked everywhere for it? Perhaps you threw it away with the excelsior."

I said: "I did *not* throw it away with the excelsior. I threw the *shaker* away with the excelsior but not the grate. I guess I ought to know what I threw away with the excelsior and what I didn't."

This floored him, and he hung up.

I afterward found out that he was the same man who had worked in Brooks Brothers years before and who had been so disagreeable about that overcharge on Donald Stewart's suit.

* * * *

I met a man the other day who said that he was Dr. Fisher. "What Dr. Fisher?" I asked. "*The* Dr. Fisher", he replied. There was a Dr. Fisher who used to live in Worcester, but I don't think it was he, because that Dr. Fisher was a woman.

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THE LONDONER

Ellen Terry and the Dramatists — F. M. Ford's Book on Conrad — T. W. H. Crosland — The World's Classics — William Archer — A Lamb "Discovery"

LONDON, *February* 1, 1925.

THE first "Honours" List of the new British government has given more satisfaction than usual, because it contains a number of well deserved awards. Nobody, I suppose, will regret the granting of the Order of Merit to Sir James Frazer, whose long and devoted work upon "The Golden Bough" has been the marvel of all who are capable of understanding its value. A most popular award has been that made to Ellen Terry, in the interview with whom upon this occasion were some words which deserve more than passing note. Miss Terry said one thing which illustrated a theory of mine (a theory which no doubt has already been held by many others), and which incidentally commented upon a theory of Bernard Shaw's. Mr. Shaw once declared that the reason the Elizabethans wrote in blank verse was that blank verse was easier to write than prose. I do not think this. I think they wrote blank verse because it is easier to memorize than prose. In days when performances had to be given without much rehearsal it was desirable that the actors should have every aid. Miss Terry gave color to this suggestion by saying that Shakespeare "is the easiest poet to remember". She added that she could still, in spite of failing memory, repeat the whole of one of Shakespeare's plays. She went on to say some further most interesting things: "Shaw, too, I always found easy, but Barrie was ever a teaser. I remember, I learned my part in 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' in a few days: but how I had to struggle over 'Alice Sit-by-the-Fire'!" It would be very interesting to know what it is that makes one author easy to memorize and another author difficult. The test might extend to the work of poets and novelists. One can think quite easily of poems from which many lines remain in the memory forever — whether the poet be Shakespeare or Darley or W. S. Gilbert. We all know that some novels are easier to read than others — easier to "get into". We all know that there are some poems and some novels which can be read aloud and some which do not stand being read aloud. Possibly a good "reader aloud" would make anything appear to be satisfactory, but I am not sure of this. I have been told that my own books are very difficult to read aloud, although (however difficult they may be to finish) they are easy to read. With other authors there is no hindrance at all to the eye and the tongue. The words come tripping as if they had no other purpose than that of giving good material to the reader of slight elocutionary gifts. It may be that ideal perfection in phrasing and a tendency to rhetoric are equally good material. Winston Churchill's perorations will serve as illustration of the rhetoric, or perhaps the works of Macaulay passim would do even better. These are superb for

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reading aloud — as superb as a bathroom for the indefatigable songster. I cannot think of any particularly simple writer who is benefited by being read aloud. I would always rather read poetry to myself than have it read to me. I cannot endure performances of Shakespeare's plays, because the music of the poetry always seems to me to be lost in bombastic declamation. Anything, in fact, which has loveliness at its heart is better read, I should say, by the inner voice. But the colloquial or dramatic poems of Browning could perhaps fittingly be read aloud; Whitman could be read aloud; Jane Austen can be read aloud. Mr. Shaw acts better than he reads. Is the same not true of Barrie? Here of course, the point is different. Miss Terry did not say that Barrie could not be learned or that when learned he could not be effectively spoken. What she said was that Barrie was difficult to memorize. I have gone beyond her remark into a general speculation. The obvious explanation is to be found in the question of rhythm. Mr. Shaw was a musician before he was a writer. As far as I know, Sir James Barrie has never been a musician. On the other hand, it may be that Mr. Shaw makes his characters talk in a more realistic fashion than Sir James Barrie. They may use more familiar rhythms and intonations. They may use the expected word, although this I should hardly have believed. Mr. Shaw, of course, is a master of plain expression. He is a public speaker of great experience. Sir James Barrie's public speaking has come late in life, and I gather that he relies more upon fancy than rhetoric to get him past the criticism of his audiences. Mr. Shaw has always had the power of a first class debater. This must in some degree affect his dramatic work. But the question could be considered endlessly. I have attempted nothing more here than the adumbration of a most interesting topic, and if others will carry the discussion further I shall be glad. I fancy there can be no doubt that a musical ear will assist an author to write musically, and in that case one might expect him to be a suitable subject for the reader aloud. This cannot be the whole explanation, however. Moreover (under correction) I believe it has somewhere been shown that many poets have no appreciation of music that is not verbal. Shakespeare is not of their number, it seems clear; but I have been given distinguished examples.

* * * *

I was going to mention above that I thought Joseph Conrad was neither an easy writer to read nor an easy writer to declaim. His writing was always so full of shades that the reader could not at once grasp and illumine the meaning. Ford Madox Hueffer — or, as he now prefers to call himself, Ford Madox Ford — has just shown (in "Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance") how Conrad and he debated phrases together, their aim being to use words which suggested precisely the nuances of a situation. I am under the impression that the stage has little use for nuances and that accordingly Mr. Shaw has little use for nuances. Sir James Barrie, on the other hand, constantly gives (rightly or wrongly) the air of dealing, not in subtleties, but in little graces of invention which require verbal delicacy in their manipulation. Mr. Conrad was much bent upon shades of emotion, shades of thought, shades of meaning. To expect that he should be an easy man to read, either to oneself or aloud, would be too much. But

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one may perhaps express the wish that Mr. Hueffer's restless egotism had been checked slightly before he allowed himself to write the recently published personal impression of Mr. Conrad. Mr. Conrad can hardly have been in his grave when Mr. Hueffer had finished his disagreeable portrait, and while Mr. Hueffer might have lost sales by delaying for a short time his impressionist sketch, he would almost certainly have made the book more worthy of Mr. Conrad and of himself. For in spite of a sort of vividness — Mr. Hueffer always improvises rather brilliantly — the book is not a satisfactory piece of work. In the first place, it is in deplorable taste. I do not know why it is, but with all his gifts Mr. Hueffer has always shown a lack of sensitiveness in the saying of delicate things. His touch, whatever the skill of his pen, is a heavy one. With extraordinary taste in literature, he has no taste in taste. "The English Review" — as it was under his editorship — remains a monument to the literary effort of its era and to Mr. Hueffer's ability as a connoisseur. Some of Mr. Hueffer's own critical writing is extremely distinguished, and would be more distinguished still if it were true. This book on Mr. Conrad is the work of a man with great talents. And yet, whether it is that Mr. Hueffer has some overweening estimate of those talents, and of the rights which talents give their possessor; whether he is merely bad mannered, and wishes to be bad mannered, under the common but mistaken impression that bad manners are a mark of genius, the fact remains that Mr. Hueffer is at times an insufferable writer. This I say after some admiring experience of Mr. Hueffer as a writer, and quite disinterestedly, since I am able to read him with interest (at times pathological interest) even when he is being insufferable, and since I am sure many people justifiably find my own writing at times insufferable and wanting in good taste. There is a coarseness somewhere in Mr. Hueffer's mind which prevents him from being quite the great writer he is always promising to be. He has written many books, and I constantly meet people who tell me that this or that book of his is the real thing. Now I have never read a book by Mr. Hueffer which seemed to me the real thing. He may have a lazy imagination; he may be not always sincere (I mean artistically sincere); or he may be careless when he ought to be most scrupulous — I cannot tell. But he has a longer list of disabled masterpieces behind him than any other writer I can recall at this moment. And I hazard the guess that what is wrong with Mr. Hueffer's talent is that Mr. Hueffer is not really an artist at all. If he had been an artist he would not have been guilty of this little book about Mr. Conrad, which will be forgotten (but not forgiven) in a month. It is the work of a journalist of unusual felicity. One catches occasional glimpses in it of a portrait, of a real Conrad. But these glimpses are not enough to redeem the impression one gets of a great sprawling Ford Madox Ford, like a fat patronizing slug upon the Conradian lettuce. Even this large figure — so benignly drawn — cannot obscure the tastelessness of the whole. For while Mr. Hueffer seems to exult in his own rudeness, he has no truly humorous appreciation of himself. He gives the impression of being boastful of the dislike of others, of taking it as proof of his merit; but he does not seem to try to cure himself of faults, and he is not amusing in his references to himself, as a really humorous egoist

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customarily is. On the subject of Conrad he may be malicious, but on the subject of Ford he is always quite solemn. Moreover, like so many men who emphasize their own qualities, he does this with some anxiety. Possibly that is one of the reasons which make me suspect that Mr. Hueffer is not an artist; for the writer who is not an artist is invariably one who tries to convince others of something which he does not himself believe.

* * * *

Another brilliant journalist is just dead, and he will be missed, although it is long since he did anything particularly memorable. I refer to T. W. H. Crosland. When I first heard of Crosland he was making "The Outlook" the most startlingly candid critical review in London. This must be something like twenty two or three years ago. Crosland used to be the literary editor of "The Outlook", and he used to write a "First Glance at New Books" similar in scope to that which appears each week in "The Times Literary Supplement". Crosland's glance, however, was quite different from the glance of any other literary journalist of whom I ever heard. It was a glance that took the skin off a book. It blistered more books than it blessed. It was penetrating, and it was savage. "The Outlook" at that time had the habit of circulating this first glance to the booksellers in a single sheet. The same thing used to be done, and for all I know is still done, by the Chicago "Daily News". Booksellers exhibited the sheet issued by "The Outlook", and it was a good advertisement for books, because the books destroyed and the books maimed and the books extolled were made by Crosland's process part of a live literature. Moreover, when literary journalism is well done, as if opinion mattered, literary journalism is read first for its own sake and then for its recommendations. Crosland showed that there *was* something to criticize. He also showed that there was a mind engaged upon current literature which was alert, well informed, and merciless. If a book was praised in "The Outlook", there was every prospect that it was a good book. This was a better state of things than that in vogue at present, when a series of good reviews no longer makes a reputation or draws attention to an exceptional book, so free are reviewers with praise of the "right" authors. Crosland left "The Outlook", which continued the feature with less vigor, and presently dropped it. In the meantime Crosland had gone to the office of Grant Richards (where one of his colleagues was John Masefield); and here, in the intervals of literary editorship and, I think, a general control of that unsurpassed series of reprints, "The World's Classics", he wrote several works of a sensational character, such as "The Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman". These books were of the type known as "provocative", and they admirably fulfilled their aim. They caused much indignation, and were very widely read. At a later period, after he had started several periodicals such as "The Tiger", the lives of which were brief, Crosland was associated with Lord Alfred Douglas in the control of "The Academy". Here the old trenchancy was again seen, but it was coarsened and noisy. Never again did Crosland as a journalist show the genius of his early days. He remained a poet, and during the war his collected poems were published in a single volume. Strangely enough, and characteristically, this book bore

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upon its title page a Spanish motto, the wording of which I forget (having parted with my copy to a staunch admirer of the author), but the purport of which was that "as fast as one door closes, another opens". The words might apply to any roving journalist such as Crosland, but they were especially applicable to him. He was what would be described as "improvident", in that he took no heed for the morrow. He had always loyal friends, who helped him in time of need, and I have seen it stated that when he was thus supplied with ready money his first thought (and act) was always to hurry to Monte Carlo or some other gambling resort, armed with the money and an infallible system which infallibly lost him his money. I think of Crosland's life as a wasted one, but only because it seems to me that he never got the best out of his talent. He was a poet and journalist of quite exceptional power, whose command of language — particularly the language of invective — was out of the ordinary. Yet he wasted these gifts upon books which are of no value and of no serious interest. The one monument to his power is the volume of collected poems, and even here, amid much that is excellent, there is such a quantity of second and third rate stuff, and so much that is already out of date, that I do not feel confident of the lasting interest of the whole.

* * * *

I spoke just now of "The World's Classics" as being under the editorship of Crosland. I am not sure that this was ever the case, and Mr. Richards may correct me. The editorship, after all, is a small matter to the book lover. What is much more to the point is that this series, which, in the hands of Humphrey Milford and the Oxford University Press, is still very much alive, contains a large number of books which are not otherwise obtainable in so handy and simple a form. To me, their plainness is an additional charm, for I must admit that I do not care for the fancifully dressed books which are now the vogue. I have recently acquired three volumes of "The World's Classics", and I already possess between thirty and forty others. While we all owe great debts to Bohn, to "The Temple Classics", "The King's Classics", and "Everyman's Library", I find in "The World's Classics" a practical and unpretentious collection of great value. The books range from Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and Hume's "Essays", through a larger selection of Hazlitt's works than any other series affords, to a six volume edition of Burke, a nine volume Shakespeare, delightful volumes of selections from the letters of Cowper and Southey, a new edition of Tolstoy, an apparently complete Mrs. Gaskell and Sisters Brontë, to exceptional pieces like Nekrassov's "Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia", the three remarkable autobiographical works of Aksakov, and so through ancient and modern classics to that venture which at this moment is the cause of my particular commendation. This is nothing less than the publication of several of the lesser known works of Anthony Trollope. The Barsetshire novels we can get in various editions, but the notion of reprinting Trollope's Autobiography, and such novels as "The Belton Estate" and "The Claverings", is distinctly good and original. I hope the support given to these books will encourage the publishers to go on with the excellent work. At present the only edition of Trollope which contains any books of less fame than the Barset-

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shire series is that which was so bravely begun some years ago by John Lane in his "New Pocket Library". In that edition were published eleven volumes, including, besides the obvious selection, "Castle Richmond" and "The MacDermotts of Ballycloran". (The latter is now unfortunately out of print.) What I want to get hold of is a readable edition of the political novels of Trollope — "Phineas Finn", "Can You Forgive Her?", "Phineas Redux", and "The Prime Minister".

* * * *

The death recently of William Archer means a loss to the theatre. He was at all times a devoted servant of the theatre; and although he had been a dramatic critic for so many years he never lost interest in going to see plays. He went to see them when he had not to do so. I cannot imagine any greater sign of devotion to the stage than this. I was myself at one time a dramatic critic, and although the length of my service was not above two or three years at the utmost, it is now with the greatest difficulty that I drag myself to the theatre. Archer, on the other hand, was a devotee. When I saw him about ten days before his death, he was looking forward eagerly to a visit that same afternoon to "Fratricide Punished", the old German play upon the theme of Hamlet which has recently been given in London for a few matinée performances. He was full of interest in this play, and during a part of our lunch talked about it with a freshness and vigor which gave no hint of his illness. Any dramatic critic of Archer's keenness and integrity — H. G. Wells at one time committed himself to the description of Archer's integrity as "unscrupulous", so terribly immanent was it in his every act and speech — would be a loss to the community, but Archer was much more than a dramatic critic. His activities were immense. He had translated and established Ibsen in this country; he had done as much as any man — except Mr. Shaw himself — to establish Shaw in the modern theatre. He had entered upon schemes for the practical improvement of the theatre, had done good work in connection with the determining of the nature of the Elizabethan stage, had been a prominent member of the Rationalist Press Association, and contributed to the number of its publications; and he had found time to write many plays, of which one only, "The Green Goddess", as far as I know, was ever produced. The surprising thing about "The Green Goddess" is that nobody expected such a play from Archer. Yet it appears that, like so many more of us, he had a passion for detective stories, and the wild play of sensation was as natural to him as the translation of Ibsen or the writing of replies to H. G. Wells upon the nature of God, or the composition of serious works upon the problems engaging the attention of the American people. It is a fact that when the notion of "The Green Goddess" occurred to Archer he applied to both Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Shaw with the suggestion that they should collaborate with him in writing the play. Both declined. He undertook the task himself, with the results that are well known. All his friends rejoiced at the comparative affluence which this play assured to Archer for the rest of his life. He immediately gave up writing dramatic criticism, stating that a dramatist should not express in print his views upon the works of other dramatists. The decision was characteristic. I believe he refused to accept any royalties upon

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his translations of Ibsen when they were performed. Had he accepted such royalties he would have been a rich man; but he preferred to go his honorable way, doing for what he regarded as the truth's sake such work as appealed to him. In person very austere, unaffected, and reserved, Archer was never what would be called a lively companion; but he was always ready to talk and to listen with patience and gravity. He was also very sweet tempered. When I last saw him he was speaking about the experiments which only recently have been attracting so much attention in England, although they have long been known by those who were abreast of such matters, in the course of which Professor Gilbert Murray, from his place in another room, was able to repeat a large proportion of test speeches or allusions made by his friends in secret conclave. As is now known, Professor Murray disliked and dislikes giving these performances, but they have interest and importance for all who care for various aspects of psychology, telepathy, and other matters of which I have no understanding. Professor Murray attributes his gift to hyperæsthesia. Lord Balfour says this is absurd. A scientist who wrote to the "Times" alleged that an explanation was to be found in the transmission of sound waves; and was promptly contradicted by a fellow scientist. Whatever the explanation, it would seem that Professor Murray is a very dangerous fellow to have in the next room if one is discussing secrets. Archer would not commit himself to any explanation. He was content, with his cautious mind, to await developments. Meanwhile, there is some reason to suppose that Archer himself had a gift — perhaps the most valuable gift a dramatic critic could have. He is said to have possessed the power of going to sleep in any stall in any theatre, and of waking up infallibly whenever anything of moment was said upon the stage. In the intervals of the play, instead of leaving his stall and — as so many dramatic critics do — going to see what all the other dramatic critics think of the play (this is one explanation of the unanimity of the London press regarding all plays), Archer used to pull a book out of his pocket and read it until the curtain rose again. The book, it is alleged, was always a detective story. I do not believe this. But it serves to show that Archer was one of those who waste not a minute of the day.

* * * *

Two months ago I spoke here of the discovery of a "lost" work by Charles Lamb. At that time I had not seen the book, and I was unaware that E. V. Lucas questioned its authenticity. I learn now that Mr. Lucas is still unconvinced that this book is by Lamb. From every other source, moreover, although I have had no opportunity of examining the book for myself, I hear that there is no trace whatever of Lamb's hand in the production. I think some reference to these facts is due, because, as far as I can tell, Mr. Shorter, the literary sponsor of the book, stands somewhat alone in attributing it to Lamb. It is still believed by several experts, including T. J. Wise, that Lamb wrote such a book, and it is to be hoped that if this is not the one the real Simon Pure will presently turn up. Meanwhile, the new book of "Ranks and Dignities" will not oust "The King and Queen of Hearts" as the prime authentic find among missing Lamb treasures.

SIMON PURE

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THE GOLDEN AGE

By Arthur Corning White

IS the American undergraduate being corrupted by the moral tone of English literature as taught by young instructors in our colleges? The President of Middlebury College seems to think so. As an instructor of English in an American college, I take this opportunity of disagreeing with him. In "The Age of Lawlessness" in the January BOOKMAN he says in effect: The teaching of the problems of contemporary life, as they are found in sociology or psychology or political economy, is dangerous; but the teaching of the thought, manners, and aspirations of the world we live in, as these are presented in literature, is more than dangerous. It is fatal. From his essay I gather he believes contemporary literature, especially English and American, could not have passed a censorship in Sodom.

It is my belief that there never has been, and is never likely to be, evidence for a belief in a past golden age in any field of human activity. For example, consider a moment the comic rôle of this illusion of a past golden age in literary history. At the dawn of the Elizabethan period in English poetry Sir Philip Sidney complained that the country was given over to the vulgar interests of money making and political aggrandizement, that the Muses were neglected, that the halcyon days of art were done. And, earlier, the critics of the Age of Chaucer felt that the literature of real worth ended with Horace. Dr. Moody would include Wordsworth among the respectables, but the critics who castigated him for the "Lyrical Ballads" when the collection was first issued in 1798, felt that Wordsworth was a menace to good taste. And in this year of his centenary shall we forget Byron? They ran him out of England. Yet today every hidebound denominational college in America includes Byron among the poets a moral maiden should know.

Now I think we should look with sympathy into the life and literature about us, not uncritically accepting things as desirable merely because they are here, nor rejecting them because they are modern, but sincerely trying as best we may to understand, and to discriminate, and to give encouragement to what in all this chaos of contemporary civilization seems to us to be genuinely good.

The great trouble with the academic cast of mind is that it insists on trying to pigeonhole culture. It divides and subdivides. It catalogues types of literature and differentiates periods. It isolates French drama, or German drama, or the drama of Spain. Such classifications, I admit, are convenient for the purposes of discussion, but they can be easily overdone. It is convenient to speak of the Queen Anne satire or the Victorian novel, but it is folly to assume that good satire ended with the accession of George I, or that the writing of commendable novels ceased at the coronation of Victoria's capable son.

Dr. Moody would eliminate contemporary literature from the curricu-

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lum because he feels much of it presents a point of view in conflict with ascetic Evangelical ethics. Voltaire had to leave Paris. Keats is a hedonist, and Shelley was kicked out of Oxford for atheism. All three of these gentlemen now wear with perfect *sang-froid* the halos of literary saints. And in the immaculate years of hideous haircloth furniture, vile wax flowers, and the ugliest fashions in dress that ever in the history of the world have distorted the divine lines of a female figure, we have Fitzgerald's "Omar" and Burton's "Arabian Nights". Surely these are rather spicy reading for guileless maidens and callow youths. Compared with the morals and manners of these books, even those of the novels of Carl Van Vechten and James Branch Cabell are innocent indeed.

The actual situation, of course, is this: As Dr. Henry Canby, editor of "The Saturday Review", remarked to me the other day, literature is one continuous stream; never ceasing, but always flowing on. To consider contemporary writing as an isolated phenomenon is silly. And I may add to this my own observation that the literature of all periods and of all languages is made up of the same ingredients. Kalidasa's "Sakuntala" in the groves of ancient India and Florenz Ziegfeld's new "Follies" in New York have many elements in common. In Restoration comedy we have one sort of manners; again in the sentimental comedy of Steele's day we have another sort. But Jeremy Collier was not alone in his dislike of the brutal lasciviousness of Dryden's worst products, nor were Goldsmith and Sheridan the first gentlemen who felt that sentimental comedy needed more spice. Dr. Moody, I judge, has forgotten that the egregious moralizing in Samuel Richardson's "Pamela" was immediately burlesqued by the ribaldry in Henry Fielding's "Joseph Andrews". Anyone who knows anything about literary history, realizes that no one period or place has ever had a monopoly either on virtue or on vice. To sum up, then, contemporary literature is morally no better or worse than that of any other day; it has elements of both sublimity and filth, of folly and wisdom, of pettiness and breadth. Dr. Moody, with the aid of his English department, no doubt can name some contemporary poems, novels, and plays which are bad morals and bad art. But I myself, in case he has not heard of them, venture to call Dr. Moody's attention to the work of Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, May Sinclair, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, George Bernard Shaw, Laurence Stallings, Sara Teasdale, and Robert Frost. Though Conrad has recently died, his writing, I think, may fairly be called contemporary. About the others there is no question. I have mentioned only a few. Contemporary literature, Continental and English, is not so trivial as Dr. Moody believes it is. Even so conservative a critic as Stuart P. Sherman, I think, will admit that "Buddenbrooks", "Jean-Christophe", and "The Forsyte Saga" are great books.

My purpose, however, in writing this essay is not to elicit appreciative notes from Herr Mann, or from Monsieur Rolland, or from Mr. Galsworthy. My purpose is not to whitewash contemporary literature but to demonstrate why it should be taught.

In the first place, it should be taught for social reasons. I blush for the platitude, but to elucidate my argument I am constrained to remark that literature frequently reflects the life, the thought, the manners, and the aspirations of the environment from which it comes. Dr. Moody himself,

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I gather, feels that education should not merely equip men and women with scholarship but that it should also help them to find for themselves some happiness in their lives this side of heaven. Some people find their bliss in being burned at the stake for trying to change the ideas and morals of their friends. But if these individuals are to achieve this ardent destiny, there must be somebody to chop the wood. As a general rule the difference between the people who are burned by the fagots and those who cut and light them, is that the former have not been able to adjust themselves to the thought of their day and the latter have. And even the noble spirits with messianic missions might accomplish more by proceeding from a sympathetic comprehension of their world than by basing their propaganda for reform on a misapprehension of the facts.

History, of course, is necessary. The literature of the past is necessary. One can't comprehend his own day unless he knows what happened last week. But neither can one understand the problems of the moment from a knowledge of the past alone. Contemporary literature is the expression of life as these young Americans in our colleges have got to face it. An ostrich-like posture will not help them. They had better learn a few things vicariously through literature than be thrust cruelly against them totally unprepared when they walk off the campus with a sheepskin tucked under their arms.

In the second place, classroom contact with contemporary literature gives the student an opportunity to make an honest, individual judgment of values, both moral and æsthetic. In fact, such contact *forces* him to make a personal judgment. I would not be understood as decrying the importance of old literature for the student. He should have all of it he will read. But what actually happens in courses in Shakespeare, or Milton, or eighteenth century prose, is this (having studied and taught in half a dozen universities from Connecticut to the Golden Gate, I know whereof I speak): There has been so much criticism of the older literature, this criticism has become so well codified, and has been made so accessible in convenient form, that what the students really do is to read it in abstract and swallow it like a cocktail in one gulp. They read a comedy by Congreve — that is, if they are conspicuously assiduous they may — then read what Macaulay said about it, and let the matter rest at that. Often they may omit the reading of the comedy, but they always read the criticism on it.

Now turn a group of students loose on the contemporary drama and they have to use their heads. The criticism is not codified. It is scattered and comparatively hard to get at. The students have to do their *own* thinking. They have to read the play itself. They learn, in this process, to distinguish the wheat from the tares.

One more point. I grant Dr. Moody that a lecherously minded instructor can do some damage in the field of contemporary literature. But so can he in every field of literary study, or *any* study. I grant that in every college is a coterie of pseudo-æsthetes who, reclining on chaise longues sipping synthetic cognac and inhaling incense, luxuriate in that notorious chapter in "Jurgen" which most young men and women find, not immoral, but unutterably dull. I may, though, say this: The number of students who are hypnotized by the decadent strain in contemporary fiction is entirely negligible. There are always some people who,

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whether or not they are exposed to decadence, are just naturally sick in their souls. But I have smoked a great deal of tobacco with American undergraduates in the last three years, I have listened to a great many sincere statements of undergraduate opinion, and I have observed the picked youth of the land under conditions where they could be making no bid for professorial favor. The American undergraduate, both male and female, may frequently carry a liberal quantity of gin, but this same individual seldom permits the gin to displace a wholesome regard for the fundamental decencies of life. If our undergraduates were a representative sample of our population instead of a carefully selected class, neither Dr. Moody nor anyone else ever need fear for the morals of this country. And it is not necessary that contemporary literature be taught in a manner calculated to impinge upon the decent ideals of American youth. There are surely plenty of instructors available whose attitude toward literature and life is sufficiently sane.

THE OLD WOMAN LOOKS IN THE GLASS

By Ruth Manning-Sanders

I'VE a-got a stocking,
I've a-got a treasure,
I've a-got a house that should not belong to me,
I've a-got a secret,
Forty years I hid it
In the night, in the storm, by the black unlighted sea.

Oh my precious secret,
Lips may never shape it,
Ears must be deaf to what was done by me!
But now comes a witness,
A sly and artful witness,
And lays my secret naked for all the world to see.

I've a-got a dressing table,
I've a-got a looking glass,
Frilled up in muslin, pretty as can be —
But an old bitter weed I am,
Oh the Lord, he knows that,
And now he's took and wrote it on my face, for all to see.

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CURRENT SHORT STORIES

By Gerald Hewes Carson

THE BEST SHORT STORIES

The following ten short stories are selected for special mention as mirroring the best elements in current fiction as it has appeared between September and January. When the stories selected are not by American authors they are, nevertheless, the work of writers who are important influences upon our own creative effort.

The Cyprian. Lyman Bryson. ATLANTIC, November.

Millstones. Konrad Bercovici. PICTORIAL REVIEW, November.

Morituri. Caroline E. Aber. MIDLAND, November.

Classified. Edna Ferber. COSMOPOLITAN, November.

The Letter. Bernice Brown. RED BOOK, October.

Wantin' a Hand. Lorna Moon. CENTURY, November.

Little and Unknown. Elsie Singmaster. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, December.

Legend. Fleta Campbell Springer. HARPER'S, November.

A Finished Story. Ben Ames Williams. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, October.

Something for Nothing. W. W. Jacobs. HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL, January.

TO every individual there come clear, cool moments, when the complex trivia of daily life drop back into their native insignificance. You find yourself possessed by an abounding sense of life, and it seems almost possible for a few fleeting seconds to penetrate the obdurate veil which shields the Divine Mysteries.

This is not a proprietary matter for poets and mystics. Life is dramatic, tragic, odd, poignant, tedious, amusing, and futile in turn for all of us, and it is the power of literature, as of life, to move upon each of these planes in turn, and perchance to lift us, at least æsthetically, from the lower to the higher levels. This is what a recent short story anthologist had in mind when he demanded that the business of fiction be recognized as "the portrayal of man's developing consciousness of himself among his contacts with life, and not the superficial gestures he makes trying to realize his superficial ambitions".

An excellent point of contact, that, for resuming THE BOOKMAN'S running chronicle of current short stories which will be brought in this article up through September, October, November, December, and January.

A story of unusual promise is "The Cyprian" (Atlantic, November) by Lyman Bryson. The story hangs upon whether or no Captain Mortimer Ladd, British proconsul in Cyprus, will return to England. The whole business is summed up in a splendid climax when the real issue is suddenly revealed: Captain Ladd is in love with a beautiful Cyprian who has become his mistress.

This is not, one should hasten to say, a variation upon Mr. Maugham's favorite theme — the Englishman conducting extremely circumspect and extremely physical liaisons to the rhythm of Burmese temple bells. The impli-

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cations are as delicate, as broad and as narrow as human nature itself under the stress of love, power, and the sentimental ties of country, class, and family. Mr. Bryson is a new writer with a pliant and polished style, an eye for the surface of life, a mind for its depths, and a great eagerness to fuse the whole into a telling presentation. He is sophisticated in whatever good sense the word has, and — to borrow an expression which "The American Mercury" has shyly appropriated for its own urbane contributors — eminently civilized.

Another writer who handles the vital contacts of life with great skill and simplicity is Konrad Bercovici. He is one of the most genuine of the modern romancers. Each of his stories is very like its brothers in being as remote from American readers as the Danube. Each is as simple and elemental as life is complex and dispersive. And there is one other touch of uniformity: all of Mr. Bercovici's stories are excellently written.

The scene of "Millstones" (Pictorial Review, November) is laid "not far from where the river gushes into the Black sea". Two millers compete for the hand of Ephrosi, a fisherman's daughter. As a reflex of their competitive courtship they engage in a business duel. So wise little Ephrosi, hearing much of new millstones and little of love, quietly marries Zancu, a humble shoemaker, and a crippled one at that! This story is a perfect representative of the type. More will be said of Mr. Bercovici's romances later.

The emotions of a person with a limited span of life ahead are perennially interesting to fiction writers. Caroline E. Aber in "Morituri" (Midland, November) draws a close, subjective portrait of a woman for the next few hours after her doctor said, "You have only six months more to live." Within strict time limits, and within the bounds of a very short story, the mother herself, her daughter, her son in Paris, her brisk, legal husband, her home, and her whole comfortable social order are evoked with a grace of sentiment so poignant and wistful, so restrained, so actual, that as one reads, the real values of a profound mood emerge, crystal-clear and priceless.

It is like turning from a woodland path into the Boston Post Road on a holiday to take up Edna Ferber's story of lower middle class life in New York City. "Classified" (Cosmopolitan, November) is symptomatic of the democratic impulse which many of our younger writers have given contemporary literature. Neither Miss Ferber nor her heroine, Miss Bobby Comet, "a creature so blond, so slim, so marcelled, so perfumed", would have been possible before 1900. As a matter of fact, the Bobby Comets emerged as a literary type about 1920.

The story has to do with Miss Comet's activities in the classified advertising department of a great metropolitan newspaper, her nocturnal adventures, her scorn for her stogy parents ("They'll never get me that way!"), and her eventual capitulation to love, forty dollars a week, and two rooms on One Hundred and Eighty Sixth Street. Miss Ferber here conveys her own swift, timely version of Things as They Are with unmistakable brilliance. Yet equally unmistakable in her is the war between the reporter and the artist; and it must be admitted that "Classified" hardly gives a clue as to where the victory will ultimately rest.

"The Letter" (Red Book, October) by Bernice Brown is the story of Grover Dahlgren, "a man possessed of every grim, unsparing attribute of success", whose philosophy and emotions

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ran at cross purposes. Dahlgren came to love Marion, the quiet wife of honest, ineffectual, dull Walter Pertwee.

There came a moment once when the doctrine of expediency deserted him. Mastered by his emotions, he wrote Marion a love letter. But he was saved from committing himself by an ironic stroke of fate which forestalled the delivery of the letter. So Dahlgren marches on to larger things, triumphant but unhappy, an unmoral opportunist whose sense of values remains permanently entangled. Dahlgren in politics is the prototype of the eminent realtor, Mr. George F. Babbitt, and the Andersonian hero too — a man dimly dissatisfied with the quality of the civilization he supports, but eternally scuttled in his vision by a materialistic philosophy.

The protagonist is again a woman in "Wantin' a Hand" (Century, November) by Lorna Moon. This story is simply a picture of the stream of consciousness of a drunken Scotch washerwoman. With morbid and maudlin imagination she reviews the tragic accident which swept love and idealism and hope and kindliness out of her life. As formless and sketchy as the short story ever becomes, this presentation of a pitiful and defeated human being is, nevertheless, an excellent piece of subjective writing, infinitely artistic and moving.

Elsie Singmaster, too, is a student of womankind. Like Ben Ames Williams, she believes that the use of the same characters and background over and over again in short stories makes them richer. "Little and Unknown" (Ladies' Home Journal, December) is one of Miss Singmaster's best stories of those gentle rural Pennsylvanians, Betsy and Tilly Shindledecker. The tragic end of a young city mother throws a tiny baby into the maidenly home of the Shindledeckers. The theme of the maternal craving in maidenly breasts has been accorded far more humor and far less sympathy than it deserves, and Miss Singmaster's quiet narrative of these two strange, gentle, devout, tranquilly competent, sharply individualized women has a depth and charm which have seldom been brought to bear upon the subject, and never with happier consequences.

Two other unusual stories of women are "Legend" (Harper's, November) by Fleta Campbell Springer, and "A Finished Story" (Good Housekeeping, October) by Ben Ames Williams.

Mr. Williams uses the frame of his usual "Fraternity" rural neighborhood. As author-auditor he hears and retells the story of a fragile, unhappy wife in the lumber camps who is rescued from her husband's abuse by her young brother, then recaptured. After she is dragged back to the sordid home, and chastised, the climax comes in the stark words of one of the men of Fraternity: "She did it alone. Fixed it so that Lovack hadn't any more use for her."

Mr. Williams is very skilful at being in, but not of, a story. Unobtrusively, he sees and records. His stories, cast in the homely narrative style of his rough countrymen, often achieve a high representativeness, and a quiet, unstressed beauty which has not, I think, been sufficiently recognized.

Mrs. Springer's story seems — in plot — to be a story of crime and mystery. Well, it is that, and a good deal more. The father of "the Klinger girls" was found under incriminating circumstances with a murdered man, a stranger in the community. Old Klinger swore to his innocence and his daughters supported him, but he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. It was pneumonia that

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saved him. He died within a week after the verdict.

But this outline gives nothing of the strange atmosphere of the story, or of its primary interest, which has to do with the Klinger girls. They lived apart from the world. It was known that they were clairvoyant. The neighborhood had had instances of the helpful character of their "sight". It was this sight upon which they based their defense of their father. They had "seen" two men waylay, kill, and rob the stranger before they sent their father to investigate. But this testimony seemed fantastic in the courtroom. The girls could not produce a trace of the men who did the deed, and the case went against them. Mrs. Springer has done a notable piece of work in creating a mood in which the reader will accept these two odd, silent sisters, their strange power, and their unusual relationship to the friendly, bustling farming community in which they lived.

Of all English writers, W. W. Jacobs is the reigning sovereign of the kind of comedy he writes. "Something for Nothing" (Hearst's International, January) is a delightful introduction, for those who need it, to the garrulous night watchman, Peter Russet, to Ginger Dick and Sam Small. The story in "Hearst's" concerns, of course, these old and well loved heroes. It recounts — that is, the night watchman recounts — how Sam Small met a man "whose on'y object in life is to do good to 'is fellow creechers", and by what undeserved good fortune Sam's comrades saved him eleven pounds and his watch and chain after they had passed into the experienced hands of the doer of good.

It is only recently, some thirty years after Mr. Jacobs first won a hearing, that criticism has begun to look upon him with kindliness; but he will not mind; there are hosts of people who admire and love him. Without concern for technical literary problems, they somehow know that Mr. Jacobs is inimitable in his comic dexterity, his management of dialogue and exposition, and in the difficult and delicate artifice which he handles with so great a tact. Mr. Jacobs has created a delightful, bright little English cockney world, and the sooner you enter into it and discover its wharves and pubs the merrier life will be for you.

II

A story which is built upon character and events peculiar to special classes in society, or racial characteristics, or geographical influences, is fairly sure to make an impression, whether because of curiosity, our taste for the picturesque, some special bond of sympathy, or because of the opportunity the story affords for escape from reality.

The romantic note tends to prevail. We want "the facts" far less than has often been supposed, but rather a heightened, simplified, imaginative treatment of them. Mr. Bercovici, for instance, in the story already mentioned, in "The Vineyard" (Good Housekeeping, January) and "The Storm" (Designer, January), displays an unusual gift for lucid and plausible simplification. His concern is only with impetuous young lovers coming together over family opposition, with rustic toil and feast days, with the weight of tribal tradition upon the individual, with the unfolding of the mysteries of the rolling seasons.

The same qualities inhere in the work of Edgar Valentine Smith, even though his scene is American, and his society far from barbaric. Mr. Smith celebrates the old south, and his

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"Cameo" (Harper's, December) is a tale of the gallant old gentleman made familiar by the southern school of an earlier day — a man steeped in family lore, ordering every act as though the ages (in the form of the portraits of his ancestors) looked down austerely upon him. The old gentleman lived finally to settle the feud between his family and the Tollivers, the ancient foes of his house. And the way he settled it is Mr. Smith's own contribution to one of the distinctive veins of American romance.

A sketch from the life of a different society of the south, the society of the fastnesses of the southern mountains, is Hodge Mathes's "The Linkster" (Everybody's, October). The author himself is the "linkster" — Kentuckian of the old Elizabethan word for translator. Called upon by wistful hill women during the war to translate a letter from France, the linkster discovers that the letter is from a young French girl with whom the young son and husband has been playing fast and loose. How he saved the situation by an innocuous translation, and by what slender chance he escaped discovery in his duplicity, is Mr. Mathes's own story, and one well worthwhile.

Of all the professions, none in current fiction seems to outshine that of the actor. Sometimes the stage is just a background for a story of love and courtship, as in Nels Leroy Jorgensen's "The Clown Who Forgot to be Funny" (American Magazine, January); sometimes as a variant of the success story, as in Grace Sartwell Mason's "Leave It to Margie" (Red Book, September), in which Margie O'Day by courage, luck, cunning, and sheer ability wins a leading part and a playwright too; and sometimes the movie angle is added, as in "More Stately Mansions" (Red Book, October) by Samuel Merwin, in which a broken down old minister goes into the movies and disseminates a beneficent and regenerating influence among the disintegrated personalities of the lurid Hollywood studios.

A much fairer story, because it attempts to portray the solidarity of the people of the theatre, their pride in their work, their sense of tradition, is Walter De Leon's "Locke and Keyes" (Hearst's International, December). Here is a picture of the loyalties of the vaudeville artist. These loyalties formed the characters of the hero and heroine. It guided their lives. Not even the fact that at the last moment the girl discovers aristocratic family connections in England, with a corresponding accretion of respectability, dims one's perception of the fact that Mr. De Leon has tried to write sincerely.

But a far neater handling of the same theme is Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Actress and the Lady" (Cosmopolitan, October). A handsome young banker is in love with a beautiful young actress who is a member of an old theatrical family. (Her grandmother never forgets that she has acted with Booth.) The climax comes in the comic dialogue between the young man's mother and Felicia's stately grandmother. Each has the pride of family and profession and position; each thinks the proposed match a *mésalliance*. The mounting succession of misunderstandings all grow admirably out of the character and ideals of the Shakespearian old lady.

This general subject should not be left without reference to Arnold Bennett's "House to Let" (Red Book, September). Mr. Bennett frequently tosses off a pot boiler between masterpieces, or when he doesn't feel quite up to a little handbook on philosophy. This story, dealing with the adventures

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in humility which came to a certain music hall star, seems to me to be one of the pot boilers.

III

I have constructed a little group of stories which bear relation to each other only in "the portrayal of man's developing consciousness of himself among his contacts with life". Yet from the point of view of artistic truth, the common bond is legitimate, and an interesting test of the representativeness of the author's presentation of human character.

Stacy Aumonier has in "Dark Red Roses" (Everybody's, October) written "Othello" without Iago, though the part of Iago might justly be given to David Cardew's imagination, which stole in between him and his lovely wife Denise, and intimated that she had a lover. Step by step Mr. Aumonier builds the fatal structure of fact, assumption, and false logic by which a jealous imagination achieves its horrible chimeras, and the story clings in one's memory as a telling presentation of the theme.

Jealousy, but different in kind, is also the theme of Frank Swinnerton's "Miss Jedburys" (Ladies' Home Journal, October), in which two sisters are cruelly torn apart by the partialities of a little boy.

The first published story of a new writer, Winifred Sanford, is "The Wreck" (American Mercury, January). While a big freighter goes to pieces on the rocks and living men are turned to hideous chunks of ice by the wintry seas, Miss Sanford studies the mind of Elsie, a sea coast trollop who titters while her lover struggles futilely to rescue the doomed men — to one of whom she has but recently granted secret favors. This story has all the hard, cold, metallic brilliance which Mr. Mencken admires and his contributors imitate; but for all its mordant observation, it shows a complete absence of vivacity or interest in any but an ugly, disagreeable world.

Mr. Galsworthy pictures a male type of equally low grade material in "The Mummy" (Red Book, November). Within the limits of a short story he really compresses a novel — the life story of Eugene Daunt who evaded responsibility all his life, who made an art of inertia, who took without giving, and died miserably of gin and starvation.

IV

Among the bachelors of nature now writing should be mentioned Herbert Ravenel Sass and Samuel Scoville, Jr., who steadily make romance and sentiment out of the survival of the fittest. Mr. Sass's "The Bachelors of Devilhead" (Saturday Evening Post, December 6) may be taken as representative. The whole suspense is built upon the hunt — the stalking of a loon by a hawk, of a rabbit by a fox, and of the fox by a man. Nature, "red in tooth and claw", is treated in the same spirit in Mr. Sass's "Rusty Roustabout" (Saturday Evening Post, November 7), and in Mr. Scoville's stories, "When Red Rooi Was King" (Collier's, October 4) and "The Death Dodger" (Collier's, January 10).

Both these authors seem to dramatize successfully, and sentimentalize — falsely — the law of the wild described by Thoreau: "The perch swallows the grub-worm, the pickerel swallows the perch, and the fisherman swallows the pickerel; and so all the chinks in the scale of being are filled."

"Why is the American short story so sad?" queries Mr. E. J. O'Brien in the introduction to his latest annual. Then he goes on to describe a recog-

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nized condition, though his commentary is limited to a brief and not very lucid gesture in the direction of the dread inhibitions which are frequently said to manacle our national spirit.

But whatever the reasons, it is a fact that the really humorous, the lightly whimsical, the genuinely gay story is far too rare in our magazines. I have recently noticed only six stories which I should account as of this class — and the best three of them are by English authors: one, W. W. Jacobs's already mentioned "Something for Nothing"; another, Elizabeth De Burgh's "Mrs. Buckle" (Atlantic, January), a merry tale much in the Jacobs vein recording a delightfully garrulous charwoman's criticism of life; and one other, St. John Ervine's "Mr. Peden Keeps His Cook" (Century, December) — a delightful narrative of an epicure who married his cook for the sake of his stomach, only to find that she had become, perforce, a fine lady and would cook for him no more!

Yet the mellowness of Mary Wolfe Thompson's "Turtle" (Midland, December), a sketch of how two old men catch and eat, or try to eat, an enormous turtle — the mellowness and gaiety of this American writer must be admitted. And still more interesting is "The Ultimate Frog" (Harper's, November) by Roy Dickinson. This could not be called a humorous story on the grounds that it is humorous in intent. Indeed, its end is tragic and deeply moving. But it has a breezy, genuine humor, and with it an eerie touch of caprice. Told briefly, without effort to convey its elusive flavor, it is the story of Old Man Saunders who lived in the Ramapo Hills of New Jersey. The old man was a mystic. When he heard the frogs in the swamp at night it was like "the voice of the world" to him.

"If they could just sing together now it would make a harmony — "

And so Old Man Saunders tried to capture a frog quartette, and the news got about. Of course he was held to be insane. He got into serious trouble over it, became a fugitive from the troopers, and was finally shot down — just as he succeeded in capturing the final, the ultimate frog. A kindly friend, carrying out the old man's thought, took the ultimate frog to the secret pond where the rest were. The other three had escaped.

Mr. Dickinson is peculiarly identified with influences which, along with Puritanism, are blamed for throttling the creative effort of Americans. I mean modern business. Mr. Dickinson is a member of the editorial staff of the "Printers' Ink" publications, and spends his days writing about sales resistance in the drug trade, market analysis, advertising copy, and what can be done about educating the grocer to a warmer appreciation of what food manufacturers accomplish in spending money for advertising space. "The Ultimate Frog" gives an account of Mr. Dickinson's nights — and a very fine and cheering one it is. There is yet hope for us so long as any business man can write a story as good as this one. And with regard to our Puritan inhibitions — haven't we been somewhat glib and sudden in making them the scapegoat of our discontent?

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KIPLING'S CAREER

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

AND here it is 1925, and he is sixty. Once upon a time it seemed that he was to have a half dozen careers — but they have turned out to be only a single career, after all. It would be interesting, though, to find out what it is. Never was such a manysided man who is yet somehow always being onesided, nor a prophet so with and without honor in his own country, nor an outlander so snugly at home. Born in the bazaar, he keeps his hall in Sussex. Bred to write, he consorts with county families or else consorts not at all. In infancy in India, he saw men of a venerable countenance withdraw themselves from the fleshly world with the significant syllable, "Om". This, in English, is the first syllable of "Omen". Many times hath he said, "Omen, Omen", and some harkened thereto and others took no heed. Nevertheless, even as with those ancient men, the look of peace has stood sometimes in his eyes.

In a not unreasonably long life he has compassed much and has kept a little. Born in Bombay in 1865, the grandchild of Wesleyan ministers, with a mother and sister who wrote verse and a father interested in the history and culture of India, Rudyard Kipling had an *ayah* or nurse who addressed him in Hindustani, a tongue which the Queen-Empress Victoria was to start learning in her approaching old age. Kipling Sahib was director of the Lahore Museum; he did not shrink from curious and strange knowledge. But when his son was six, he sent the lad to England. Since young Rudyard was too little for school, he was lodged for five years at Portsmouth with a family. At eleven he went into Westward Ho! in Devon, the favorite school for the children of Anglo-Indians, the school of "Stalky & Co."

He took an English literature prize, edited the school paper, and wrote verse imitative of Tennyson and Browning. There is a poem of the time in honor of Victoria with the note of imperial obligation quite clear in it.

His school life was ended when he was sixteen. He refused the path to one of the universities and returned to India, where, at seventeen, he was a newspaper man on the staff of the "Civil and Military Gazette", Lahore. But now he was a man. "He had, though living with his parents, his own servants, his horse, his dog-cart, his club, his friends, a life of his own." He was a reporter and editor, too. The Duke of Connaught, in India as a military commander, gave permission to young Kipling to visit the army and see what he could make of army life.

Some of the early poems were written as part of the day's newspaper work, and some of the stories. From the Lahore journal Kipling went to work for the Allahabad "Pioneer". His first book was "Departmental Ditties", published at Lahore when he was twenty one; two years later at Calcutta was published "Plain Tales from the Hills".

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At twenty four Kipling, as correspondent for the Allahabad "Pioneer", set out for Japan, San Francisco, New York, and England. His tales of India found no market in America and, at first, none in London. But he had not long to wait. In 1890 "Plain Tales from the Hills" was brought out in London; a magazine published in one number "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" and "The Ballad of East and West"; and there were interviews and reviews and appreciations. Rudyard Kipling was twenty five.

Youth is a formula. And to make the confession is to take away nothing from the magic of that time. Every boy is a Euclid making the discovery of the immortal and venerable old propositions; demonstrating them. Every young girl is her own prism, deliciously unaware that there is a law of prisms such as she. The young Kipling invented no new formula; he merely applied his immense youthful exuberance to new classes of material. The formulaic nature of his early work was quickly evident. Naturally it has led to formulas in attempts to estimate him. The most hackneyed is the assertion that his best work was done before he was thirty.

It is an assertion not infrequently repeated today, but today its falsity is manifest. Whatever the difficulty in estimating Kipling's prose and verse, the one thing certain is that some of his worst work was done before he was thirty years old. He was only twenty five when "The Light That Failed" was brought out in the United States with a happy ending written especially for American consumption; the London edition, published a year later, finishing in more tragic fashion. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" — which, if you know it not, I beg you to forget — was written at about the same time. "The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book" belong to the under-thirty period, but Kipling was thirty six in the year that "Kim" was brought out. There is a further point: Was Kipling's thirty the same as another's? It is impossible to think of it so. A man who has his own job (a responsible one), his own servants and club and "a life of his own" at seventeen, is not as other men. No, not at all. Not to risk a doubtful comparison with Mr. Tarkington's hero, William Sylvanus Baxter, it is safe to say that Kipling at seventeen occupied the mental and spiritual position of most men from five to ten years older. Thus at thirty he would stand, presumably, with men of thirty five and even forty in attainment.

Of course it is not quite so simple as that; life is a handicap race with any number of deductions and offsets — and a few peculiar penalties. Kipling's thirty might be another man's forty; no such fixed relation would hold between him and his fellow at any other given age. And the difference, roughly, between an artist and a man of business is this: The man of business runs life's race as a race frankly, in open and seeing competition with men like him; the artist runs the race only with himself. With him the race is not to win, but to satisfy his need.

The tragedy of Kipling — if tragedy it is — lies just here. Watching the artist's performance, we expect to see him do as ordinary men do. He may or may not sprint at the start; he must sprint somewhere. He may start moderately, but he must soon be holding his own and he must be going strong until he dies or deliberately stops. Otherwise, we demand to know, what is he running for? Well, the lives of half the artists who ever have lived are

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Rudyard Kipling

the answer to our stupid question; but we are not artists and for us the answer is no answer. Only when the course is run in a familiar style, as by a Joseph Conrad, for example, can we comprehend what the fellow is about. Mr. Conrad, a late starter, moved with gathering speed and a sustained pace to the very end. Always the Conrad novel every year or two years, always the individual gait, a constantly increasing number of eyes riveted on this dark horse who ran so well. But although it so happened that the method and performance of Mr. Conrad was the simple path of industrious achievement, others — many others — are not as he. Some sprint, some lope, some balk, and a few jump over the fences and go steeplechasing.

Of this arbitrary lot is Rudyard Kipling. Running his race, like all his tribe, to satisfy his own need, he has chosen at one or another time to go through nearly all the paces of which the literary artist is capable. A trick horse, if you like. A dark horse, never.

That, indeed, was half the difficulty. We saw this youngster flash out from under the wire when he had barely attained to manhood. His first burst of speed was terrific; and not only did he

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run faster than his fellows but he ran otherwise. He wrote a novel, "The Light That Failed", and was thought by many to have come a cropper. He infused into his poems such a variety of political and racial and social ideas that a great cry went up that he was running out of bounds. What on earth was he up to? Did he want a peerage? Was he about to stand for Parliament? Was he a crank like Lord Roberts, Bobs of Kandahar?

For some unconscionable reason, everyone overlooked the simple and obvious answer. R. K. had begun as a journalist, he was continuing to be a journalist, he would never entirely cease to be one.

We have a sufficient parallel today in Philip Gibbs, a born newspaper man and a most indifferent novelist. The two men, Kipling and Sir Philip, are an effective contrast and an almost equally effective parallel. Nothing could be in profounder disagreement than many of their political views, and even the attitudes toward life underlying those views. Yet each in his fashion has done the highly quixotic thing, each is a true knight errant. There are, you know, windmills and windmills.

In any summing up of Kipling you have first to put down all the kind of things he has been: journalist, poet, writer of fiction (nearly all short stories); chauvinist, imperialist, "jingo", Anglo-Saxon (for the term "Nordic" is both too recent and too inaccurate), prophet, moralist, Anglo-Indian, traveler, country gentleman, hermit. One is exhausted before he can possibly become exhaustive.

Next, it is necessary to list, as nearly as possible, all the varieties of his work: Short stories as far apart as the cheap cynicism of some of the earlier Indian tales and sketches and the lovely, delicate, and firm emotion of "They". Short stories that read like technical works on mechanical engineering and stuff as intangible, as tremendous in its excitement, as "Wireless". India budded and in flower, in "Kim". Animal stories that are still matchless in "The Jungle Book". Poems like "The Recessional", as self conscious and dull as a coronation. Poems like "If", which make all of Edgar A. Guest and Robert W. Service look like one base hits alongside a home run. Poems like "The Truce of the Bear", perhaps the only ones in our language where propaganda has successfully been run into the mold of authentic poetry. Plenty of poems that are trash. A bad novel and an exquisite novel. Fairy stories, in "Puck of Pook's Hill". A history, "The Irish Guards in the Great War". Boy stuff, "Stalky & Co." Travel letters full of opinionatedness and not devoid of a sort of silly snobbery. No doubt I have forgotten something.

The kind of things he has been, the kind of things he has written, the kind of man he was and is. But here we are stopped. Nobody really knows the kind of man Kipling is; and I doubt if anyone ever knew him as he may have been. The eager youth in India, the successful author in London, even the imperialist and political prophet, have been sunk without a trace these many years in the country gentleman living at Bateman's, near Burwash, in Sussex. A real feeling for the soil was responsible for his retirement into the country, accentuated by a dislike of the literary circles of London. Since he has lived in that old sixteenth century house, his reclusive tendency has much strengthened. There has never been a telephone installed; only the fewest visitors were ever welcomed, and two significant things have happened to make visitors fewer. One was the death of

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Kipling's son, John, in the Great War. Another was an interview by Clare Sheridan appearing after the war. Concerning the interview, there was a complete misunderstanding between Mr. Kipling and the interviewer. The interview was officially denied. I am not aware that it was specifically retracted. Its purport was highly critical of the United States. Published throughout America, it aroused much comment. In Michael Arlen's phrase, there was any amount of backchat. You are anxious, perhaps, to make a name for yourself? You might try to interview Mr. Kipling now.

You might even try to see him. Well, you can hang about the village of Burwash and the outskirts of Bateman's. Your reward may possibly be a glimpse of a "moodily stern man . . . striding through Sussex lanes and along the roads, with an angler's creel slung on his back and a stout ashplant in his hand". He used to sing at the top of his voice as he strode along. . . . Much better not to try to speak to him.

Yes, the unique thing is that, since his youth, he has had no personal history at all. There is literally nothing to record. People have made, in anxiety and enmity or with that curious malice that is not personal but is directed toward the great, all sorts of conjectures. The rumor got about that Kipling's whole ambition was to found a county family. But if he had that ambition, it lies frustrate; and if he had it, perhaps it was never so belittling as the gossips fancied. God knows the children of great writers are not writers — why should they be? — and in England a county family is a really enduring monument. For the son of Anglo-Indians, and the grandson of Wesleyan Methodist parsons, to found a county family would be a social conquest as splendid as the Norman conquest. Perhaps a Conservative government might have given Mr. Kipling a peerage, but since 1914 Conservative governments have been scarce and before 1914 it would not have been possible. Stanley Baldwin is a kinsman of Kipling; one cannot be indelicate. But it is small wonder that as I am writing these lines Heywood Broun should be printing his opinion that "there seems every reason to believe that the man who wrote 'Kim' is definitely dead". The obvious reply is that, as a person, he never lived. I do not myself for one moment credit the biographical outline I have already set forth. It is, like the atomic theory and other such matters, a mere hypothesis, a plausible way of accounting for the presence of so much printed matter and the evidence of a force or energy which we do not understand. There are the photographs of Kipling — but since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle discovered ectoplasm, the camera is not to be trusted. R. K. is a myth.

But if his personality does not exist outside his work, it is fully realized in it. We shall do well if we can comprehend all of his manysidedness and his singlesidedness. What fun to try!

"Born blasé", was J. M. Barrie's comment, when Kipling the stripling appeared on the scene. And Barrie went away to meditate; a long time passed, and he produced "Peter Pan". Stevenson recognized the newcomer's genius but made his reservations. There was "copiousness and haste", and Kipling "is all smart journalism and cleverness; it is all bright and shallow and limpid, like a business paper — a good one, *s'entendu;* but there's no blot of heart's blood and the Old Night. . . . I look on and admire; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature, I am wounded."

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Oscar Wilde said that in turning over the pages, "one feels as if one were seated under a palm tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. . . . From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. . . . He is our first authority on the second-rate, and has seen marvelous things through key-holes, and his backgrounds are real works of art." In his best tentative manner, Henry James spoke of R. K. as a young man who had gone a long way before breakfast. And, he might have added, was now eating a particularly hearty breakfast.

Thus the voices when Kipling was young in the lands. Barrie was right as far as he went; Stevenson had no inner faculty by which to measure the new man; Wilde's wit was based on the "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Departmental Ditties" sort of thing, and, so based, was sound enough. Henry James was being properly circumspect.

The first truth, and the truth of all the most enduring, is that Kipling is a great master of English prose. He was not born so; you will not find this quality in his earliest work; he conquered it with the help of his instinct, his reporter's training, and the English Bible. I quote from "Men of Letters" by Dixon Scott:

> The rhythms run with a snap from stop to stop; every sentence is as straight as a string; each has its self-contained tune. Prise one of them out of its place and you feel it would fall with a clink, leaving a slot that would never close up as the holes do in woollier work. Replace it, and it locks back like type in a form, fitting into the paragraph as the paragraph fits into the tale. There are no glides or grace-notes, or blown spray of sound. Most prose that loves rhythm yields its music like a mist, an emanation that forms a bloom on the page, softly blurring the partitions of the periods. Kipling's prose shrinks stiffly from this trustfulness. The rhythms must report themselves promptly, prove their validity, start afresh after the full stop. Lack of faith, if you like — but also, it must be admitted, a marvellously unremitting keenness of craftsmanship. And it is the same with the optical integers. Sudden scenes stud his page like inlaid stones.
>
> *The leisurely ocean all patterned with peacocks' eyes of foam.*
>
> *I swung the car to clear the turf, brushed along the edge of the wood, and turned in on the broad stone path to where the fountain basin lay like one star-sapphire.*
>
> *When his feet touched that still water, it changed, with a rustle of unrolling maps, to nothing less than a sixth quarter of the globe, with islands colored yellow and blue, their lettering strung across their faces.*
>
> And these are no mere decorations. The tales are gemmed — but as watches are jewelled; it is round these tense details that the action revolves. What is the emotional axis of "The Finest Story in the World"? It is that *silver wire laid along the bulwarks which I thought was never going to break.* Are we to know that a man was struck dumb? Then *just as the lightning shot two tongues that cut the sky into three pieces . . . something wiped his lips of speech as a mother wipes the milky lips of her child.*
>
> The motive of all his tales, as of "At the End of the Passage", is a picture seen in a lens. Even the shadowy outer influences that brood over Kim's life, the inscrutable Powers that move in its background, come to us first in designs as vivid and dense as the devices of heraldry — as a Red Bull on a Green Field, as a House of Many Pillars; and before the close are resolved into the two most definite, clean-cut, and systematic of all earthly organizations: the military mechanism of India and the precise apparatus of Freemasonry. Kipling must have pattern and precision — and he has the power as well as the will. He can crush the sea into a shape as sharp as crystal, can compress the Himalayas into a little lacquer-like design, has even, in "The Night Mail" — that clean, contenting piece of craftsmanship — printed a pattern on the empty air.

So much — although it is not all — for style in the ordinary sense of that rubber elastic word. Coming to the content of Kipling's tales, we find that the distinction between his earliest work and work generally later in time is equally sharp. He had, at first, literally nothing of his own to tell — very young men haven't, unless they wax autobiographical. He had seen India but he hadn't lived; sharp little stories

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and the overheard cynicism of elders were set down with a sort of rude vigor. Shallow stuff beside the nearly contemporary stories of O. Henry; but it is common to mistake a kick for an emotion — and I may add that particularly in this country the mistake seems to be increasing.

This first phase did not last long. It is not true to credit Kipling with the first use of vernacular; Dickens — to go no further back — had used it, and Kipling did no more than employ it with extravagance. But in dealing with modern machinery R. K. really did open a new literary field and stake out a claim that remains undisputed today. For a time he was in some danger of thinking that a machine was a story, as a man is a story; instead of a *deus ex machina* he was busy exalting the machine as god. That mistake did not last long, either. From dazzling or bewildering he passed on to a paramount wish to move mankind. Now the race can be moved only by emotion; emotion is not conveyed unless the writer has himself been deeply stirred; and Kipling could not be stirred, any more than you or I, except by certain things. English soil was one of them; the pride and responsibility of race (the White Man's Burden) was another; custom, authority, discipline, reverence, fear, were others. I am sorry to use abstract terms, for these things have never presented themselves abstractly to Kipling. They have always been concrete, personal, and immediate — as in that phrase, "the White Man's Burden". Katharine Fullerton Gerould, one of Kipling's most ardent admirers, would add to the list above: patriotism, love, childhood and parenthood, duty and death. But these are more abstractions and they do not mean as much as a single good Kipling story. Mrs. Gerould is more right and far more expressive when she speaks of Kipling as having a Chaucerian or Shakespearian sense of life — "life, good and bad, high and low, grave and gay". Both Kipling and Dickens are no mean inheritors of Elizabethan spaciousness.

At the close of her essay on "The Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling", Mrs. Gerould says:

> All that I have meant to do is to point out that Kipling was right about preparedness, right about the Colonies, right about Germany, right about Russia, right about the Boers, right about Kitchener, right about demagogues and "labor", right about the elderly politicians, right about the decent British code, right about patriotism and the human heart — right about love.

And then she seems to wonder that R. K. has been damned on every side. One would think Mrs. Gerould had never heard of a certain Aristides, styled the Just.

I am not one of those who sternly require the divorce of literature from all political and social purposes, from propaganda of every kind. If my Latin is not too rusty, the very form of the word "propaganda" — periphrastic — means something that must be spread around, the clear implication being that it will not propagate itself. Observation teaches me that anything which will not propagate itself will die anyway, no matter what the resort to artificial methods of keeping it alive. So the presence of a little, or even of a few tons, of propaganda around the place bothers me not. I will bury it, it will not bury me.

Therefore all this hate and hullabaloo over Kipling's ideas and preachments in prose and verse seems to me very silly — well, I suppose it exercises lungs and glands. Let R. K. blow as hot or as cold as he likes — and he can both scald and freeze with his breath — all that he preaches will flourish or

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wither according to its nature. He is merely one of many chunks of good red earth in which it is planted. And like the rest of us, though more conspicuously, more intensely, he grow flowers and plants and weeds.

But as to that "rightness": it may occur to us that to have been right in a dozen years is bad chance to prove right in a hundred. I turn to Kipling's book of war verse, "The Years Between", and in some "material which may be said to be authoritative and to state clearly Mr. Kipling's own ideas in regard to this book" I find a note on the poem "The Rowers":

> Originally published in the London Times in 1902 at the time when Germany wished to embroil England with the United States . . . noteworthy for the first use of the word "Hun".

Is this being "right"?

> "The Song at Cockcrow." This poem is an expression of one view of the attitude of the Vatican in regard to Hun (*sic*) atrocities throughout the war.

Was he "right"?

I know nothing whatever about Mr. Kipling's rightness; but I sometimes find his righteousness tiresome and not quite — as the lady said of an episode in her husband's absence — one hundred per cent.

He both is, and isn't, a poet. If we could only recognize the distinction, he is a singer or chanter — chanteyman, as the sea would have it — rather than a poet. He is at his best, the best easily imaginable, in such songs as "The Truce of the Bear" and "The Sons of Martha". They do well who take off their hats, who even toss them in the air, at the sound of such lines as these:

> It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
> It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.
> It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
> Tally, transport and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

Or these:

> When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
> When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-brute guise . . .
> When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,
> That is the time of peril — the time of the Truce of the Bear!
> *Make ye no truce with Adam-zad — the bear that walks like a man!*

Or these:

> Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
> By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
> That, under Thee, we may possess
> Man's strength to comfort man's distress

— the children's song in "Puck of Pook's Hill".

The difference is difficult to express: Masefield is a poet in a sense that Kipling is not. Kipling is a poet in the sense that Vachel Lindsay is a poet. Neither parallel may be drawn too far. The best of Kipling was made to be kept alive on the lips of people the world over, and of course it largely is; and so is a little of the worst. Kipling's highflown efforts in serious poetry to express his feeling about the English soil are frequently lifeless, but lines flash out:

> So to the land our hearts we give
> Till the sure magic strike,
> And Memory, Use, and Love make live
> Us and our fields alike.

But his best poetry is in prose. Or, if you prefer, his best prose is damaskeened with exquisite poetry. There will always be "They" and "The Brushwood Boy" and "The Jungle Books" — better than everything, perhaps, there will always be "Kim", a Wheel of Life, a little dust, a flower, a prayer.

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THE NEW YORKER

Jazz Technique Finds Its Way into the Theatre — Bunthorne Returns to New York — Isabel Proves a Modest Violet in a Field of Passion Flowers — The King of Lions Visits Manhattan — The New Society Show — A Spanish Painter Does Up Some Americans.

NEW YORK after the New Year becomes something very close to an artistic madhouse. New plays, new music, new picture exhibitions, new movies, break forth in such profusion that, if one is interested in such things, there is nothing to do but go wearily from one thing to another looking forward wistfully to the months of spring when one can have an evening or two at home. It is impossible to see and hear everything; the only policy is a selective one.

Probably no single play approaches so closely the mood of midseason New York as "Processional", the new piece by John Howard Lawson which the Theatre Guild has staged and presented so admirably. Mr. Lawson is one of our experimenters in the world of the theatre. Two years ago he was represented by "Roger Bloomer", a play which astonished and puzzled hosts of people; it might even be said that it puzzled the actors and the director, and perhaps even the author himself, for he was at that moment struggling with an idea which had not entirely freed itself from a movement in the German theatre known by the loose term of "Expressionism". In "Processional", young Mr. Lawson is free, although still a bit shaky from the struggle. He has created something new in our theatre, a thing not altogether definable because there are as yet no technical terms to define it — a thing beyond judgment because there are no standards by which to judge it.

On the day following the dress rehearsal the New Yorker encountered people who had been present on this occasion. Their comment on the piece seemed to be the same. "It's grand", they said; and when the New Yorker endeavored to find out what was meant by this, the answer was always the same, "I can't describe it, but it's grand!" And so it is. In the author's own words, he has made "an interpretation of American life in terms of jazz rhythm in which just as a jazz orchestra makes use of every instrument, so the playwright employs the various techniques of the theatre, ranging all the way from vaudeville to tragedy".

All this is true; there are bits out of the burlesque stage, bits out of such "draymas" as "Shore Acres", and pieces of high tragedy which, emerging out of a strange confusion of sense and nonsense, suddenly grip the audience and hold it breathlessly. The plot? There is no such thing. The best idea of the plot might be obtained by reading the headlines of any sensational American newspaper from cover to cover. These, strung together, comprise the play. It is laid in the West Virginia mountains where a war between labor and capital is under way. In the play are all the national idiocies except the cross word puzzle. There is the Ku Klux Klan, the American

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Security League, a real jazz band composed of striking miners, Mother's Day, and a thousand other things. It is, truly, an American play.

The cast is admirable. For the rôle of Sadie Cohen, who is jazz mad, the Guild has secured June Walker, hitherto known only in the realms of farce. In this there was a stroke of genius, for Miss Walker has a complete sense of what she is about and plays always in perfect rhythm and tempo. The part of Mrs. Flimmins, mother of the young miner who runs amuck, is a more difficult one, because out of the wild, careening stream of nonsense it calls for moments of real tragedy and passion. Blanche Frederici accomplishes this in brilliant fashion. George Abbott, a rising star, is excellent as the son, and Philip Loeb as the Jewish clothing dealer out of a Weber and Fields comedy hits exactly the proper mood. But most credit is perhaps due to Philip Moeller who took this strange piece and directed it in a fashion which gives it a real coherence and unity. "Processional" may not be the best play in New York, but at the moment it is the most interesting.

A thousand miles in the opposite direction from "Processional" lies the revival of "Patience" which the Provincetown Players have arranged on the tiny stage of their stable-theatre. There are only a dozen love sick maidens instead of twenty, because there is no room for more, and in the orchestra there are but seven pieces where there ought to be forty; but none of this makes the least difference. Crowds fight for places on the hard stiff benches of the tiny playhouse and cheer the piece as it moves on its way.

The Bunthorne of the revival is Edgar Stehli, and Grosvenor is played by Stanley Howlett. It is a long jump for these two actors from the grim stuff of O'Neill's "S. S. Glencairn" to the swooning nonsense of Gilbert and Sullivan, but overnight they have turned from the roughest of seamen into the most delicate of Pre-Raphaelites. Flavia Arcaro is superb as Lady Jane to whom fall perhaps the funniest moment and the funniest song of any play ever written — the moment when the curtain parts and reveals her clasping a bass viol, prepared to sing, "There will be too much of me in the coming by-and-by."

"God Bless the Provincetown Players" is a prayer offered up by more than one New Yorker in a season notable for its dulness.

Quite the pleasantest, if not the most thrilling or uproarious evening of the winter, came to the New Yorker at the Empire, where Frank Reicher has staged on one bill a play called "Isabel", adapted beautifully from the German by Arthur Richman, and "Shall We Join the Ladies?", a one act play by Barrie which everyone has awaited for a long time. "Isabel" is what the New York critics have come to label a "gossamer comedy", and it is cast with just the proper people. It calls for only five players — Margaret Lawrence, Edna May Oliver, Lyonel Watts, A. P. Kaye, and Leslie Howard. It is utter nonsense, filled with absurdities which cause the audience to chuckle with great satisfaction, and it is just long enough. The last act, in which all save Isabel grow mildly tipsy over a champagne punch, is superbly funny . . . not in the boisterous sense but in a sense that warms the heart. After the alarums and excursions of "Desire Under the Elms", "What Price Glory?", "They Knew What They Wanted", and similar excellent plays, it comes as a gentle spring zephyr, cool and refreshing.

The Barrie play lasts less than a half

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hour and is built about an idea that is intensely fascinating. It centres about a genial old man who invites to his house for a weekend twelve guests whom he has never seen before. On the last evening, at dinner, he tells them they have been asked because there is among them one person who has murdered his brother and he is set upon discovering the criminal. From then on the piece reaches out and brings the audience into chairs at the very table. It has a trick ending which may be fatal to it; for an audience likes to go home satisfied, and it leaves the play as interesting and as uncertain as it was in the beginning.

Three other plays opened under auspices that were excellent. One was "Mrs. Partridge Presents" by Mary Kennedy, who (as the paragraphers always say) is a charming actress and the wife of Deems Taylor, and Ruth Hawthorne. It is an American comedy, humorous and skilfully done. The surprise of the piece is that a young actress named Ruth Gordon runs away with the laurels intended for the veteran Blanche Bates.

Philip Barry, "author of the Harvard prize play 'You and I'", of which he must be sick of hearing, is the author of "The Youngest", a fresh air sort of comedy with some excellent moments in which Henry Hull becomes miraculously a boy of eighteen. There is nothing remarkable about the piece save that you like every moment of it.

After some time on the road, Walter Hampden at last brought his production of "Othello" into New York, where it should be good for a run almost as long as his "Cyrano", not because there is anything excellent about it — except perhaps Baliol Holloway's Iago — but because it is done in the way that people who like Shakespeare feel it ought to be done. The scenery is good. The costumes are good. The acting is good. The direction is good. Well? There is still something lacking. It is perhaps that fire which makes the vast difference between an inspired work of art and a capable one. It has no rough edges. It is capable. If Mr. Hampden is too conscientious he will become simply another Sothern and Marlowe.

The tradition of the starving author or artist or musician is pretty well defunct. Much water has passed under the bridge since the day that Mrs. Astor (as Thomas Beer relates in "Stephen Crane"), on hearing that Alice Duer (Miller) was writing verse, said, "Too bad! I thought she was such an attractive girl." If Mrs. Astor, in tiara and stomacher, returned today, she would find herself rather out of it, for artists and musicians and writers have become *the thing*. No really good party is given without the presence of one great lion and several cubs. Igor Stravinsky certainly visited America this winter without having to buy himself a single meal. Indeed, he went about so much and graced so many parties that when the time came for him to do the thing he had come for, namely to conduct his music, he was too exhausted to do his music justice. In any case, something went wrong, for his conducting was sour. It may have been that his hostesses made him roar too often.

His two concerts were beyond question *the* events of the season. The audience fairly oozed through the sickly yellow walls of Carnegie Hall. The corridors reverberated to the sound of Russian and the gasps of swooning women, overcome by the wonder of his music. Everything was there from the tiaras of Park Avenue to the art jewelry of Greenwich Village. And

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altogether a good time was had by all.

Still there were a few haunted souls in the audience who found that the seats grew more and more hard. They applauded, perhaps because they feared that silence might result in mob violence, but they applauded languidly. Also there were a few who found the music spirited, brilliant, and interesting, but missed an undercurrent of substance which is a part of all great art, musical or otherwise. The New Yorker was among these useless people of the middle path. He found an entire program of Stravinsky little more than tiresome. It was too cold, too devoid of emotion, too clearly the work of a mind that was excellent in the business of arrangement and experiment but not so good on the side of creation. There were moments in "Petrouchka" and "L'Oiseau de Feu" that burned with beauty; but there were moments, like those in "Fireworks", that were simply brilliant pinwheels going round and round in emptiness. Clever but empty.

As for the conducting, Vladimir Golschmann, who came into fame as the director of the Swedish Ballet (which America found simply dull), did a much better job with the composer's own "L'Oiseau de Feu" when he played it a week earlier with the New York Symphony.

Almost as spectacular as the Stravinsky concerts was the opening of the annual show of the New Society of American Artists, when the crowd was so great that it was impossible to see the pictures. But on varnishing day, no one cares about the pictures anyway. The crowd comes to see and be seen. "Everyone", as the saying goes, "was there." The New Yorker noticed at least two persons who were taking it calmly; they were Hendrik Willem Van Loon, smiling and enormous, and William Allen White, serene, sane and balanced, from the open spaces of Emporia, Kansas.

Once the crowd had thinned a bit, it was possible to see that the show, like the Stravinsky concerts, was not so good as it was expected to be. It has possessed in the past more variety, more individual pieces which stood out as striking. This year there were some fine water colors by Randall Davey, three studies in still life by Paul Dougherty, a landscape by George

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Guardsman" by Franz Molnar (Boni, Liveright). This brilliant revival reads as well as it plays.

"Weber and Fields" by Felix Isman (Boni, Liveright). Here is much anecdotal and amusing material of the old theatrical days.

"The Firebrand" by Edwin Justus Mayer (Boni, Liveright). One of the most charming of current shockers.

"The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann — Volume Eight: Poetic Dramas" (Huebsch). Great plays translated in mediocre English verse.

"The Bright Island" by Arnold Bennett (Doran). Another island sociological story, but in fantastic vein this time.

"The Valiant" by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass (Swartout). This play, most effectively presented by amateurs, is already well known and deservedly so.

"There Came Two Women" by Herbert Quick (Bobbs-Merrill). Interesting; but it is a pity that the talented author did not write it in prose.

"Old English" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). A better part than play — superbly acted currently by Mr. Arliss.

"Costuming a Play" by Elizabeth B. Grimball and Rhea Wells (Century). Interesting notes for the amateur — with good line illustrations.

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Luks, and a picture by George Bellows which were impressive. On the second day, the show was saddened by the death of Mr. Bellows, one of the best of living artists. Now that he is dead, his pictures will, no doubt, command the same prices as those by bad foreign painters.

One missed from the show this year the grand, bleak pictures of Rockwell Kent. They would have helped it enormously.

At the same time the Reinhardt Galleries were showing pictures by Zuloaga who, rumor has it, will consider painting guileless Americans for a mere twenty thousand dollars a sitting. Any possible sitter should go at once and see what he has done to Julia Hoyt, Michael Strange (Mrs. John Barrymore), Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and William Fahnestock. They hang in a row, painted in his traditional manner against landscapes which, if not meant to be Spanish, still have a Spanish twist. The gallery was crowded to the doors, and before the portrait of Michael Strange there was unbroken congestion due, no doubt, to the fact that she was painted in the rôle of Hamlet, clad in black tights and patent leather pumps with an Iberian version of Elsinore in the middle distance. The painting of the pumps is admirably realistic.

But in fairness to Zuloaga, it must be said that his Spanish subjects turn out better. There is a fine portrait of a Castillian shepherd and three fine studies of Belmonte, the Babe Ruth of the Spanish bull ring. The best picture is a portrait done in the traditional manner of the Duke of Alba. It possesses style, characterization, and a masterly sense of design and emphasis. The show has its ups and downs. It is a little bit of everything.

The New Yorker went to two movies during the month, rather in the mood to see what had been done to "So Big" and "Wife of the Centaur". There was nothing in either picture to set the pulses leaping. The books were better. Yes, there was one thing. In "Wife of the Centaur" there were several feet of magnificent film showing the hero skiing down the mountainside in full flight from Inez, who, through the magic of the celluloid, had been converted into the conventional desperate vamp.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* A new edition of Iris March, the lady who had 400 — or was it 401? — lovers.

* THESE CHARMING PEOPLE — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Charm is Mr. Arlen's forte. It was never stronger than in these earlier sketches.

FATHER ABRAHAM — Irving Bacheller — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Love story of the Civil War period, with the usual obstacles to be overcome by a northern lover and his southern sweetheart. President Lincoln plays the part of *deus ex machina.* (*See page 86.*)

PEACOCK FEATHERS — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* Wealth and ideals struggle to maintain the balance of true love.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* A swinging and colorful tale of Lady Hamilton and her times.

MATILDA, GOVERNESS OF THE ENGLISH — Sophia Cleugh — *Macmillan.* A long, but not-too-long, novel of titled London folk, with an agreeable Victorian flavor.

THE GOLDEN COCOON — Ruth Cross — *Harper.* In which Molly Shannon rises from humbleness to a brilliant and successful social career.

A GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Mr. Curwood and his dashing heroes again bring romance among pine woods and animals to a triumphant conclusion.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY — Ethel M. Dell — *Putnam.* It is perhaps that very quantity which makes this lady's novels evergreen in point of sales.

CAPTAIN DESMOND, V. C. — Maud Diver — *Dodd, Mead.* Revised and largely rewritten, this cross section of life in India seems both accurate and cheerful.

NINA — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* Marriage and love struggles form interesting material for one who writes with extraordinary sympathy.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Concerning the successful mother of a son who finally achieves success through a recognition of failure.

THE WOLVES AND THE LAMB — J. S. Fletcher — *Knopf.* A good Fletcher — with more of a love story than many of his other detective tales.

* A PASSAGE TO INDIA — E. M. Forster — *Harcourt, Brace.* Finely written study of character and race admixture in India.

* THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Climbs steadily among the best sellers because it is a good story and because it faces certain afterwar problems squarely.

THE RECKLESS LADY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A somewhat rambling narrative of an English girl who married a rich American and got used to the provincialism of Grand Rapids, Michigan. (*See page 86.*)

THE THUNDERING HERD — Zane Grey — *Harper.* The final annihilation of the vast herds of buffalo has found a worthy chronicle in this colorful tale.

THOSE BARREN LEAVES — Aldous Huxley — *Doran.* A paradoxical and outspoken skit upon the decadent wing of English arts and letters. Mr. Huxley's method of satire seems to consist in going one worse than the object of his derision. (*See page 85.*)

* YOUTH RIDES WEST — Will Irwin — *Knopf.* This western period novel is a masterpiece of thrills and reconstructs a fascinating period. (*See page 81.*)

* THE SLAVE SHIP — Mary Johnston — *Little, Brown.* A dramatic and absorbing narrative of Jacobite ideals and struggles during slave trade days.

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THE ENCHANTED HILL — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* Highly colored and interesting romance set partly in New Mexico.

RUGGED WATER — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Rugged life savers dare dashing waves to the accompaniment of this author's well known but always fresh humor.

THE COMING OF AMOS — W. J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* A rich store of incident and humor as Amos, rough-mannered, conquers effete Cannes and finds love complicated.

ORPHAN ISLAND — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* Amiable satire on mid-Victorian institutions, shown as still obtaining among the descendants of a shipload of orphans marooned in the South Seas. (*See page 84.*)

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* College as it is through the eyes of a former instructor of English. Sensational and provocative.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN — George Barr McCutcheon — *Dodd, Mead.* Engaging royal goings on for Graustark fans.

IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* More love among the Chinese lanterns.

THE SOUL OF CHINA — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* Legends, fairy tales, and short stories well recounted by one who knows and loves the Chinese people.

ROSE OF THE WORLD — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Another struggling Norris heroine proves popular.

THE PASSIONATE QUEST — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* A girl and her love affairs in modern London give material for an absorbing tale.

PIMPERNEL AND ROSEMARY — Baroness Orczy — *Doran.* The great-great-grandson of the Scarlet Pimpernel shows his qualities in a thrilling modern romance.

THE TREASURES OF TYPHON — Eden Phillpotts — *Macmillan.* A poetic fantasy of ancient Greece tinged with humor.

DUCDAME — John Cowper Powys — *Doubleday, Page.* Drama of the losing struggle of the individual against his caste and race and pride of property. (*See page 85.*)

THE PEASANTS: WINTER — Ladislas St. Reymont — *Knopf.* Second of the four volumes of the Polish peasant epic which won the 1924 Nobel Prize. (*See page 86.*)

RED OF THE REDFIELDS — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* Red Pepper Burns again makes rare reading for Redfield devotees.

SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* Another reprint but a glittering one, in which a sword-using aristocrat of old France, a woman hater, succumbs to the Cupid influence.

* THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* A pretty story and good characterization, which has already pleased many who admire the Gallic as well as the Anglo-Saxon.

THE GRUB STREET NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT — J. C. Squire — *Doran.* An editor writes fiction about authors and finds their lives and loves diverting.

* THE MATRIARCH — G. B. Stern — *Knopf.* Panorama of three generations of a clever, cosmopolitan Jewish family, unified by the personality of the dashing and dauntless old grandmother. (*See page 85.*)

* THE NEEDLE'S EYE — Arthur Train — *Scribner.* Fine characterization and an interesting problem make this one of our best stories of American wealth.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* Social problems of simple persons told with a degree of sentiment.

* THE OLD LADIES — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* A short novel of power and terrifying brilliance with old age as its theme.

* PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU? — Harry Leon Wilson — *Cosmopolitan.* Age finds itself tripping the light fantastic. As good as "Merton of the Movies".

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Dracula" by Bram Stoker (Doubleday, Page). One of the best horror and mystery stories ever written. Surely you haven't missed it.

2. "Beggars of Life" by Jim Tully (A. and C. Boni). These autobiographical sketches of hobo life are packed with drama and sentiment.

3. "The Dominant Blood" by Robert E. McClure (Doubleday, Page). A quiet, normal novel of a not-so-much-shouted-about side of the younger generation.

4. "Through the Wheat" by Thomas Boyd (Scribner). This great American war book shall be mentioned here until every reader of THE BOOKMAN *owns it.*

5. "Bare Souls" by Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton Mifflin). The best of a long line of good books from a fine American author is this collection of historical portraits.

Will Irwin Rides a Fine Steed

THE western novel in many forms embroiders and infests our national literature. "The Virginian" is still read with joy. Zane Grey is more vital than most people suppose. Herbert Quick and Emerson Hough have written books with a good deal of quality. Not since "The Virginian", though, has a story of mining camp, posse, and quick shooting so thrilled me as does Will Irwin's "Youth Rides West" (Knopf). It is the story of a Harvard boy in the Seventies who goes west to seek his fortune and finds wealth and love among the mountains. In plot it is conventional, in tone melodramatic; but it is so cleverly constructed, its details and its descriptions are so amassed, that without the creaks usual in an historical novel this golden, daring period is reconstructed with something like perfection. It reminds one of Defoe, this writing. It is good. At times description becomes really beautiful, but it never clogs the progress of the story. Characters are drawn with color and humor, yet they likewise never hold up the swift narration. This is a good yarn, embroidered by fine writing. Buck Hayden, Charlie Meek, Marcus Handy, Town Marshal McGrath — a fistful of characters that are memorable. All the stock incidents of western novels are here, yet how unimportant becomes the fact that they have been used before. It must be admitted that when Mr. Irwin comes to a love scene he stutters a trifle, but that's a minor difficulty; although love is the concern of the final page, "Youth Rides West" is primarily a tale of escape and adventure.

A Satirist and a Mystic

PERHAPS it is fortunate that Leonard Bacon, Ph.D., retired from the teaching profession before the publication of his latest satirical poem. The author of "Ulug Beg" has a vicious and a sure pen. "Ph.D.s: Male and Female Created He Them" (Harper) is one (or rather two) of the few really funny poems published in English in the last decade. Here is the essence of academe: the trials and tribulations of midnight oil, the flutterings of feminine postgraduate students, the ardors and

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endurances of musty shelves and vaulted halls. All, all are here! Sophia Trenton, heroine of "A Moral Poem", is unusually appealing:

She was not like a flower (my heroines
  Are painted as a homely muse dictates),
Nor wicked as the seven deadly sins,
  Nor the sweetest of girl undergraduates.
Nor was she one with ruthless hand that spins
  The twisted thread of other people's fates.
Frankly in talents, as in form and face,
Sophia was a little commonplace.

The second poem is a monument of tragic woe. In the byways and lanes of early English are encountered many an event of ironical import. Take this stanza on the study of "Beowulf" — what could be more trenchant?

Oh, wherefore art thou Beowulf? I wonder.
  Nameless barbaric bard, what have you wrought?
Pithecanthropic semi-epic blunder,
  Here and there sullied by a human thought,
Or fancy fainting 'mid dull blood and thunder,
  Feeble, but to the reader overfraught
Like beauty almost, as he plods rebellious,
Cursing the flame that spared Cotton Vitellius.

If you enjoy good satirical verse, you will find both "Ulug Beg" and this latest production of Mr. Bacon's indispensable.

A marked contrast is Robert P. Tristram Coffin's "Christchurch" (Seltzer). No one in America, with the possible exception of Thomas Jones, has written lyrics that compare with these in their quality of reverence and mystic vision. "Monks of Mona" is an exquisite piece of writing — visionary, musical, fine. "Lindisfarne" has ballad quality, and lyric beauty as well — a rare combination. Perhaps one legitimate criticism of a beautiful book is the use of similar rhythms in too many poems; but this is a small matter when the beauty of the whole is considered. "Good Friday Song" has a quaintness that I like. Listen to the cadences in this final stanza:

Good folk all, pray heed my call.
  The resurrection glory
Is now at hand in every land,
  I sing its holy story.
Christ has won — who'll have a bun? —
  So let the world sing glee,
He lives, He lives, and promise gives
  Of life eternally!
    One-a-penny,
      Two-a-penny,
        Hot-cross buns!

Jeweled Prose

WILLIAM CAXTON, the printer, was also translator, and in the course of his translating he turned into English prose from a French source (he was probably not an expert Latinist) "Ovyde Hys Booke of Methamorphose", that naive and beautiful collection of legendry to which, as source material, literature owes many great debts. Basil Blackwell, publisher to the Shakespeare Head Press of Stratford-upon-Avon, has printed it luxuriously from the manuscript in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College. His edition is limited to 375 copies. Houghton Mifflin have a certain number to distribute in America. Many limited editions are, frankly, bores. Here is one, however, that is beautiful and, to any lover of literary curiosities, invaluable. Only books X-XV of the "Methamorphose" exist in this translation. The first nine were lost; but the six here presented are well worth owning. Caxton's English is not really difficult. Although weakened occasionally by French influence, it yet conveys these simple stories with grace and strength. This is a dignified and carefully wrought work.

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Conrad, Conrad and Hueffer, Hueffer

"THE Shorter Tales of Joseph Conrad" have been issued as a volume: eight stories between rich blue covers (Doubleday, Page). An excellent preface by the late master explains the collection. Partly, it says:

> It would have been misleading to label those productions as sea tales. They deal with feelings of universal import, such for instance as the sustaining and inspiring sense of youth, or the support given by a stolid courage which confronts the unmeasurable force of an elemental fury simply as a thing that has got to be met and lived through with professional constancy. Of course there is something more than mere ideas in those stories. I modestly hope that there are human beings in them, and also the articulate appeal of their humanity so strangely constructed from inertia and restlessness, from weakness and from strength and many other interesting contradictions which affect their conduct, and in a certain sense are meant to give a colouring to the actual events of the tale, and even to the response which is expected from the reader. To call them "studies of seamen" would have been pretentious and even misleading, in view of the obscurity of the individuals and the private character of the incidents. "Shorter Tales" is yet the best title I can think of for this collection. It commends itself to me by its non-committal character which will neither raise false hopes nor awaken blind antagonisms.

We can then read, or reread, these great narratives. What an atmosphere of the supernatural is achieved in "The Secret Sharer", with implements only of the natural! "To-Morrow", pitiful, terrible, totally insane, is another masterpiece of technique. "Typhoon", one of the greatest storm pieces ever written, contrasts strangely with the rather ordinary but nevertheless effective measures of "Because of the Dollars". From these great stories it is disillusioning to turn to the maunderings of "The Nature of a Crime" (Doubleday, Page) by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer). This piece, republished from an almost forgotten time of their collaboration, remains uninteresting to me, except as a literary experiment. The new editor of "The Transatlantic Review" has, however, written a biography that is arresting and illuminating in his "Joseph Conrad: a Personal Remembrance" (Little, Brown). He has given us a record of a personality which has seldom been equaled as interpretative biography. Conrad becomes real both as person and as writer. So, too, unfortunately, does Hueffer, who, fine writer that he is, allows an unpleasant egotism, difficult to analyze, to cloud the perfection of his portrait of collaborator and friend. For the writer or student of writing perhaps there can be no better textbook than this. It reveals a man immensely concerned with words as words, as instruments of beauty, as portrayers of character. Much of the book is a discussion of writing rather than of actual biographical details. A collaborator has a peculiar knowledge of the man with whom he works. Mr. Ford has used this advantage to the full. The result is an acute study of the writing man. I like this paragraph, which might well occupy an evening's discussion for any spinners of yarns:

> We used to say that a passage of good style began with a fresh, usual word, and continued with fresh, usual words to the end; there was nothing more to it. When we felt that we had really got hold of the reader, with a great deal of caution we would introduce a word not common to a very limited vernacular, but that only very occasionally. Very occasionally indeed; practically never. Yet it is in that way that a language grows and keeps alive. People get tired of hearing the same words over and over again. . . . It is again a matter for compromise.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

DEUCES WILD IN THE SPRING FICTION

By Isabel Paterson

THE advance guard of novels of 1925 seem inclined to march in pairs, as if wanting the reassurance of company before facing the redoubtable indifference of the public. Not that they would exhibit any grave concern as to what one may think of them; they strive for insouciance, but the tentative note can be discerned. They neither admonish nor uplift, commenting aloofly upon the oddities of animate nature, especially that curious creature who calls himself Man. Life, they would say, is a queer business, but you must take it or leave it, for you can't stop it or change its course. The best thing, then, is to stand aside and smile.

In this chance haul of the dragnet, there are two satires, two family chronicles, a very remotely related brace of national or racial exhibits, and an odd one, an international exhibit.

We may as well swallow the bitter pill first, reserving the jam for consolation. But since Miss Macaulay's tonic is sugared with tolerant amusement, it goes down most easily. It is an antidote to Victorianism, containing a salutary reminder that we may have achieved a distinction without a difference in our Georgian emancipation. If the Victorians were self righteous, aren't we a little smug in our superiority to those benighted creatures?

The plot belongs to the great universal stock; Miss Macaulay helps herself to it gracefully. She premises that in 1855 there sailed from England a shipload of some forty orphan children of tender years, London waifs philanthropically destined for San Francisco under the ægis of a virtuous maiden lady of the Anglican persuasion, a clergyman's daughter. Miss Charlotte Smith had all the prejudices proper to her social status. A decent Scotswoman had been brought as a nurse. The ship's doctor was Irish, bibulous, Rabelaisian, and a Roman Catholic. The ship was wrecked in the lee of a fertile and uninhabited South Sea Island.

Seventy years later a rescue party arrived. They found that the orphans had thrived and multiplied, preserving in their island home an undiluted mid-Victorian atmosphere. Miss Smith, aged ninety eight, was a reduced but still majestic replica of the late dear Queen. The social, political, and economic problems of the tight little island had reproduced themselves with the same grotesque fidelity. If the microcosm is funny, the author implies, what of the original? And if they were funny, what of ourselves? How shall we look to our grandchildren? It is all done in good humor, with a touch of broad comedy for a high light in the distressing circumstances of Miss Smith's marriage. She had been deceived by the doctor; he had a wife in Ireland. Miss Smith never knew it until she had borne ten children in this bigamous union; and she kept the secret thereafter, reacting to her hidden shame by a more rigid respectability in law making. Illegitimacy she would not tolerate. On principle she was also a teetotaler, though she fuddled herself on palm wine with great dignity, calling

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it fruit juice prescribed for her health. It is excellent satire, and if to youthful readers it seems inapposite, that is because they can't visualize the object. Their elders will enjoy it.

Aldous Huxley aims at the ultra moderns, and feels no call to be amiable or even squeamish. He calls a spade a Freudian symbol of the otherwise unmentionable. His title, "Those Barren Leaves", is aptly descriptive. The members of the house party gathered by Mrs. Aldwinkle in her Italian villa are decadent, inutile creatures, bored and a trifle vicious. There are two exceptions, by way of contrast. Mrs. Aldwinkle, aged fifty, thinks of herself as a *grande amoureuse* and the presiding genius of a salon. Her parasites and victims make love, each after his or her nature, and talk endlessly. They comprise Miss Thriplow, a smart young lady novelist; Mr. Calamy, a wealthy dilettante; Mr. Cardan, an old flame of the hostess's in pursuit of a feebleminded heiress; and the intellectual Mr. Chelifer, vainly pursued by Mrs. Aldwinkle. Mrs. Aldwinkle's pretty niece Irene finds her fit mate in Lord Hovenden. These two simple, almost simpleminded, youngsters are a considerable relief from the others. But it would be irrelevant to complain that the whole book doesn't get anywhere. It isn't meant to. It is a gesture of disgust and contempt, toward a lunatic world which the author does not deem worth setting right. Mr. Huxley's aunt, the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, would disapprove thoroughly of her nephew's work. Action and reaction are equal; perhaps he is an inevitable concomitant of Mrs. Ward. But his book is not for dainty feeders; only those who relish their novels and their game "high" will like it.

In "The Matriarch" Miss Stern accepts the universe. She presents a panorama stretching over almost a century, but focused on the figure of a gorgeous, eccentric, autocratic old lady. To get so much into one volume requires a perilous process of foreshortening. All the same, it is a fine rich jumbled hamper Miss Stern has packed. One is willingly subjugated by old Madame Anastasia Rakonitz, chieftainess of a far spreading Jewish clan noted for its masterful womenkind and its straight Greek noses. Disraeli sprang from just such a brilliant, mercurial strain as this. I believe he had a grandmother very like Anastasia. They are the kind of Jews who form a yeasty element in the countries of their adoption, who make an adventure of business, a business of art, and an art of living. Their essential stability consists in their strong family feeling; they rise and fall and rise again together, so tightly interlocked that an outsider pitchforked among them comes near to suffocation. One could pick flaws, but the main point is that "The Matriarch" is a decidedly likable book.

What is called English family feeling, and exemplified in Mr. Powys's "Ducdame", is quite another matter. It doesn't really pertain to the family at all, but to the property. Thus the Ashovers must continue, that Ashover House may be populated. They personify the feudal principle of mortmain — the dead hand has directed their lives. Though Rook Ashover loved Netta Page, he dared not marry her, for she could not bear him children. He might even take her home as his mistress — never as his wife. Manifest destiny was embodied in his cousin Lady Ann, whose breeding gave her no shame nor scruple in compelling him to his duty. When he had provided a son and heir, his taking off was of slight consequence. A fatalistic atmosphere envelops the story from

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beginning to end. Of itself, it is strong; but if the least ray of humor or modernity be allowed to touch its gloomily intense fabric, it becomes anachronistic, almost absurd. Nevertheless one must admire it as a sustained, consistent effort.

Ladislas Reymont's four volume epic of Polish rural life, "The Peasants", is a study of earthbound souls. It won for its author the 1924 Nobel Prize. It is integrated about a very ancient plot, that of "Phædra". Boryna, a small landowner, took for his second wife the prettiest of the village girls, Yagna. She was already attracted by Boryna's son, Antek, though he too was married. Antek's reciprocal passion led to a violent quarrel with his father. Thus far the tale was unfolded in the first volume, "Autumn". "Winter", just issued, brings the unnatural struggle to another climax of despair.

Antek and Yagna could not be kept apart. Antek's wife and old Boryna made common cause against the lawless lovers. The father came near to murdering his son and his young wife, by setting fire to the barn in which they met secretly. Antek was driven into sullen outlawry. Natural ties reasserted themselves when the father was injured in a contest with the local nobility over communal forest rights. Antek rushed to his father's aid, but the old man was severely injured, perhaps fatally so. At the close of the second volume, Yagna seems likely to receive the full punishment for her own sin and that of her paramour. The narrative can hardly work out to any happy ending.

A novel of great elemental force, it is occasionally overstrained. The author piles on the agony, rubs in the impression of the dirt and dumb ignorance of the peasants, makes nature not only inimical but malicious and filthy. Even the clouds become "a black seething flood of squalor and grime". Still, it is an achievement in the grand style, a true epic.

Irving Bacheller is better at writing mildly fictionized history than Jeremiads against the younger generation. There are some quite charming pages, transcripts of wilderness scenes and pioneer domestic interiors, in "Father Abraham". And luckily, there isn't much moral indignation. Mr. Bacheller can make allowances for the sins of the fathers; it is the unripe grapes in the vineyard of the children which set his teeth on edge. A reminiscent mellowness pervades the pages of this Civil War romance, in which Abraham Lincoln figures as protagonist of the rising greatness of America.

The plot is certainly historical, not to say antique. Young Randall Hope, a New Englander by birth and middle westerner by preference, loved Nancy Thorn, daughter of a proud southern family of slave holders. The Civil War reared a red barrier between them. In the course of four weary years, Nancy was persuaded that her lover had been killed. She married a southern suitor. There wouldn't have been any happy ending if Mr. Bacheller had not commissioned a sharpshooter to pick off Nancy's husband on his wedding day. So the widowed bride came to Randall's arms honorably. It is a very arbitrary proceeding, but old fashioned moralists are apt to be high-handed. This, of course, is a very brief summary; there are many excursions and alarums, glimpses of historic incidents, and sketches of notable figures woven into the narrative with passable skill.

Sir Philip Gibbs has lately expressed a defiant pride in being classed as a journalist. "The Reckless Lady"

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shows no evidence of a change of front. In it Sir Philip again surveys mankind from Monte Carlo to Grand Rapids, Michigan, with the facility and verve of a trained reporter. It is a travelogue of Europe, England, and America, the latter viewed approvingly through a Pullman window. All the catchwords of 1924 are caught in it. An international marriage furnishes the climax of the wandering story. Sylvia Fleming, daughter of a declassed English lady living on the Riviera, after various vicissitudes found a safe haven with Edward P. Hillier, heir of a Grand Rapids furniture factory. Afterward, she came near repeating her mother's mistake by running away from her too correct young husband; but thought better of it, and finally adapted herself to her new allegiance. It is amusing to observe how, in the lighter sort of English fiction, the rich American has taken the place of the long lost uncle, for the purpose of paying off mortgages and generally pensioning the poor aristocrats. Some sort of fairy godmother they must have, apparently. Sir Philip draws a harsh indictment against his countrymen, showing so many of them as incompetents, parasites, or arrogant snobs. One would be sorry for Edward P. Hillier, if he were a little more real. This is a well intentioned tale, making up in cordiality what it lacks in distinction.

Orphan Island. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright.

Those Barren Leaves. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company.

The Matriarch. By G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf.

Ducdame. By John Cowper Powys. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Peasants: Winter. By Ladislas St. Reymont. Alfred A. Knopf.

Father Abraham. By Irving Bacheller. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Reckless Lady. By Sir Philip Gibbs. George H. Doran Company.

IBANEZ WRITES A BOOK

By Alan Rinehart

IT was in September that word came to Madrid from Paris, in the foreign editions of several American newspapers, that Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, Spain's most noted literary light of the present day, was about to dethrone the king, reorganize the country nearer Trotsky's heart's desire, and all by a subtle propaganda. The propaganda had to be subtle, for Ibáñez announced it was to be dropped from airplanes, and he did not want anyone, outside the king, to be hurt.

As a journalist I was delighted, and asked Ambassador Moore to send the clippings to the king; he presented them on his next visit to the palace and came back laughing. Although he would never tell me what happened, I learned from a Spanish friend later that His Majesty had read them through hastily, smiled, and remarked:

"Ah! Ibáñez must be writing another book!"

Evidently he was, for here it is, bearing the title "Alfonso XIII Unmasked". One can only say for it that it is well done, which means as a piece of writing, not as propaganda. It was only natural that the king should have resented Ibáñez's proposal to exploit him. Others, like Maurice Hewlett and George Barr McCutcheon, have done well by their kings, using them for their qualities of courage and romance, and but seldom for their villainy. But there are royalties and royalties. Ibáñez himself makes the choice when he heads his last chapter: "The King Must Go!"

Through the official channels I forwarded to the king a message that any reply he cared to make would be cabled at once, but he sent word that he wished to make none. Then un-

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officially he remarked, "Why should I help Ibáñez? I don't want to give him that much added publicity." So journalism went empty, and the court went on with its business, dressed in tweeds, sitting at mahogany desks, mining, investing, building roads and schools, and fighting that desultory war in the Rif.

"So often," writes Ibáñez on page nine, "after those sleepless nights, as I watched the sun rise on one of the loveliest scenes of the *Côte d'Azur*, I would feel a sharp twinge of remorse, as though I had committed an evil deed —I had said nothing!" But now he has said it, so he must feel better. Only it is the belief of some of us that he has done a grave injustice to a great man. Perhaps it is ridiculous that an American should be so troubled by it or should take pains to deny it; yet I have been in Spain, I think, since Ibáñez has, and undoubtedly I shall return before him! They have a military censorship there just as we had during the war, and a law against sedition.

The writer has made his attack curiously personal, as if he carried about with him a hatred of the man greater than of the king. He decries the athletic and sporting tendencies of Alfonso's younger days, forgetting entirely the fact that at seventeen a delicate boy found himself a king, and more, a ruler; and that his wise mother drove him to sport to strengthen him for the labor. Subtly, Ibáñez indicates that the court is vague in morals, neglecting to mention that any breach of law or rule among members of the court circle results in the permanent ostracism of both the man and the woman.

It is impossible, in what purports to be a book review, to make a refutation of all the matter in a book; yet Ibáñez's new publication is, for all its heralding, only a brochure; it commands no respect even as a work of fiction. "Alphonso's Ambitions" and "Alphonso's Accomplice" as chapter headings are sufficiently childishly malignant to inspire a reviewer to reply in kind. It is a grateful thought that they can do the monarch little harm.

"Alfonso?" exclaimed Ambassador Moore one day in Madrid. "Why, if there were ever a revolution and a republic, he would be instantly elected president!"

Zuloaga, a great painter and a greater patriot, stands for the public mind in Spain; he is happy, he wants to see no change. To illustrate his point he waved his long arms and declaimed:

"Send your tourists and business people to Madrid and to Barcelona where there is no grass! I should like to put fleas in all the trains so that nobody would come to disturb us! Why, in my beloved Segovia they even have a hotel with a bath!"

Alfonso XIII Unmasked, The Military Terror in Spain. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated by Leo Ongley. E. P. Dutton and Company.

JOHN MUIR, LOVER OF NATURE

By LeRoy Jeffers

AMONG all descriptive writers on nature, John Muir is the most spiritual. For a materialist, his message may be too delicate for enjoyment; but today the attitude of scientific men toward nature is far different from that of a few years ago. We are all facing the facts of a spiritual universe, and we are more or less consciously basing our thinking on unseen realities. It is certain that the day is coming when Muir will be generally appreciated as our foremost interpreter of mountain scenery. His love for God and for

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His creation shines through all his work, giving it beauty, truth, and power. We do not doubt that humanity will enshrine him among its immortals.

Professor Badè was long a friend and fellow worker with John Muir in the Sierra Club of California. In critical situations they have stood firmly for the preservation of our finest scenery from commercial ruination. Eventually, all will realize that spiritual values are always of greater importance to mankind than are merely material considerations. Meanwhile, the privilege and the responsibility of this great service to present and future generations must rest upon such clear seeing prophets as Muir and his associates.

With an almost religious fervor, Professor Badè has for years collected the incidents and letters that cover many little known portions of Muir's life; and he has now sympathetically woven them into these eagerly awaited biographical volumes. Their literary quality is of high order, and all lovers of Muir's work are indebted to their compiler. There should be strong public demand for early publication of all the remaining material.

Early in Muir's life, his parents moved from Scotland to a farm in Wisconsin. Concerned with the stern realities of an ancient theology, they failed completely to understand the divine possibilities in their son. Though a willing worker, he was driven by them early and late, and he received many chastisements for the good of his soul. It was only by arising from one to three o'clock in the winter's cold, that he secured the time to study and to develop his interesting mechanical inventions. Later at college he became absorbed in botany, and found an understanding friend in Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, the wife of a professor. When Muir wandered far afield and finally went to California, it was due to her insight and encouragement that he at last wrote for publication, and became acquainted with literary and scientific men of the day. In these volumes are many of Muir's early letters to Mrs. Carr, of the greatest poetic beauty. All are of remarkable interest to the general reader as well as to the student of his life.

In many ways the great range of the Sierra Nevada is the most beautiful in America. Upon its sunlit, snowy heights and in its grand and songful canyons, the Creator has lavished such wealth of beauty that only the stony-hearted can fail to see His love for man. If one roams alone, or with congenial friend, amid this paradise, he will long to return again and again that his soul may grow young in such companionship. John Muir was instant in his recognition of this opportunity. His experience with man had been a hard one. With God in nature, he felt at home; and he joyfully abandoned all that man could offer, in order to make this sacred mountain temple his home. For years he rambled over the range, climbing its highest peaks, rejoicing by its glorious streams and falls, worshiping amid its unequaled forests, sleeping upon its carpets of heather, and ever praising God with all his soul. Into his books he has brought this abundant life and joy, which forever will guide the traveler to a true appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

Muir's adoration of nature was enhanced by the closest scientific study of tree and plant and flower. He was especially the friend of glaciers, revealing their agelong, beauty-creating work to a skeptical world. He won the attention of the nation to our incomparable Yosemite, and to the supreme grandeur of the Kings and Kern river regions. For their recognition and pro-

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tection his highest powers were enlisted, and in his noble effort to save the exquisite Hetch Hetchy Valley for the nation, he hesitated not to sacrifice his own life. As yet, his service to humanity has hardly been measured. His love for the beautiful was unsurpassed, and he worked untiringly with voice and with pen everywhere to awaken the hearts of men. Much remains for those to accomplish who glimpse his vision. The battle for the preservation of the Kings and the Kern has yet to be won with Congress; but no one, alive to his Maker, who has seen their wonders can doubt that they are among the most precious treasures that God has entrusted to man. If California calls you, journey with John Muir before you enter its portals. His vision is true, and his spirit will reward you!

The Life and Letters of John Muir. By William Frederic Badè. Houghton Mifflin Company.

VARIEGATED MEMOIRS

By Herbert S. Gorman

IT is surprising to note how few adequate autobiographies there are in the world. Outside of such achievements as "The Education of Henry Adams", and the self depictions of Prince Kropotkin, Marie Bashkirtseff, Benjamin Franklin, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Amiel, and John Stuart Mill, there are not many that do not present insurmountable obstacles to the claim of greatness. Sometimes the fault is a suspicion of fictionalization, as in Casanova and Benvenuto Cellini; more often it is a frank inadequacy. The man or woman cannot rise to his or her authentic personality with that rare insight and impartiality that postulates real autobiography. After all, an autobiography is a great betrayal and few people are sufficiently intellectualized to realize the importance of betrayals. Yet autobiographies continue to be written. Season after season they are published, and the preponderance appear to be sops to the author's pride or obvious gestures for notoriety or an overweening sense of importance. Curiously enough, the four books that occasion these lines enter none of these categories. While it is true that none of them is a great autobiography in the definitive sense of the word, yet all of them are extremely entertaining revelations. They mirror forth personalities with a sufficient capture of reality to engross the reader with life. Consider their source. They come respectively from a poet, an artist, a radical propagandist, and a pugilist. The poles could not be farther apart and the only unity to be noted is the evident determination of each man to be himself, to realize himself fully and in spite of those difficulties that thrust themselves so objectionably into one's progress through this shadowy terrain that we call living. It is needless to state that Messrs. Kreymborg, Fuchs, Herzen, and Corbett have actually lived, have time after time been face to face with those objectives for which, rightly or wrongly, they imagined their mental, spiritual, and organic functionings were created.

Alfred Kreymborg calls his book "Troubadour". It is a wise and pertinent title, for he has passed through life for some forty years making melodies. With the inborn sensitivity of the poet he progressed from his father's tobacco shop, through years of dull livelihood touched to magic only by music, to that early Greenwich Village that existed before rents went up, tea rooms refused to chalk up

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dinners, visitors from Oshkosh and points west descended like the Biblical plagues, and magazines for the select and little theatre movements were in their toddling infancies. In a way "Troubadour" is a history of the rise of the Village and its eventual downfall through an influx of charlatans. Mr. Kreymborg writes graciously and with a sagacious eye. He looks back upon his life and he sees a struggle that apparently has no end, but he appears to relish much of it. And because he does relish it so the reader is bound to be carried swiftly along on this amusing and sprightly river of self revelation. There is an historical note in this book, for the author played no small part in that awakening of America to the new forms in poetry that is now an old story. After all, it was due to him that that rare and long senescent magazine "Others" introduced such writers as T. S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, and a dozen more to a public that noted them with skeptical eyes and lifted eyebrows. Mr. Kreymborg appears to have been a doughty champion of lost causes. He was a sort of poetical Don Quixote riding doggedly across fields that barely sensed the hoofs of his horse. In fact, he was an inveterate experimenter with projects that any wise man who had observed America in those days would have informed him were decidedly due to fail. Possibly he knew this. Possibly he was mad enough to hold to his standard in the face of ridicule. Anyway, the reader will observe a consistency in his progress that may be noted of few writers in this country. He staked his career time and again upon dubious chances, and while in the eyes of many he may seem to have failed in vindicating his existence, there is a sufficient audience to encourage him in the road he has taken.

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to go rather intensively into "Troubadour" and point out its importance as an addition to the literary history of modern America. Many of the names and personages noted and neatly described in these pages have won their spurs, and still others are yet to reach that acceptance that must justify them in the eyes of the world. It would also be interesting to analyze Mr. Kreymborg himself. For the most part he has written of himself objectively, although there are portions of "Troubadour" wherein he sets down comment on himself that is exceedingly apt and important. The impression that a general reader gets is that of a kindly whimsical soul striving doggedly and yet somewhat shyly toward a goal that was for a time a little uncertain to the poet himself. He experienced the tug but was not quite aware of the direction. And together with this self revelation and historical significance go the virtues of dozens of tiny valuable vignettes of aspects of the New York before the war, the New York of Third Avenue in the Nineties, of combats in chess clubs (for Mr. Kreymborg was, and is, an expert chess player), of magazine ventures, lecture tours, foreign excursions (this last after the war, by the way), of the struggle and Bohemian insouciance of the man who will write poetry in spite of all obstacles. There is much that is peculiarly brave and admirable in "Troubadour"; and because it displays so well that high courage of the singer who walks blithely through an endless series of adversities, there is ample reason for it to be read, studied, and digested. In no other way can one find so much set down about the birth of the poetic renascence in America.

Emil Fuchs's "With Pencil, Brush,

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and Chisel" is a different sort of book. It is not nearly so much autobiography as "Troubadour". Perhaps it should be called memoirs. While Mr. Kreymborg was spinning a top (if he ever did spin a top) on Third Avenue, Mr. Fuchs was modeling and sketching kings and queens. His book is a sophisticated one, and by far its most important chapters are those concerning his years in London and his activities for the Royal Family. Pictures such as that of the Christmas he passed at Sandringham with the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) and his entourage, and the night he spent drawing from the dead body of Queen Victoria, are invaluable. Mr. Fuchs's contacts with the rulers of England were close, and particularly important are his memoirs which describe Edward VII as Prince of Wales. A picture that is exceedingly vivid is given. He met others, too, who were high in the history of the England of their day, and all of it is set down with astonishing ease and urbanity. Then there are his odd notations of the other figures with whom he came in contact, John Sargent, for instance. In every case the reader will carry away a clear picture of the personage. It is true that this book is not autobiography in the real sense of the word, for it is altogether too much concerned with Mr. Fuchs's contacts; indeed, so much so that often we lose sight of Mr. Fuchs himself and focus our attention on the particular personality that is being reconstructed. But it is enjoyable reading, as are all such books when they are well done. And "With Pencil, Brush, and Chisel" is well done.

The third volume of "The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen" but deepens the impression of the two previous books that have already been issued. Here is an invaluable addition to the history of our modern times. Herzen was indubitably a great man and his greatness is reflected in this work, published in the original long ago, which is now seeing the light in an English translation. Figures who are part of history, Sazonov, Bakunin, Mazzini, Orsini, Proudhon, walk through the pages of this third instalment of a life that was dedicated to a great ideal. The Revolution of 1848 in France which marked the appearance of Louis Napoleon, "Napoleon le Petit", is pictured in vivid side glimpses. One hears these great anarchists and socialists talk. Plans of worldwide liberation fill the book. Always with a vivid sense of appearances and realities Herzen sets down these memoirs of the days when he saw history being made and a world turning over in that France that had again thrust royalty from its throne and turned to the ideal of the republic. It is grasping and animated material, compact with an easiness of wit that adds a sparkle to the pages, filled with a sense of characterization that is generally the portion of the practised novelist. Here is a work (and it must be borne in mind that this third volume is but a portion of a larger scheme that runs into five volumes) that is no less than an historical monument. It is difficult not to arrive at the conclusion that "The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen" will become one of the lesser classics.

Possibly, it may seem like a long jump from Alexander Herzen to James J. Corbett, "Gentleman Jim" or "Pompadour Jim" as you will, and yet both of them were fighters. After all, Jim Corbett was once a figure of romance, not precisely in the same category with David and Launcelot and D'Artagnan, perhaps, but pretty

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near it. He was the man who knocked out John L. Sullivan — when that was breathed in certain circles twenty years ago it was almost the same as pointing at Saint George and whispering, "There's the man who killed the Dragon!" "The Roar of the Crowd" is James J. Corbett's memoirs of a life passed, for the most stirring part, in the squared arena. Unlike most books about pugilists (if we except the work of Bohun Lynch) it is astonishingly good reading. Mr. Corbett has a sense of humor and, added to this, a dramatic appreciation of the proper thrill at the proper moment. His great fights are set down with a simplicity that adds to their impressiveness. The reader will follow these narrations with a deal of entertainment, for there is good drama in them.

Of course "The Roar of the Crowd" is in no sense of the word an addition to what we must term literary autobiographies, but it is sincere and straightforward and Mr. Corbett never loses a precise understanding of his own perspective. There is no boasting here or attempts at lengthening one's stature. Indeed, it is very much like a man reminiscing among a quiet gathering of his friends, friends who know him very well and before whom he is simply himself and no legendary figure. Because of this neat command of modesty on Mr. Corbett's part, his book becomes excellent light reading.

Troubadour. By Alfred Kreymborg. Boni and Liveright.

With Pencil, Brush, and Chisel. By Emil Fuchs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Volume Three. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE CULTURE OF THE FUTURE

By Ernest Gruening

IT was that creative critic, Carl Van Doren, I believe, who first identified Mary Austin as "prophet and discoverer". Patient study and intuition have repeatedly enabled her to deduce from her ample knowledge of a past and a uniquely multiple perception of the present, what the future will bring. To her senses the things of life are never static. The spirit of the surrounding matter lives within her. She vibrates to its rhythms. And out of the fulness of her receptivity, she recreates a rich and mellow pattern, always original in its synthesis and strangely dynamic.

From our Indian southwest, Mrs. Austin predicts, will rise within appreciable time "the next great and fructifying world culture". "The Land of Journeys' Ending" is the exposition of her belief. It would be difficult to characterize this remarkable book by any brief or conventional label. It is description, but of rare munificence. Into its woven history, archæology, anthropology, zoology, botany, physiography, geology, and meteorology are warped also philosophy and poetry and an occasionally clear mystic strand which at other times may be sensed rather than perceived.

While Mary Austin has for many years been the outstanding apostle of the Amerind culture, its challenge, which she again conveys so vividly, is singularly timely in this moment of growing national self analysis and world reorientation. Her concept may be partially found in the following passage:

> When the gringos came they despised. . . . And the Protestant missionary with the Indian Bureau behind him, has made a dull, debasing smear over the lovely and æsthetic culture of the pueblos. Looking back, shall we come at last to see Chris-

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tianity, marching across the world as it marched across the Rio Grande, with dull effacing foot, always confusing the teaching of its Founder with the particular obsession of the time which it expressed. . . . In this fashion passed into the keeping of the United States the vase, the cup in which had mellowed for a thousand years the medicine for want of which the civilized world is tearing out its own vitals. For in the cultural frame which we hold so obstinately that it can never refill from its original sources, and so stupidly that the precious content is spilled and fouled by the least creditable elements of our culture, lies the only existing society that ever found and kept for an appreciable period, the secret of spiritual organization.

One cannot gather the full force of the contrast which the author intends without reading the entire book, but this excerpt is indicative:

. . . the pueblos, at the time Spain found them, had no rich, no poor, no prisons, no red-light district, no criminal classes, no institutionalized orphans, no mothers of dependent children penalized by their widowhood, no one pining for a mate who wishes to be married. . . . Nowadays you will find all manner of unlovely utilities . . . but among our ancients there was never an article of the meanest use which had not its own æsthetic quality, if no more than that form of beauty which comes of perfect mastery over material.

Many of course, however they may enjoy some of Mary Austin's superbly colorful glimpses of a romantic setting, will not understand her message. But for those who consider that our industrial civilization has produced the best of possible worlds, the book may at least prove an illuminating excursion. For others who have been slightly frayed or jarred by the clatter of steel and steam-ordered progress, it will come as a refreshing and quickening adventure into realms where the spirit may serenely bask in beauty that has a pragmatism all its own.

The Land of Journeys' Ending. By Mary Austin. Century Company.

STREET DUST AND POLLEN

By Hervey Allen

FIVE books, three of them anthologies, containing a little poetry, and much verse and words arranged in patterns, lie mutely before me despite the disparate efforts of a bevy of young ladies and gentlemen to be acceptably audible. There is also to be considered the work of editors to the same end and the vociferous blurbs of publishers who fondly risked labor, paper, and capital in furtherance of the conspiracy. Putting my good ear close to the covers of the anthologies, I hear a confused babel with here and there a stray musical note. Sniffing the atmosphere engendered by these tomes, I find my critical proboscis tickled almost to the point of sneezing by much dust from the common street and just enough pollen from old gardens to induce a faint twinge of rose fever. Why are these books? For some I can find no answer, although the psychology of the anthologies is fairly clear — everyone in them, and his or her friend or friends, will buy a copy, possibly two at Christmas, when Santa Claus so often plays the good friend to publishers by leaving sundry literary jokes in the stockings of the dear public.

"Indian Summer" by Antoinette Scudder heads the list, because Miss Scudder is sometimes a fair craftsman, and in one poem, "Yet Once", attains the rank of poet. Pasted over the line, "But as with the thickly growing" ("harebells" being understood), I find the typed in line, "Purple harebells breezeward blowing." Now, if "breezeward" means anything at all, it means toward the breeze, just as windward means into the wind. We respectfully submit that even harebells in poems should not move against the wind. It gives us an eerie, creepy feeling and

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shakes our confidence in Mother Nature and Miss Scudder. I have had to put adhesive plaster on this book to keep the covers and the harebells from moving, well — into the wind.

Vincent Starrett now appears before the curtain with "Flame and Dust", unfortunately with more of the last than the first. The publisher of this really well printed and bound volume tells us on the cover, among other things, that Mr. Starrett is "smiling at the puerility of man". I am afraid that some of Mr. Starrett's audience will be moved to quote scripture and say, "Thou art the man."

Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D., has gathered together, for the seventh time — we hope there is something final in the theory of the fatality of holy numbers — what he calls "The Poets of the Future". On examination this turns out to be an anthology of college verse. Nearly everybody agrees that the chief merit of college verse lies in its tendency to die without mourners or the need of a funeral. I am not so sure that Professor Schnittkind's attempt to prolong the agony is not merely another way of working on the sympathy of the public to provide a printed coffin. There is one poem, however, in this book that stands out like a bolt of lightning photographed on an otherwise dull negative. It is "Vale" by Charles T. Lanham of the United States Military Academy. The cadet who wrote this poem to West Point deserves to be moved up several files on the army list.

Professor Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington has published an anthology of verse written by the students in his classes. The book is well made and the verse well made, but it *is* made. I am glad to say that these verses show a laudable attempt not to be palely lyrical, and occasionally some good figures and a real sense of epigram and free rhythms. None of these young poets seems to realize that his own native northwest has some of the finest Indian legends on the continent. Why not something about Leshi, a little Chinook flavor, or the magnificent legend of the Bridge of the Gods? Instead we get bumble bees, bronze fish, and the inevitable villanelle.

"Column Poets" is an anthology of verse from newspaper columns. Keith Preston has furnished an introduction in which he takes the now fashionable and easy fling at free verse. We are then let in for 113 pages of more or less metrical journalese. One signing herself "Rose Mary" asks not without reason,

O, Lighthouse, kissed by the roguish waves,
Why do you wink at me?

Good old lighthouse! Why not?

Indian Summer. By Antoinette Scudder. Harold Vinal.
Flame and Dust. By Vincent Starrett. Pascal Covici.
The Poets of the Future, A College Anthology. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D. Stratford Company.
University of Washington Poems, First Series. Selected and edited by Glenn Hughes. University of Washington Press.
Column Poets. Edited by Keith Preston. Pascal Covici.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

ONE Indian explanation of the origins of their folk tales is they were "first told by a voice which came from beneath a great rock in the forest": which may be accepted as a poetic form of a genuinely scientific statement as far as the bulk of them, obviously nature myths, are concerned. The most striking thing about many of these myths is their universality — we find stories of the flood, and of the "great fish which swallowed a man". As Cora Morris remarks in the preface to her "Stories from Mythology: North American" (Marshall Jones), we have come to "realize that these myths belong not only to the Eskimo and the Indians but that they are ours, too". Certainly acquaintance with them has a plain educational value, aside from the fact that they are intrinsically interesting. This volume is a well chosen selection from the wealth of material at hand. Although aimed at youthful readers and liberally illustrated, it is not to be classed as a "juvenile", but rather as a good example of popular science.

"The relation of a poet to his age should not be self conscious . . . he should neither deliberately reject the actualities, discoveries, the temper of his age, nor should he constitute himself their interpreter." Thus, in a late chapter in "Literary Studies and Reviews" (Dial) speaks Richard Aldington the critic, commenting, unconsciously perhaps, at the same time on the poetic movement in which Richard Aldington, poet, has taken so prominent a part. Of this movement and its crescendo and diminuendos there is little said in the volume. We may apply that dictum, rather, to the sweet singers of postmediæval France whose gemlike quality sustains the fire of centuries of criticism. Their false classical setting, perhaps, has stood the test of time less well, but in the author's opinion even this fact cannot dim the lyric quality of their song. It is refreshing to find in the same book critical estimates of a Ronsard and a St. Evremond, a Proust and a Joyce. And we have seen nowhere so clean cut a picture of the multiple creative personality of Remy de Gourmont. In spite of Mr. Aldington's meticulous weighing of sources and his calm rational view of modern currents in literature, we feel a lack of conclusiveness in these papers that is vaguely irritating. Is he too much the scholar to have real enthusiasms for the old, and does he mistake determination in present-day writers for authentic fire? The chapter on T. S. Eliot seems to us a *tour de force*, presenting as it does an interesting but unimportant critical conceit. We have a notion that this astute critic is still wavering between the old and the new gods.

To one who secretly envies the lot of a newspaper correspondent, "Celebrities of Our Time" (Joseph Lawren), a collection of interviews by Herman Bernstein, will prove a dangerous book; when the last page is turned, he will be tempted to rush to the office of the nearest editor and offer to pay his own way to Italy, if the paper be interested in a few words from Mussolini or D'Annunzio. During the past fifteen years Mr. Bernstein has come into contact with

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prominent persons in many lands and claims to have "met practically every outstanding figure of my time who has influenced thought and shaped important events". During one interview we find him drinking coffee with Tolstoy in a little white house at Yasnaya Polyana and talking of Darwinism, Henry George, and the decadence in literature; in another he is discussing war with Maximilian Harden; again he is hearing of Bolshevist aims from Trotsky; and now he is with Rodin in Paris. It is an unusual group which Mr. Bernstein has singled out to designate as "celebrities", and one which reveals his Russian inheritance and sympathies. He includes, among others, Sergius Witte, Metchnikoff, Kerensky, Prince Kropotkin, Rathenau, Arthur Schnitzler, Havelock Ellis, and Bergson. The book forms an interesting commentary, from one angle, on the racial, national, and social conflicts of the past decade.

The Princess Bibesco has produced a fascinatingly various book in "Isvor, the Country of Willows" (Stokes), translated by Hamish Miles. It is in substance a series of pictures of Rumanian peasant life, given additional vividness by narration in the first person, in the form of a diary. The author herself defines it as a "memoir, a calendar, a guide, a catalogue, and the story also of a love". The last item is of the slenderest. The charm and the value of the book lie in its description, often exquisite, of the "country of willows" through the four seasons, its transcripts of folk lore, and its record of folk ways. It is still a patriarchal society that the Princess describes: the people trustfully appeal to her for a horse or oxen, for fodder, for minutely specified building material. In manners and belief they are of the past. Many of the tales are highly picturesque, and there is much material for the student of folk lore.

"Keeping a diary is a childish habit but this childish habit may now be worthwhile", writes Pitirim Sorokin in his preface to "Leaves from a Russian Diary" (Dutton). The habit proves decidedly worthwhile. The book is illuminating and important because it is an authentic first hand narrative of conditions in Russia today. Mr. Sorokin, since he was secretary to Kerensky and editor of "The Will of the People" (the Revolution's official organ), speaks with authority. "If future historians look for the group that began the Russian Revolution let them not create any involved theory. The Russian Revolution was begun by hungry women and children demanding bread and herrings." With this as a premise Mr. Sorokin reviews and analyzes the Revolution, dispassionately. Because of its content and readableness, "Leaves from a Russian Diary" is heartily recommended to Communists and Aristocrats and those who stand midway.

The pleasantest sort of book on collecting is one that appeals both to the connoisseur of antiques and the connoisseur of human nature. You may care little for old faience or snuff boxes, but you can hardly help being diverted by tales collectors tell of finding them. In "Collector's Luck in France" (Atlantic) Alice Van Leer Carrick spins a narrative full of spirited adventure as well as practical advice for the amateur. She gives the reader concrete evidence of the spoils of a leisurely stroll through France, by her excellent numerous photographs. And her descriptions of the quaint aspects of peasant and shopkeeper mind are done with warm sympathy and appre-

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ciation. What queer and delightful commercial graces the French have! In these small shops she discovered relics of the whole history of Empire and Republic. Whether you want to or not, you find yourself breathless over the search for some bibelot that carries you along through low hung doorways, tiny crooked halls, and up and down flights of ancient steps. If there are some skeptics in the world who find it difficult to imagine why collectors become almost fanatical in their search for hidden treasures, a reading of this little book is very apt to make them wonder whether there isn't a great deal in it after all. The author has called the sport "the one respectable form of gambling", and to lessen the possibility of losing one's all by a too giddy entrance into the game, she has appended a detailed list of dependable shops in Paris and the provinces.

It hardly matters whether Daniel Henderson has learned from Robert Frost or gone back to the earlier lessons of William Wordsworth. The virtues of the poems in "A Harp in the Winds" (Appleton) are those of simplicity of thought and directness of expression. These means are sufficiently subtle to lend charm to everyday subjects such as "The Business Changes Hands", not to speak of material more commonly regarded as "poetical". Of course, simplicity may degenerate into mere jingle. The initial vigor of the series on "American Trails" trickles out into such doggerel as:

America has heard the news and not to be outdone
She clamors for a horseless coach from good George Stephenson. . . .
But weep for its bold engineer — the safety valve he ties
And blows the locomotive up to steam across the skies.

It is frequently easier to quote the bad than the good; one cannot judge Wordsworth by "The Idiot Boy".

Magdeleine Marx went to Russia prepared to write a book, and so gathered a considerable body of statistics and related data. But when she came to write "The Romance of New Russia" (Seltzer) she decided to discard these facts and figures. The decision was in many ways a wise one. Statistics about a country where conditions are changing as rapidly as they do in Russia are misleading when a year old. But Mme. Marx did not do so well to disregard the restraint which statistics impose. It is rather too difficult to accept so rhapsodical an account as hers. True, she has not overlooked the hunger, the cold, the poverty which still are widespread in Russia — nor has she left unmentioned the filth, the vermin, the disease. True, too, that a revolution is expected to result in something more than an increase in physical comforts. But such a tale of spiritual greatness — of a whole people rising superior to an environment — is too incredibly good to be true. The jacket says that the book is "something like a work of fiction". So it is.

"Unmasking Our Minds" by David Seabury (Boni, Liveright) does a real service. Modern psychology is introduced freed from the jargon of any particular school, and made thoroughly entertaining with a quantity of excellent contemporary illustration. The explanation of "objective analysis" as a key to self knowledge, and the optimistic analogy between the late conquest of matter and the future exploration and emancipation of spiritual energy, are perhaps the book's sturdiest qualities. "A great change

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will come over American life in the generations that follow", Mr. Seabury prophesies. "They will be protected by this sound mental hygiene from the woeful condition that sickens and sorrows so many minds — the dead weight of experience residue lying like poison in the dark chambers of memory." As a weapon against insanity he quotes Payot's dictum that "we can only control human nature when we obey it."

It is the custom, in this day of mercenary sophistication, not only to gild the drab violet but, sometimes, to turn it into something which it distinctly isn't. "In the Land of the Laughing Buddha" (Putnam) makes a strenuous effort to metamorphose the blatant corn flower into a flower of rare, adventurous, and captivating permanence. Upton Close is one of those wayward souls who are invariably reading adventure and romance into a match borrowed from the corner traffic cop. China, to him, is a mixture of Sax Rohmer, Kipling, and Richard Harding Davis. He wills tense passions from each and every rice bowl. For all of that, his is a book which should interest many — particularly those of our more inland cities. Regarding the humor, it is not entirely nasty to venture the belief that, outside of Mr. Close, most of the laughter must rest with the Buddha of his title.

The subject of all verse is the little but significant detail in the action of the great tragicomedy of life. One poet may choose to emphasize the tragic detail while another throws the spotlight upon some comic moment. And there are still other poets who try to show both, or else the one within the other: the tragic aspect of the comic moment. Of the latter group is Adèle De Leeuw. In her "Berries of the Bittersweet" (Brimmer) we are prepared, by the title itself, for this mixture of life's essential sorrow and happiness. The *mise en scène* of this collection is entirely domestic. The husband-lover, the children, and the daily tasks are the material from which the garbs of the muse's moods are cut. Here is excellent material for intense poetry; but this intensity is the very quality that is lacking. There is never a line that perfectly contains a magnificent despair or delight. All of it goes rather normally and calmly along, and often the poet can be seen biting her pencil end for the next phrase. Such poetry may be a relief to the author and it may at times please the reader, but it certainly cannot be classed among the deep and moving verse of the day.

Professor Ellsworth Huntington explains differences in the behavior and achievements of groups of people by hereditary differences in mental characteristics. "The Character of Races" (Scribner) is devoted chiefly to showing the part that natural selection has played in producing racial characters, as illustrated by the fact that "the fishing industry tends to eliminate people of a timid disposition". Unfortunately the fishing industry does no such thing, and the results of Professor Huntington's applications of his principle are utterly absurd. There is no evidence worth considering that mental traits are hereditary and can be selected; there is, on the contrary, evidence, by analogy with physical traits, that even inbreeding reduces variability only slightly. The explanation of a certain recurrent form of behavior is, then, more probably the cultural setting in which it occurs. According to Boas, "Our knowledge

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of the reactions of men living in diverse cultural forms and the study of the cultural forms themselves lead us to infer that hereditary characteristics are irrelevant as compared to social conditions. . . . We may say, furthermore, that cultural anthropology makes the existence of fundamental racial differences very improbable."

Joseph Pennell had a collection of London sketches which Macmillan wanted "illustrated" by a text. So Sidney Dark, according to his own preface, was commissioned to write "London". The collaboration is now published, packed with Pennell's inviting etchings which sandwich in Dark's informal descriptions. If there is a London Chamber of Commerce, it should handsomely pension author and artist, for the book makes the city of fogs seem the most desirable place in the world to visit.

A new edition, in one handy volume, of "Modern Russian History" (Knopf) by Alexander Kornilov, as translated and expanded by Alexander S. Kaun, is welcome, since the first issue is out of print, and timely inasmuch as interest in Russian affairs is increasing steadily with the growth of an international consciousness. The book is made up of a series of Kornilov's lectures delivered from 1909 to 1916, covering in detail the history of Russia during the nineteenth century down to 1890, supplemented by an outline history from that date to 1916 by Mr. Kaun. This edition is further enriched by an admirable introduction written by Geroid Tanqueray Robinson, of the Department of History of Columbia University, who has also provided a fairly copious bibliography of works in English, and a few in German and French. Primarily intended as a college textbook, it is much more than such books can usually claim to be, for it may be said to break new ground, at least so far as non-Russian readers are concerned. Kornilov's introductory sketch of the growth of Russia up to the nineteenth century is necessarily brief, since he was writing for students to whom much of that history was presumably known, but its very brevity makes it stand out as a brilliant performance. The body of the volume is a careful, minute analysis and interpretation of Russian life, political, social and cultural, during the century before the catastrophic collapse of the old régime.

It may be difficult for some readers to grant that "The Selected Works of Artemus Ward", edited with a preface by Albert Jay Nock (A. and C. Boni), merits the laudatory and glowing essay with which Mr. Nock acclaims the long dead humorist. Until this book, we had never read Ward, and we never expect to again, for we were unable to find any of the rare and exalted qualities in his work which Mr. Nock so earnestly prepared us to encounter. We hope to be forgiven the expression here of the honest opinion that these selections contain nothing which is of permanent value.

In compiling "The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics" (Macmillan), Laurence Binyon is inevitably challenging comparison with the "Golden Treasury" of Palgrave, a work which he admittedly intends to supplement, by beginning where Palgrave left off and including the most notable short English poems from the year 1850 until the present. As might have been anticipated, the verse selected by Mr. Binyon does not on the whole reach the same high level as that contained in

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Palgrave's famous anthology; yet the compiler has done a competent piece of work, and has produced a volume which the lover of poetry is certain to appreciate and enjoy. One may be somewhat irritated, of course, by certain inclusions and omissions; one may regret that poets so notable as A. E. Housman and Alfred Noyes are not represented although Mr. Binyon has not failed to devote several pages to his own work; one may note unfavorably the slight attention devoted to lyricists so accomplished as Ernest Dowson, James Thomson, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy; and yet, in general, one must admit that the anthologist has threaded his way with skill through the difficult mazes of poetry, and has given us perhaps as good a collection of recent English verse as has been produced to date.

No phase of American history is more fascinating than the story of the life and death of a town. In some places in this country it is the chronicle of defeat against insuperable natural conditions; in others it is merely the record of the restlessness of human nature that is forever seeking Utopia round the next bend in the river or on the other side of the mountain. "The Romance of Forgotten Towns" (Harper) is fingerprinted with the marks of many civilizations — English, French, Spanish, German — and pious traces of strange religious sects looking for a haven where they might worship in peace. The author, John T. Faris, has carefully combed the records of pioneer achievement, and collected many photographs of the interesting and quaint relics of these settlements. There were giants in those days, men and women who planted peaceful industrial communities in the midst of the virgin forests. Though in many places there is now only a brass plate or a statue to commemorate their accomplishments, the thriving cities and towns of today have arisen from the very graves of their achievement, and the fibre of our national life has grown from their bones.

Like most Americans we shall probably see the world by proxy, being too vitally concerned with pursuing the elusive greenback. We therefore nominate Harry L. Foster as our ambassador plenepotentiary to foreign lands, on the strength of "A Gringo in Mañana Land" (Dodd, Mead). By keen observation and a spicy style, Mr. Foster has created a book both informative and entertaining. To wit: Manzanillo is disposed of thus: "One of several places — where the traveler, upon leaving his ship, takes one hasty glance at the dirty black beach and the . . . driftwood shacks, grasps his nose firmly between thumb and forefinger and makes a dash for the daily train that will carry him somewhere else." A quiet family celebration: "Around the corner came a procession of mournful men and wailing women led by three coffins. Excitedly I hailed the proprietor [of the hotel]. 'A bandit, *señor?* No, indeed. Jose Dominguez had a christening at his house last night. Purely a family affair, *señor*, nothing more!'" Humorous incidents, dramatic episodes, and newsy yarns make up the book, without detriment to an undercurrent of continuity. To usurp the language of the law school, Mr. Foster's work is a "case book" about our Latin-American neighbor. Underlying principles and philosophical comment are avoided; events and incidents make up the work. The reader is allowed to draw his own conclusions. May Mr. Foster travel again soon and may we have the pleasure of reading his record thereof!

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A fragrance of old lavender permeates the pages of Augustine Birrell's "More Obiter Dicta" (Scribner). On reading it old, dusty emotions trip across the threshold of memory, redivivus for a brief instant. The essays are offered by the author without apology. They need none. For Mr. Birrell has a shrewd insight, a quiet humor, and a sound judgment. His style is that of an older day, less rushing, but just as bored as our own. His subjects are the miscellany that torture or delight all reviewers, ranging from humbug and the forgotten Miss Ferrier to Châteaubriand. One reads them with the feeling that one is in the presence of a Tradition. Just the amount of respect one owes it, is a problem. To damn with faint praise is an avoidance of responsibility. To panegyrize is to drown one's intelligence in the well aged Malmsey of a quiet Victorianism. Augustine Birrell has his niche — neither too high nor too low. Let us leave him there in peace, meanwhile making our obeisance in the same vein — neither a mere nod nor a deep bow.

Lester Burrell Shippee's "Recent American History" (Macmillan) is a highly satisfying volume. It is satisfying for its completeness, not that it gives every detail — as a single volume on the entire period since the Civil War, and as a textbook, it is only a summary which the teacher must expand — but that in selecting details, and in fitting them into accounts of large industrial, social, and political movements, it is governed by a viewpoint not usually to be found in books of its type. Moreover, it expresses this viewpoint with such suavity and apparent disinterestedness as to justify its current appellation of "liberal". If, in fact, the book errs at all it is in its excessive restraint; but this too may be a necessary fault to be remedied in the classroom.

The translations of de Maupassant's stories which Lafcadio Hearn made for the New Orleans "Democrat" and "Times-Democrat" have been collected under the title of "Saint Anthony and Other Stories" (A. and C. Boni), with an introduction by Albert Mordell. The stories are excellent, but no more so than the translations. Hearn had very high standards, and one may agree that the translations are masterpieces in their own right, having the quality of great English prose and yet preserving the spirit of the original.

"The Book of Friendship Verse", collected and edited by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams (Sully), contains not only the most celebrated poems on friendship by writers of the past and present, but also a liberal selection of immortal prose on the subject by such masters as Montaigne, Bacon, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Thoreau, and Emerson. We believe that the inclusion of both verse and prose in a single volume of this kind has been carried out here with most happy results in achieving completeness, breadth, and variety. The present anthology is rendered both timely and valuable by the enduring permanence of its contents.

B. W. Mitchell writes of camping and glorious mountain scenery in "Trail Life in the Canadian Rockies" (Macmillan) with buoyant enthusiasm. He gives many valuable suggestions for other campers and mountain climbers. But the glory of the Canadian Rockies needs more than an enthusiast; it requires, rather, the soul of an artist and the pen of a master hand. Nor do the photographs even begin to do justice to their subjects.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Library readers started off the new year appropriately by demanding the three new books which, most commentators will agree, command first attention in their respective fields. In fiction, the newcomer in the Monthly Score is E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India". Watch for it to climb higher. In the general list, Mr. White's "Woodrow Wilson" is surely the most talked of biographical work that has appeared in some time, while "The Fruit of the Family Tree", satisfying as it does a growing curiosity as to what science can tell us about life, was certain to appeal to those who had read its author's "New Decalogue of Science". And lest those curious about such things should wonder why popular interest in etiquette has declined, as suggested by the lower position of Mrs. Post's famous work, be assured that there is nothing wrong with this picture. Librarians report as great a demand as ever for guides to perfect behavior, but the demand is spread over half a dozen competitive volumes. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
2.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	Rugged Water	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
5.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
6.	The Enchanted Hill	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
7.	Rose of the World	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Old Ladies	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
9.	A Gentleman of Courage	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
10.	A Passage to India*	*E. M. Forster*	HARCOURT
11.	The Plastic Age	*Percy Marks*	CENTURY
12.	East of the Setting Sun	*George Barr McCutcheon*	DODD

GENERAL

1.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
2.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
3.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
4.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
6.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
7.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
8.	From Immigrant to Inventor	*Michael Pupin*	SCRIBNER
9.	Woodrow Wilson*	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON
10.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK, WAGNALLS
11.	Galápagos: World's End	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
12.	The Fruit of the Family Tree*	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS

*This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE PUBLISHERS AND THE NEW SEASON

IN past seasons I have read innumerable bright catalogues of forthcoming books, seeing back of the publication of each volume stern editorial decision or sterner business acumen; hoping that from carloads of printed matter would spring magically rest, relaxation, and profit for the many. At last, however, the catalogue has become merely colored paper and well arranged type, human contact has become a necessity. So this year I have visited as many publishing houses as was possible in a very limited time, and have gathered from the editorial font itself some idea of volumes soon to be seen in shops and libraries.

It is one hundred years since Daniel Appleton found that the book counter in his general store was quite overwhelming other goods in point of sales. In West Thirty Second street, New York, the library of the present day Appleton's where guests are received is walled by high bookcases and looks as if it were really used for reading purposes. Stairs lead up, rather quaintly, to the editorial offices. Of this list, the most important book is obviously Mrs. Wharton's "The Mother's Recompense". It is the fruit of her visit here last year and deals not only with American social wanderers in Europe but with modern American society here. A posthumously published Emerson Hough will find many readers; for it is a story of love and adventure in the "lonely open spaces". Very much like Michael Arlen in style, with the same desire for plot innuendo and twists of word and deed, is Laurence W. Meynell, whose "Mockbeggar", an English prize winning novel, now challenges comparison with "The Green Hat". Jean Cocteau, French, impudent, breezy, gives us a cleanly but picaresque story in "Thomas, the Impostor". Another novel which Appleton's believe promises much is "Last Year's Nest" by Dorothy A Beckett Terrell, a domestic tangle that unravels satisfactorily.

"Unknown Tribes — Uncharted Seas", a romantic travel book of Albino Indians in Panama by Lady Richmond Brown, is said to bristle with adventure. A nice contrast on the list is Robert Lynd's "The Peal of Bells", a book of light occasional essays by this famous English critic. George Gibbs, the novelist out of Philadelphia, contributes, in addition to a costume novel "The Love of Monsieur", a story in essay form titled "How to Stay Married". Two critical works of importance are Lewis F. Mott's "Sainte Beuve" and Barrett H. Clark's "A Study of the Modern Drama". Many persons will be pleased to know that the poems of Robert G. Welsh, the dramatic critic who died so heroically last year, are to be published under the title "Azrael and Other Poems". Charles Hanson Towne has written an introduction.

On another floor in the same building, with Bibles of various sizes and descriptions naturally much in evidence, is the American branch of the Oxford University Press. Their large list naturally contains many scholarly works, a majority of them philosophical and religious in character — and how exquisitely printed! A two volume "Letters of James Boswell" by Chauncey Brewster Tinker is made up of

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much hitherto unpublished material. A luxurious travel book, the plates of which are rich in color and interest, is "Tibet, Past and Present" by Charles Bell.

In another building not far away, on Fourth Avenue to be precise, are Stokes and Dodd, Mead. Not so different in general appearance either. Both have library reception rooms, with many books. The Stokes offices are in the nature of individual libraries, decorated with delightful illustrations from old books. Dodd, Mead spread out with more open desk room.

That there should be three business romances on one list (Stokes) is odd. Lucille Van Slyke's "Nora Pays" deals with the penalties for success which come to a proprietress of a Fifth Avenue shop. Horace Annesley Vachell in "Watling's" shows us the proprietor of an English department store in moods of both sentiment and business. And "A Young Man's Fancy" by John T. McIntyre is a dreaming romance of spring and a store window. Those who remember Crosbie Garstin's "The Owls' House" will not fail to read his new "High Noon". In "Dominion" by John Presland we have, apparently, a tense and colorful story of South Africa centring around the life and personality of Cecil Rhodes.

Stokes will bring out also Honoré Willsie Morrow's "The Lost Speech", a new Lincoln story, in a small book some time during the spring. Amusing general books are two by famous business men, concerning their hours of play: Frank Hedges Butler's "Round the World" and Wendell Endicott's "Adventures with Rod and Harpoon Along the Florida Keys". Mothers will find unusual Pamela Grey's "The Sayings of the Children", in which Lady Grey of Fallodon recalls her own children's sayings and the publishers have left space for fond mothers to record bright remarks of the precocious young. Speaking of the precocious young, "The Prince of Washington Square" is likely to be one of the literary curiosities of the year.

The Dodd, Mead list shows forth a glitter of detective stories; as described to me they sound equally baffling. "The Shadow Captain", a romance of Captain Kidd, sounds vastly entertaining, and if E. B. and A. A. Knipe have written it well it should prove good reading. Then there is a thriller subtitled "a romance of reincarnation", "The Way of Stars" by L. Adams Beck. Fanny Heaslip Lea has long been known for her human, amusing stories in the magazines. "With This Ring" should, from accounts of those who have read it as a serial, prove popular. E. Barrington has chosen another historical figure to make vivid in fiction. This time it is the baffling Lord Byron, and she has called her story "The Glorious Apollo".

A third edition of "The Men Who Make Our Novels" by Charles C. Baldwin really amounts to a new book, for it has been completely rewritten and many names added. Reminiscences that should be filled with unusual anecdotes of the artistic group of the Nineties are those of William De Morgan's sister-in-law, Mrs. Stirling, "Life's Little Day". Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, one of the best booksellers in the country and editor of "Book Notes", has arranged "The Steamer Book: A Miscellany for Voyagers on All Seas". This is not an anthology of the sea but it is filled with all sorts of fascinating bits of information and with worthwhile articles and amusing anecdotes.

Less than ten blocks downtown on Fourth Avenue is the Century Company. Light grey wood rather fanci-

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fully carved marks the reception room of this dignified concern, wicker chairs for waiting guests and glass cases filled with books and manuscripts. Gilbert Frankau is the present day Robert W. Chambers of London. His "Life and Erica", most successful as a serial there, will be published as a book simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. The author of "The Plastic Age" has written a story of the California mountains, "Martha"; and Marie Conway Oemler, of Savannah and of "Slippy McGee" fame, gives us a southern girl character in "His Wife-in-Law". "Jungle Born" is a fascinating title. John Eyton is frank in acknowledging debt to Kipling for this story of a boy raised by a mother ape. There will be another small book from Donn Byrne, the story of an Irishman who took a girl from an English convent to make his wife. "O'Malley of Shanganagh" — Irish enough, isn't it?

"Tradition and Jazz" is the provocative title chosen by Fred L. Pattee, whose criticism is becoming known in America as sound yet stimulating. E. Alexander Powell in "Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim" gives African adventures, particularly tales of Abyssinia. "Summer on Dipper Hill" is a companion volume to that popular volume "The Lone Winter", and its author, Anne Bosworth Greene, still lives and writes on her Vermont farm, in spite of the fact that tourists have made it somewhat of a shrine.

On Thirty Third Street, near Fourth Avenue, is the House of Harper. Harper's in their new uptown building have succeeded in preserving something of the atmosphere of old downtown days by means of quaint wall paintings and massive furniture. Two first novels which are believed to be of unusual power are "Wild Marriage" by B. H. Lehman, an instructor in the English department of the University of California, and "Faith of Our Fathers" by Dorothy Walworth Carman, the story of the life struggle of a young minister. Margaret Wilson, winner of the Harper 1922–23 prize and of the Pulitzer Prize for 1924, gives us a modern problem novel this time in "The Kenworthys". Rose Wilder Lane's other writing will demand attention for her first novel, "He Was a Man". Although the Zane Grey book has been out some time, any mention of Harper books is scarcely complete without "The Thundering Herd".

As a contrast, perhaps, to their "Autobiography of Mark Twain", we have George M. Cohan's "Twenty Years on Broadway and the Years It Took to Get There". The playboy of the American theatre here tells a truly Irish life story. "The Creative Spirit" by Rollo Walter Brown, an idealistic study of creative impulses, it is hoped will appeal in somewhat the same way as Robinson's "The Mind in the Making". Another book which should have a wide audience is "Table Talk of G. B. S.", the conversations of the quixotic Mr. Shaw and his biographer, Archibald Henderson.

Brentano's is a great bookstore, filled always with customers and with an unusually intelligent sales force. In the building above the store are the offices of the publishing firm — light, airy, businesslike. One of the chief efforts of this house will be to revive an interest in Edgar Saltus. They are reprinting his entire works and adding two more volumes, "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" and "The Anatomy of Negation". "The Virgin Flame" by Ernest Pascal, author of "The Dark Swan", is the story of a young composer in conflict with the jazz of modern music and life. On this list are two

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interesting biographical books, Samuel Spewack's "Presenting—Morris Gest", and Rabbi Stephen Wise's "My Thirty Years' Battle". "Ulysses Returns" by Roselle Mercier Montgomery is a collection of verses by a balladist well known to newspaper and magazine readers.

In the Thirties, too, are the publication offices of THE BOOKMAN, modest cubbyholes in the firm of George H. Doran Company. Offices and bookrooms are ranged around an airy, open space in a building in the old Murray Hill section of New York. Two works from Sir Philip Gibbs will be contributed to the season's outlay of fine English books: his novel "The Reckless Lady" (reviewed in this number), and his extraordinary postwar volume "Ten Years After". W. Somerset Maugham's novel "The Painted Veil", Michael Arlen's "May Fair" and the new popular edition of "The Green Hat", and Aldous Huxley's "Those Barren Leaves" (also reviewed in this number) make an unusual group of novels from young Englishmen. One of the few real novels of real newspaper life, by a man who should certainly know of what he writes, is Irvin Cobb's "Alias Ben Alibi". Cyril Hume, whose "Wife of the Centaur" was a sensational first novel, gives us "Cruel Fellowship". "Everyman's Life of Jesus" will be published coincidentally with the second volume of Dr. James Moffatt's new translation of the Old Testament. In it he has told one of the greatest of stories simply, yet dramatically. "The Diary of Lord Bertie of Thame — 1914–1918" is a revealing book concerning the war, for Lord Bertie was ambassador from Great Britain to France during most of the conflict. It is edited by Lady Algernon Gordon-Lenox. Another piquant and unusual narrative is "The Last of a Race" by Princesse de Montglyon.

Farther downtown, this time in Greenwich Village, I found the comparatively new firm of Albert and Charles Boni, established over bright teashops and antique dealers but nevertheless neat, trim, and businesslike. They are rejoicing in the phenomenal success of Will Rogers's "Illiterate Digest". A first novel for which they give preliminary cheers is "Schooling" by Paul Selver, the story, apparently, of a young schoolmaster. Laurence Housman's "Trimblerigg" is an audacious and thinly veiled portrait of a famous Englishman. There is the luxurious reprint of the famous "Yellow Book" on this list, also "The Mental Agility Book" by Ralph Albertson, an encyclopædia of educational puzzles containing over two thousand games of the wits.

On lower Fifth Avenue, not so many blocks distant from Washington Square, is the Macmillan building, with its staid bookshop, its dignified waiting room. On this fiction list is a new collection of short stories by James Lane Allen, the author of "The Choir Invisible". There are fresh products, too, from May Sinclair and Alice Brown, two stories by Eden Phillpotts, two books by the author of "Maria Chapdelaine", and a new novel "Rosalie" by Charles Major, author of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall". (From all accounts he died in 1913; this is apparently a posthumous story.)

The first volume of Sir Sidney Lee's biography of Edward VII is ready. It deals presumably with his life and experiences as Prince of Wales. H. G. Wells sets forth more of his opinions in "A Year of Prophesying". A book of poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson opens with an anti-prohibition piece from which the book takes its

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title, "Dionysus in Doubt". Two volumes of collected poetry, James Stephens's and Vachel Lindsay's, will make valuable library additions, particularly the latter, with the author's own odd illustrations. "Playwrights of the New American Theatre" should prove interesting, coming as it does from Thomas H. Dickinson, and representing therefore somewhat middle ground in viewpoint. Two travel books of note, Stefansson's "The Adventure of Wrangel Island" and Stella Benson's "The Little World", are only a few titles of this always huge list.

Appropriately near Macmillan's and other houses dealing in textbooks, is the home of Longmans, Green and Company. This venerable establishment has just celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its founding in London. I was fascinated to learn that the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" (1719) was issued by the publisher from whose business evolved the present firm. Compared to Longmans, Green, the Thomas Y. Crowell Company is a mere stripling, for it has not yet quite reached the century mark. Recently the Crowells moved from their old quarters on West Broadway up to Twenty Seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, so as to be nearer the rest of the fraternity. This firm publishes, in addition to fiction and general books, numerous reference works, among them "Roget's Thesaurus", whose popularity has been greatly increased by the cross word epidemic.

On West Sixteenth Street, in a fine old brownstone house, furnished quietly within, Robert M. McBride and Company greet the approaching scribe. Three of their novels look particularly interesting: Elmer Davis's "The Keys of the City", which is said to be more romantic and less farcical than his other books; "Jonah" by Robert Nathan, one of the best of our young novelists; and "The Ninth of November" by a well known German, Bernhard Kellermann, which aims to show the breaking up of Germany as a result of the war. Since there is very little material to be found on shelves concerning Manchuria, Adachi Kinnosuke's book on that subject should prove useful. McBride's are adding several informal travel books to a list which is becoming their specialty. One of these, "Two Vagabonds in the Balkans" by Jan and Cora Gordon, sounds as if it would be a good companion to their "Two Vagabonds in Spain", which I remember as an excellent "escape" book.

Opposite the Washington Irving High School and Washington Irving's old house, B. W. Huebsch have taken up new quarters. "The Freeman Book", cream of the contents of the lamented weekly, which contained some of the best critical writing ever done in America, is an important book if you are interested in good criticism. "The Long Green Gaze" by Vincent Fuller, announced as "a cross word puzzle mystery novel", is a novelty which will probably amuse many, and Louis Levine's "The Women's Garment Workers" is said to be authoritative as a textbook on trade unionism.

In midtown, on Fortieth Street not far from the New York Public Library, is the building which lodges the Hearst magazine and publishing concerns. Luxurious offices, you may be sure. Here it is that many best sellers may be encountered in the halls. The spring list of the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation is small, and it contains some interesting items. Most of their authors are well known before Mr. Hearst adopts them, or rather, perhaps,

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on the way to becoming best sellers. In the case of Harry Hervey, however, although he has done remarkably well with his novels and a travel book, "Where Strange Gods Call", his "Ethan Quest" makes no concessions to popularity and is said to be a combination of romance and realism, with an ending far from happy. Adela Rogers St. Johns, the lovely lady who writes about the movies, puts forth her first novel, "The Skyrocket". Bill Johnston, the jovial and humorous gentleman of the New York "World", writes knowingly of "These Women", and an Edison Marshall novel, "The Sleeper", makes a bid for best seller fame.

Above Fortieth Street, in what might almost be called the Main Street of the literary world, since it contains many of the clubs and most of the gossip of New York, are several of the most conservative and largest of our publishing houses. In the same building as Condé Nast and his decorative magazines is Henry Holt and Company. Here, one sees Henry Holt himself, tall, stately, white haired, and his sons, obviously like their father. By them will be published Mrs. Dawson Scott's "The Turn of a Day", a story in which all happenings take place within twenty four hours. After many announcements, the first volume of "Annette and Sylvie", translated from Romain Rolland's French by Ben Ray Redman, will appear. The promise of a new novel by Ralph Straus, to which a title has not yet been given, will please those who still find "The Unseemly Adventure" well worth joyful remembrance. It is interesting to know that the respect for Burton E. Stevenson as anthologist is so great that not one of the 428 authors represented by 1,374 poems in his "Home Book of Modern Verse" charged him for the use of material. This book should be a good companion volume for "The Home Book of Verse".

On the next street — and one may reach it by going through an areaway — is Putnam's bookstore, and above it the offices of the publishers of innumerable outline books. With Robert Keable's arrival in this country, they announce his new story, fruit of travels in the South Seas, called "Numerous Treasure", which oddly enough is the name of its heroine. Meade Minnigerode's "Lives and Times", intimate biographies which stress the atmosphere of periods perhaps more than the characters considered, deals with Theodosia Burr, Citizen Genêt, William Eaton, and Stephen Jumel. James J. Corbett's "The Roar of the Crowd" (reviewed in this issue) adds to fighting literature. Why the brittle minded critic of the New York "Sun" should write a life of Irving Berlin, I don't quite know; but it can be certain that Alexander Woollcott will give a touch of quaintness and impudence to anything he undertakes. Three other personal narratives are found on the Putnam list: "My Jungle", completed by William Beebe as he leaves for the Sargasso Sea, "The School for Ambassadors" by M. Jules Jusserand, and "Adventures in Criticism" by A. Quiller-Couch. — *J. F.*

(To be concluded in April)

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Retrospect

IN September, 1906, I found myself in a proverbial predicament: I was short of legal tender. Being then a graduate student at Columbia, I was forced to do something about it. In the language of Edmond About, I said to myself, for when I talk to myself I always use what grammarians term "the polite form of address": "*Comment vous vous y prendrez?*" Suddenly my skiff came in: I secured the position of teacher of French and German in a boys' school directly across the Hudson from Morningside Heights.

In the French course we took up Edmond About and read "Le Roi des Montagnes". It is a glorious account of cultured banditry in Greece, quite inoffensive to anyone unless it be a Greek of that time who was so literal minded that he was unable to penetrate the subtle difference between a good joke and a bad gibe. The boys liked the tale. And they all passed the Board Examinations. Consequently, I for one wish to express my appreciation to the publishers for bringing out this story in the esteemed translation of Miss Crewe-Jones. "The King of the Mountains" is as good a tale of its kind as I ever read. Old Hadji Stavros, leader of the bandits, is a real creation, while his confederates have what it is so difficult to give *en masse* — each his own personality. The Englishmen, particularly the Englishwomen, they hold up are choice exemplars of those tourists who go abroad because they are not satisfied with the run of things at home but who, once abroad, stifle the foreigners with praise of the land that gave them birth. Moreover, this novel brings out a fact that is always overlooked in connection with highway robbery: we condemn without reserve the practice, which is natural, but fail to admire the skill that wallet lifting exacts of those who engage in it. To be even a supernumerary in the employ of a Hadji Stavros requires an extraordinarily nimble brain. Such devils should be given their due, especially when manipulated with the adroitness that was part and parcel of Edmond About.

This novel is found in the Library of West Virginia University in no fewer than nine different editions. On the library card of one of these editions (1891) there are these words: "The Library shall be opened at least once a week during the college year, at such time as may suit the convenience of the Librarian." The Library of the same institution is now open every day in the week including four hours on Sunday. No wonder that American publishers are reaching back and bringing out the masterpieces *d'antan*.

On the other hand, Zamiatin's "We" is published in this country though it has not yet seen the light that comes from the printing press in its native Russia. In this there is a measure of eminent propriety, for the book — it is hard to designate it more closely since nothing like it was ever seen in the United States before — depicts life as it is to be in a thousand years from now. Well, if life is to be like this in 2025, I am personally grateful for the assurance that man lives but three score years and ten. I want none of this machine made love, life, birth and death, though

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I am bound to say that for once the publisher's announcement is intelligent. That bit of selling talk uses the adjectives "amusing", "satirical", "bold", "powerful", "modern", and "cubist", in describing the book, and the terms are justified. This book should be read, if for no other reason, merely to see the extremes to which the human mind may go. But I am convinced that the publishers brought it out in order to show what Soviet Russia may be.

There are no name characters in it, and not many numbered ones. Its personages are so many prongs on the ratchet which, in revolving, sends this man up and that one down. There are forty chapters (they are termed "records"). I believe that Record XII is the best: it is on the delimitation of the infinite, angels and poetry. But however this may be, there are two similes in the book which I cordially recommend to Mr. Wilstach. Of a certain young woman it is said that her normally alluring mouth, or lips, looked, in their pout, "like a crescent with the horns down". And of a certain man it is said that "his Adam's apple stuck out like a broken spring against the upholstery of a worn divan". Anyone who may wish to know why the Bolsheviks have forbidden the book up there should read Record XX on State rights and duties.

René Lalou, age thirty five, has passed in retrospect approximately six hundred creative French writers. He has pronounced some quite austere judgments: Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" is not a masterpiece yet he couples Rostand himself, detached and in the aggregate, with Molière and Racine.

Now, were it not for the fact that M. Lalou has written four novels on his own account, I should be minded to pass up his solid academic record and remark that he is a man of notable boldness in that he essays to fix forever the value of creations that are not his. As it is we drop the issue, with this remark: There are two big differences between Lalou's method of procedure and that of a typical German historian of literature. The German would include his own novels in his history and would pass judgment on them; and the German would never try to explain his country's literature as a detached product. On the contrary, any German literary historian feels, indeed knows, that literature, and particularly "contemporary" literature, can neither be explained nor vindicated without a running comment on and appraisal of these additional factors in the æsthetic life of a nation: the press, science, politics, religion, history, criticism, art in all its forms — painting, music, sculpture, stage — and foreign influences. When M. Lalou takes this point of view and spends another fifteen years on his history, we shall be in a position to rank it high. At present, the most that can be said for it is that it would make an excellent manual for such college students as wished to orient themselves in the field.

George Heyer has rendered, admirably though freely, François Villon's *chefs-d'œuvre* into English verse. For this he is to be warmly thanked. M. Villon (1431–1484) did not write much; but he wrote that poem, or ballad, that closes with the question, *Ou sont les neiges d'antan?* probably the greatest verses ever written in French. Consequently, any individual who brings his works closer to the hearts of the English speaking people renders a magnanimous and magnificent service. The booklet is beautifully made, contains the original French on one page and the somewhat "original" English

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on the opposite page. The notes are illuminating without being excessively elaborate. This "Retrospect of François Villon" is an amiable book. It is filled with both poetry and thought, which is a singularly powerful combination.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

The King of the Mountains (*Le Roi des Montagnes*). By Edmond About. Translated by Florence Crewe-Jones. Illustrated by George Avison. Cupples and Leon Company.

We. By Eugene Zamiatin. Authorized translation from the Russian by Gregory Zilboorg. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Contemporary French Literature. By René Lalou. Translated from the French by William Aspenwall Bradley. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Retrospect of François Villon. Being a Rendering into English Verse of *Huitains* I to XLI of *Le Testament* and of the Three Ballades to Which They Lead. By George Heyer. Oxford University Press.

The Exiled Russian Literature

IT is an old truth that literature is the fruit of the soil on which it is grown. A writer, like a tree, imbibes the sap which feeds and shapes him. Were it not so, literatures of different nations would have no individual national characteristics. Yet this comparison should not be interpreted too closely. For unlike a tree, a writer eradicated from his native soil and living out of touch with his people is not necessarily fated to wither and die. Plato and Dante, Victor Hugo, Heine, and Mitzkewich as well as many others lived and wrote in exile. Indeed, "writer exiles" might be the subject of an interesting work embracing literatures of all times and all nations and sparkling with a brilliant array of immortal names.

If, however, individual writer émigrés have been many in all countries, history has on its records but comparatively few examples of entire "exiled literatures". For this reason, if not for others, the existence, growth, and development at the time we live in of the exiled Russian literature in Paris, Berlin, Prague and other European capitals seem to constitute a subject deserving of attention.

Let it be stated right away that, in spite of numberless difficulties, the two million Russian exiles who fled in 1919–1920 from the Revolution and who do not want to return into the Soviet realm, lead an active cultural life of their own. They are scattered all over the world; their main centres are in Paris, Berlin, and Prague (which number together over half a million Russians) but there are also thousands of exiles in Shanghai, Peking, and other exotic places. Like real "sons of Israel" these men, belonging to the cultural *crème des crèmes* of the old Russia, form as it were a little world of their own within the world, a state within states. They have an enormous number of Russian schools in which they educate their children, two Russian universities — one in Berlin and the other in Prague — about sixty newspapers, a score of weeklies and monthlies, and some thirty five to forty publishing houses which have issued in the course of the last years thousands of new Russian books and republished thousands of old ones.

Most of Russia's prominent fiction writers — such as I. Bunin, Kuprin, Merezhkovsky, Balmont, Artzybashev, Mrs. Gippius, Shmelyov, etc. — have joined the émigrés in their mass exodus. A mere enumeration of these names suffices to prove that the old and glorious traditions of Turgenev and Tolstoy as well as the younger schools of decadents and symbolists have left their native country and settled abroad.

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In the first years of their Calvary the exiled writers could not and did not write; they were bewildered by the catastrophe, shell shocked as it were. But time heals wounds; their literary output has been steadily increasing since 1921–1922, and has attained by now its normal pre-Revolutionary proportions. Their financial situation has also changed. In the first years of exile it was almost desperate. In 1920 I happened myself to observe in Constantinople Mr. Grebenstchikov, a young prose writer, carrying loads on his back in the dirty and dusty docks of Galata. Now, since publishing houses have opened and the exiled readers have found jobs, the writer can again make his living by writing.

In a way Russian writers have even profited by their exile. The Revolution, the flight from Russia, a close communion with the spiritual life of various European nations and with European authors, have enriched them with invaluable impressions and experiences. Moreover, exile has broadened their audience. Their works are usually brought out not only in Russian, but also in French, German, Czech, etc. Almost every short story by I. Bunin or Kuprin is published simultaneously in the "Sovriemennya Zapisky" and in "Le Mercure de France" or "La Nouvelle Revue Française". "*A quelque chose malheur est bon*", says the French dictum, and in the case of writer émigrés it is undoubtedly true. These writers are not eradicated from their soil, for there is as it were a Russian hinterland around them, yet at the same time they are, so to say, cosmopolitanized by the conditions in which they live and work.

It is impossible even to enumerate in a short article the best works of fiction that the exiled literature has to its credit. Therefore I shall mention only a few books that have appeared in the course of the last months, enough to give a concrete illustration of the tempo and the range of the Russian literary life outside of Russia.

The book of the month is undoubtedly the first part of "The Birth of Gods. Tut-ank-Amon in Crete", an historical novel by D. Merezhkovsky (the Russian version has been brought out by the "Sovriemennya Zapisky", Paris, and the French has been published serially in the "Mercure de France"). Judging by the title one might think that the author has decided to enrich the world with one more *roman de boulevard* dealing with a fashionable subject. This is not, however, the case. Mr. Merezhkovsky is the best living Russian critic and essayist, an outstanding poet, a learned linguist, a prominent philosopher, and the author of world famous historical novels ("Leonardo da Vinci", "Peter and Alexis", etc.) translated into all the European languages. His new Egyptian novel is the result of long study and research. A Russian critic justly says of it that Mr. Merezhkovsky has found words simple, heavy and old like pyramids, has worked out a style deeply original in its primitive simplicity, and has succeeded in drawing a painting of mystical beauty. His unusually daring attempt certainly does deserve the attention of the American reader.

Another event of the month is "The Rose of Jerichon", a volume of short stories and poems by I. Bunin (the "Slovo" Publishing Company, Paris). Mr. Bunin is recognized as the best contemporary Russian prose writer. He is, so to speak, the descendant of the most illustrious literary ancestors, the standard bearer of the best literary traditions. Every fragment, every story coming from his pen is an event to the Russian reader. His new vol-

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ume does not disappoint one's expectations: it contains real gems and masterpieces.

A striking proof of the vitality of the exiled literature lies in the fact that not only old writers continue to write, but also new ones, talented and original, emerge. Such are Aldanov, Grebenstchikov, Lukash, Mrs. Tzvietayeva, as well as a few others. Here I shall mention only one of their works — "The Devil's Bridge" by Aldanov ("Sovriemennya Zapisky"). It also is an historical novel, forming the second part of the trilogy "The Thinker". Its first part, "The Ninth of Thermidor", appeared about a year ago and won the warm praise of Russian and foreign critics. The two novels cover respectively the last years of the great French Revolution and the Napoleonic epoch. History is novelized in them with a rare art and skeptical elegance, combined with an impeccable knowledge and understanding of the epoch.

It is typical that the mind of a Russian writer émigré should turn to the French Revolution. There is a deep and interesting analogy between the Russian exiled literature of today and the French exiled literature of one hundred and thirty years ago. History repeats itself. Read (or reread) Châteaubriand's "Mémoires d'outre-tombe" and you will think that you have read the history of Russian exiles. Châteaubriand himself, Count Joseph de Maistre, Rivarol, and many others matured into famous writers in exile. Just as there is now a Russian Paris, there was then a French London with French newspapers, publishers, etc. And, before his situation improved, Châteaubriand, like almost all his Russian colleagues of today, had passed through months of misery and privations. Add to this the striking similarity of some ideas and reflections, and you will see that history really does repeat itself, at least once in a while.

ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

Notes from France

BOOKS are written in series and read in series. This is due, first, to the fact that everyone in Paris reads and writes. Ten years ago there were a great many good books written on various subjects, from various points of view, by men, generally speaking, of from thirty five to forty five. These writers are not replaced, they still exist, but they are for the time overshadowed by a group of men of from twenty four to thirty who seem to have sprung up together, at the same time, and who have something of the same earth about them. Cadmus's army again — and from still more fertile fields. They produce one book after another, generally novels — of us, and of now — bearing certain interior signs of similarity. If I find they share in the same heredity, that there is some relationship among them, I shall be severely criticized by their indefatigable self analysis. They do resemble each other in this: They have had the same education, and they have done the war. Their education has given them the same starting point of purgation, they do not feel obliged to repeat what has been said before; and second, all of them have the same instinct, idea, hallucination — call it any name you can find — that their time is horribly limited, and that in this short time they must succeed in a concentration, intemperate and desperate, of the best they have.

All these books are something more than good books.

There is "Etienne" of Marcel Arland

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(Nouvelle Revue Française). A remarkable article of his, "Un Nouveau Mal de Siècle", which came out in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" last spring, gives the nature of his preoccupations. "Etienne" is a tragedy — a summary perhaps, or a concrete instance, of the *mal de siècle*. Little by little, we are brought from the moment of apprehension of a gigantic *désœuvrement* to its recognition, then to its analysis; now we are confronted with its concrete manifestation in the lives of the personages of this book. With one step further we shall be forced to deal with it in the lives of the people themselves. The French are beginning to demand that our affirmations, or our negations, extend beyond the realm of literature. In "Etienne", Arland has given himself the problem of seeing a living creature work out his own inquietudes. He leads Etienne, after having given him the full quota of experience at the age of sixteen, to a blind and exasperated state of failure. But no one has "failed" at sixteen, it has been objected, and a sequel is suggested. I doubt if Arland believes in the value or the possibility of solving problems. That he has presented us with a good one should be enough. "Etienne" has been severely criticized on the ground that Arland has too well read Gide's "Isabelle". Although the question of influences is always interesting as a matter of history, it should not be allowed to take all the attention from the book. I persist in liking "Etienne", not because it is well written — so many books are that — but because it is a ferment.

Then there is Philippe Soupault. I think I must have spoken before of his two novels, "Le Bon Apôtre" (Simon Kra), and "A la Dérive" (Collection Colette). The first is another psychological study of Paris in relation to a hero, the second an excellent example of Soupault's cinema style, the life of a vagrant told in brief affirmations, from ship to bar to gold mine. "Les Frères Durandeau" (Grasset) is also a result of moving picture technique — another gesture, another movement of the arm. We see the three brothers' photographs for a moment on the screen, then the houses they live in and the women they live with; the various ordinary episodes unroll. We must follow quickly since the narrator never retraces his steps; and when the lights are turned on we go out of the cinema theatre. The difficulty with this book is that Soupault is an acrobat, and an enthusiast with certain male delicacies. His energies are not at their best in treating of a bourgeois family. This former dadaïst, this inventor of theories and practices, has given himself too small a frame and has kept too exclusively outside of its edges. We can't help expecting a great deal from Soupault. He is the possessor of that perhaps supreme quality — charm. We have never quite had the cup full of the best wine with him.

Nicole Stiébel, in "Jacqueline, ou Le Paradis Deux Fois Perdu", has succeeded not only in marking her special terms of action and reaction with the century and these people we live among, but in doing it in book form, as a composition, not as a confession. Rare for a woman and difficult. Their qualities do not lie that way. This is a book that women will read with something more than attention, because a woman exists in it and is not dwarfed and overshadowed by the giant size of the man author. More humble than Arland, she does not demand that the condition of non-adaptation to the world be universal. On the contrary, those that maintain an equilibrium are enviable; her criticism is directed only

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against herself. The novel is an interesting development of a woman's two marriages, first to a devoted and contented husband, then naturally to the tormenting and indifferent egoist. The "Paradise Twice Lost" interprets from the opposite standpoint, and in a certain honest measure, a state of affairs recurrent enough. It is handled with accelerated speed rates, and corresponds in its paradox to the exigencies of our time.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Prisoners, Prizes, and New German Books

GEORG HIRSCHFELD, for many years the intimate friend of the great theatre director Otto Brahm, has published a volume of correspondence under the title "Briefe und Erinnerungen" (Georg Stilke, Berlin). The famous apostle of naturalism in the theatre reveals himself in his letters as man and artist, and the collection, supplied with copious notes and explanations by his devoted friend, will be devoured by those interested in theatrical history and in the forerunner of Max Reinhardt.

An important book of value to historians is Friedrich Meinecke's "Idee der Staataräson" (Oldenburg, Munich). In this deeply reasoned book the attempt is made to define the right of the State to overpower the individual and demand his subordination to the whole. How dangerous the too entire subordination can be, the world war has shown us; and Meinecke has laid the idea of State bare of all would be beautifying phrases about the "natural order of things" and so on. He builds up the ideal of service to the State and shows how it may in the future be achieved without a narrow nationalism making of each State a fetish and a juggernaut.

A book which is exciting much interest at the moment is Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" which has been translated and published just in time for the Christmas book season and is to be found in every bookseller's window. Beside it, in equal popularity next to the new Hauptmann, Mann, and Wassermann, reposes Ossendowski's "Beasts, Men and Gods", which would certainly some time since have climbed to the place of best seller if the Germans had the statistic habit in respect to book sales. It is queer that this fantastically orderly people does not seem to care for this interesting standard of popularity. In Germany one calculates the success of a book only by hearing everyone talk of it and discovering that everyone has read it. Ossendowski's success has been increased by a semi-scandal. Professor Sven Hedin, the well known expert on things Tibetan, charged him with relating good stories as hard facts. Voices arose in defense, and the matter is not yet settled; it is reported that the quarrel will end in a legal action.

An important political book which is being much read is "Aus Meinem Leben", reminiscences of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, published by the Frankfurter Societäts Druckerei. As second son of the Chancelor Hohenlohe affectionately known in the people's tongue as "Uncle Chlodwig", this prince had every opportunity to peep behind the screens of kings and diplomats. His nose for gossip is good and his judgments sound. His pleasure in telling truths, whether convenient or not for all his hearers and readers, is probably not lessened by the fact that he fell into disgrace with the former Kaiser Wilhelm II for editing and pub-

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lishing his father's memoirs in 1906. Forced to live unwillingly in political retirement, Prince Hohenlohe lost no whit of his interest in things political, as these fascinating memoirs prove.

The same publisher has just issued a remarkable book by Gunther, Freiherr von Pechmann, "Die Qualitätsarbeit" (Work of Quality), which the author calls in a subtitle "a handbook for merchants, industrials, and commercial politicians" — by which he means to appeal of course to those who make commerce into politics, not those who make politics into a commerce. Although written for Germans and dealing with German conditions, the book treats of such universal thoughts and problems that the native of any country would be stimulated by reading it. The high ethical standard taken up in this practical question of the value and use of high-quality work in the general market, is typical of the attitude which more and more gains ground here among industrials of importance — the *Werkbund* ideal — the desire to keep up the standard for the standard's sake, not only because of the importance to trade. "What is true of the individual is true of the nation; it grows toward the goal it sets", declares the author, and the sentence might serve as a motto for this deeply interesting book.

"Five Centuries of German Humor" — a long dose and a strong one. He who finds no risibilities tickled here must confine himself to the home product. Seriously, this comprehensive work in two volumes, collected by W. Franger and published by R. Piper and Company, Munich, is much more than a long roar of laughter through the centuries. A people betrays itself in its laughter far more than in its tears. Tragedy masks, comedy discloses; and under cover of many a smile and chuckle, many a droll picture and quip, the wanderer through these volumes finds himself absorbing a good dose of cultural history, seeing a nation's soul revealed, its fantasy and its oddities, its particular way of looking at life and the world.

That one man journal, "Der Querschnitt", original, somewhat fluttering and unstable, full of quips and quotations, illustrations, and the personality of its editor, H. von Wedderkopf, has passed into the hands of the mammoth Ullstein Verlag. But since the editor remains unchanged, the magazine will probably retain its original character.

An enthusiastic yet restrained appreciation of that delicate, fantastic yet powerful master of etching and illustration, Ferdinand Staeger, written by Reinhold Conrad Muschler, has just been issued by Max Koch, Leipzig. Staeger's name and work are famous far beyond his native land, and many will be glad to possess this critical account of painter and achievement. An interesting novelty lies in the fact that the cover and end papers for the book were designed by Staeger himself; and the reproductions of the illustrations, over a hundred and fifty, mostly full page, and the type employed were chosen under supervision of the artist. A pleasure for lovers of Staeger's fanciful hand, reminding one somewhat of Walter Crane, and a surprise for those unacquainted with his art.

The "Reichsverband der Deutschen Presse" (German National Press League), meeting in Berlin, has been discussing a project for a journalistic statute. The journalists, not content with the freedom from without which is now practically their own, now demand freedom from within. That is, they desire to create and maintain a class of free and responsible editors who

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will dare to withstand any attempt to exercise undue influence on the part of the publisher of the paper, with his business and other interests. The responsibility of the editor must be twofold, declares the proposed statute — commercial responsibility toward his concern and moral responsibility toward his public. The journalists want to do away with any attempt on the part of the publisher to exercise direct editorial influence, unless he be capable of establishing himself as editor, with editorial responsibilities; otherwise publishers' views must be printed as such, apart from the editorial ægis. An inspiring fight for newspaper probity; one may watch with interest the development of these ideal projects to see whether this sketched out statute ever becomes law.

One of the oldest established and most popular magazines in Germany, "Velhagen und Klasing's Monatshefte", offered a prize of ten thousand marks for the best short story. The result is just out. Faced with three competitors of equal merit, the publishers generously increased the prize. The prize winners are all well known in the short story world — Friede H. Kraze, Dr. Oskar Jellinek, and Wolfgang Goetz. They receive five thousand marks each. A Munich newspaper, the "Münchner Neueste Nachrichten", has offered one hundred thousand marks for a serial novel — extremely high, reckoned even in dollars. Many pens will be set scratching by the announcement, and the only thing the authors will fear is a new devaluation.

The evangelical Synod of Germany has begun a process against the world famous humorous weekly "Simplicissimus" of Munich, on the score of blasphemy! One cannot expect an evangelical synod to have a sense of humor, but if the case is not settled out of court it should provide some amusing reading.

Thomas Mann has just returned to his home in Munich after a most successful lecture tour in Denmark. He gave his lecture on Goethe and Tolstoy and was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. He proposes to make a lecture tour to Norway and Sweden in the spring.

The Drei-Masken Verlag set a fashion in facsimile reproduction of famous manuscripts, and two other publishing houses have now followed suit. The Paul Zsolny Verlag, Vienna, has published Gustav Mahler's "Tenth Symphony" in facsimile, even going so far as to imitate the covering portfolio and the paper of the original. Still more interesting is an exact facsimile of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony". This appears in Verlag Kistner und Siegel, Leipzig. The reproduction, from the original manuscript preserved in the Prussian State Library, is beautifully done, and must be a joy to all adorers of the greatest German musician.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

MY DEAR JOHN FARRAR:
I notice that in your short review of new books, "Paulus Fy" is reviewed as "an unsuccessful attempt at sophisticated writing". I might with equal authority say that is sheer nonsense. And that it is more than merely a matter of opinion. If it were only a matter of opinion, there are some seventeen reviewers who disagree with yours.

Just what does your reviewer mean? It *is* an *attempt* at sophisticated writing. And since it is an attempt, and the attempt has come about, it is successful. How can such an attempt be unsuccessful? If it is a question of whether the writing is sophisticated, what does sophistication mean? Amusing? An ultramodern viewpoint? No bourgeois compromise? Unexaggerated? Novel? Naive? "Paulus Fy" is all of these and more.

But all of this is beside the point. The point, from my standpoint, is that in this day of so few beginners of promise, it seems to me that there is a duty on the part of THE BOOKMAN, which I and many others use as a guide and help. A duty of saying which book is "a first". And a duty to consider it rather more carefully than "the arrived". And if, as "Paulus Fy", there's evidence of extraordinary talent, it should not be dismissed with a line of scoff. "Paulus Fy" was written by Helene Mullins and her sister. Some of the finest verse written by an American has appeared in F. P. A.'s column by Helene Mullins. I venture to predict that THE BOOKMAN will one day herald her as a great force in American letters.

Sincerely yours,
S. JAY KAUFMAN.

DEAR MR. FARRAR:
Ruth Hale's article "As a Child Reads" in the November BOOKMAN brought to mind two things: my grandfather's fondness for the old Alsatian proverb, "Paper is patient, one can print anything on it", and Owen Wister's onetime description of something of Harold Bell Wright's as a "bewildering mess of mildewed pap".

And then a letter by Amy E. V. Putnam in THE BOOKMAN'S Mail for September has been rankling in my mind. Her complaint on the lack of suitable reading matter for pupils in schools reads like letters written twenty five years ago by Dr. Burke, the noted California educator who recently died. Since that time this problem has been solved in California by exactly the agency which Miss Putnam claims will not supply the need. She says "The public libraries will not solve this need and there is no use putting up that argument." Yet in forty two of California's fifty eight counties one can go to the remotest school and find a live, new collection of children's books and school books which are changed constantly throughout the year, and this because the schools pool their funds with a library at the County Seat which buys with their needs in mind, making it a point to meet teacher and children and pay attention to their individual requests. These books go over mountain and stream, often on muleback in the mountainous counties, but they go. Only through cooperation could this have been accomplished.

Yours sincerely,
ESTELLA DEFORD,
County Librarian, Napa, California.

DEAR EDITOR:
Kindly lend an eye to my

BACK-TALK

In passing a news stand recently, my eye, accustomed to devouring title pages en route, lighted on this — "How to Stay Out of the Movies". Observing also that this article appeared under John Farrar's editorship in THE BOOKMAN, I delightedly pressed forty cents upon the bored magazine vender and went my way with said BOOKMAN tucked cozily under my arm à la Ben Franklin. I was consumed with curiosity and my funnybone considerably tickled at seeing such a title in THE BOOKMAN — I could not help but wonder what the subtitles were! Presently I had a chance to regale myself on a Hershey bar (you don't have to be thin to *write* for Pictures) and the surprising "How to Stay Out of the Movies", chuckling away in the privacy afforded by a full train bound Somewhere on a holiday.

My suspicions were confirmed — this effusion proved to be merely a part of John Farrar's consistent and laudable campaign against all those stepping studioward. However whimsically, sarcastically and dishearteningly written it may be, it does contain several truths apparent to the

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discerning eye and worthy of being followed by the discerning genius, eager and determined upon success. Course, if you're just writing to fill up your waste-paper basket, pay no heed to these friendly signboards!

The need for action stories and character stories is apparent to all, even to those who are not interested because of a clandestine desire to "get into the movies". When you've missed your train and go to the movies for consolation and to find a more comfortable seat than the depot bench, the picture must be gripping enough to catch your interest and thoughts at once, lest they deteriorate into angry mutterings at fate for letting you miss your train and lest you realize that your present seat is just as hard as the bench you just left!

"How to Stay Out of the Movies", especially its last paragraph, makes one reminiscent of articles read in other warning publications which told of the hosts of pretty waitresses in Hollywood — all "would be" but "not yet" screen stars "of great magnitude". If directors would more often avail themselves of their eyes while lunching, some of these geniuses might come into recognition even if it were via spilling soup down someone's neck or giving the wrong change. A small price, indeed, to pay for Fame — and we must remember that talent is talent no matter how humble its medium of expression!

But what brings forth my one and only dimple in reading these red lantern writings (this particular bit by James Creelman, several of John Farrar's fatherly admonitions and others) is the understanding of the conviction that must have been well up in the minds of these fellows at the time of writing said articles. They must believe that all of us who chew pens and drink ink will immediately abandon this nourishing diet upon reading their portentous words and become grave diggers, ragmen, "I Confess-ers", or what nots.

At least such scripts reveal one certain fact — and, I fear me, a fact which their authors did not intend: how little, evidently, these gentlemen know of "bulldog grip" characters and antlike workers who for neither a John Farrar nor a James Creelman will give up one drop of their daily sweat even though they "arrive" barefoot and ragged with tongue lolling out. There are, to my way of thinking, two concrete things which such essays will accomplish. First, they will scare and dissuade everybody who's out with the desire to pose — in exchange for a meal ticket and a bed tag. Second, they will inspire (by rousing their dander) those who have real ambition and a love for the job to a definite "I'll show you if I can stick" course of action.

And though, naturally, I hate to travel second class, I admit that this time I fall in this latter category — in other words, personally these articles make me want to scale the highest walls of all and slide triumphantly down t'other side into the very "Secret Gardens" of the Moving Picture World. After which rather Patrick-Henryian speech I am reminded of the little engine chugging hardly up the hill: "I — think — I — can, — I — think — I — can, — I — think — I — can", was its refrain wearily puffed over and over. But do you remember its jolly descent with changed tempo and tune? — "I *thought* I could, I *thought* I could, I *thought* I could."

And as with the brave little engine so be it with you and me!

Feelingly,

ELIZABETH A. WILLIAMS.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WE have an unhappy faculty of saying unpleasant things about people's books to audiences, whereupon the uncle or cousin of the maligned person appears upon the scene and says, "I was *so* interested in what you said about Lulu." In Cleveland, the agreeable sister of Anne Douglas Sedgwick was introduced — only we hadn't said anything so very dreadful about "The Little French Girl". How could one? It's a harmless book. In Canton, Ohio, we didn't make any breaks of that sort, although we remember distinctly talking of the forthcoming John L. Sullivan *autobiography*. However, what's such a break in a world of Fords? Of course, Indiana is a dreadful state for authors and their relatives. Three charming cousins of Booth Tarkington smiled nicely at us in Greencastle, even though we had opined that Mr. Tarkington sadly misunderstands modern young folk.

We received several new ideas about young folks out west. The papers are filled with their scandalous goings on, yet those we met seemed mild-mannered and sober. We cannot figure out whether it's just because these things get into the papers out there, or whether youth is really a little more tempestuous in the corn belt. In Greencastle, we were introduced to a high school class under the able tutelage of Miss Lela Walls. One young man presented us with several of his poems and informed us that Henry van Dyke was his favorite author of all time. We liked one of the poems quite a little, and we hope that, unless he finds something more useful to do, he will keep on with his writing. We liked Indiana. We liked Greencastle. It reminded us, somehow, of Vermont, where the people have the same slow, dry wit and something of the same drawl, where they are cordial enough, but curious. As the large gentleman in the small hotel at Greencastle said, "Out west further they're nice to people no matter who they are; but here, well, we sorta like to know what it's all about, I reckon." A midwest basket ball game is quite as exciting as eastern football, and far more strenuous. A close contest between Butler and De Pauw found us cheering lustily. It was the first athletic contest we had ever attended at a large coeducational institution, and you have no idea how the feminine shriek in large quantities adds to the tone of excitement. R. W. Pence, who edits anthologies of short stories and essays, teaches at De Pauw. He, with a patient group of undergraduates, won our eternal gratitude by sitting with us for hours in the dawn, while the train which should have arrived didn't, and didn't and didn't some more.

Why do all the young men with artistic ideas want either to write or to act, and refuse to be told that both callings are not only overcrowded but precarious? Also they all want to come to New York City and prove for themselves how difficult it is, and we don't blame them; we know just how they feel. What a desperate and fine and altogether encouraging thing it is to find youth daring the impossible and making it actual.

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We had hoped for a week's rest in snowy Vermont, with snowshoeing across wide quiet moon-filled valleys, but circumstances hold us close to New York and the best we can do is to read with fascination Ornulf Poulsen's small but complete book "Skiing", which contains a chapter on snowshoeing. The dedication of this book, we consider a rare one. It reads, "To my mother, with love, and thanks for all the ski-pants mended." The skiing scene from the motion picture version of Cyril Hume's "Wife of the Centaur" was a new thrill, too. Hume is still in Florence, wondering what we on this side of the water will think of his new book, "Cruel Fellowship".

As a Christmas card from Richard Kirk and George and Flora Seymour of the Chicago Bookfellows came a nicely printed little edition of some of Kirk's poems, "Penny Wise". He has a gift for presenting thoughts in tiny verses, like this one which seems to us striking:

THE SKILFUL PHYSICIAN

One came not sent for, undesired,
Yet skilful far beyond the skill
Of him who came with draught and pill,
And looked, and nodded, and retired.

Letters have been coming into the office from all over the country, from those intending to enter THE BOOKMAN'S contest for the best papers by club members. We shall be glad to furnish the conditions of this contest on request. Six hundred dollars in prizes has been offered, and the closing date of the contest is April first. We have an unreasonable hope that the papers will be interesting to the judges. Obviously, that depends on the judges as well as the papers. We trust that these essays, when published in the magazine, will eclipse the regular contents (we have just been watching that heavenly phenomenon along with millions of other awed souls in the New York streets). Speaking of New York streets, the prospectus of the new weekly magazine to start in February, "The New Yorker", sounds more than interesting. It sounds as if the publishers had decided to present the current so called "smartness" of Forty Fourth Street with determination. If the magazine does do this cleverly enough, without confining its interest too closely to Broadway and the Forties, it will probably be a huge success. Who could conceive a paragraph more cleverly constructed to catch the eye of the rest of the country than this:

> The New Yorker will be the magazine which is not edited for the old lady in Dubuque. It will not be concerned in what she is thinking about. This is not meant in disrespect, but the New Yorker is a magazine avowedly published for a metropolitan audience and thereby will escape an influence which hampers most national publications. It expects a considerable national circulation, but this will come from persons who have a metropolitan interest.

Appealing thereby to the snobbish in all of us, this magazine should profit tremendously. Its editor is a gentleman with a straight shock of hair and a quick smile, and his name is H. W. Ross. On his advisory board are ten of the gayest of current celebrities, including Edna Ferber, Ralph Barton, Dorothy Parker, Laurence Stallings, Rea Irvin, etc. etc.

Whether or not the public will be ready to receive the large numbers of historical romances which tread upon M. Sabatini's heels this spring is a question. Tired of realism, the writers are having again their heyday of romance. The Atlantic Monthly Press gives a two thousand dollar prize to Clifford M. Sublette of Harlingen, Texas, for his

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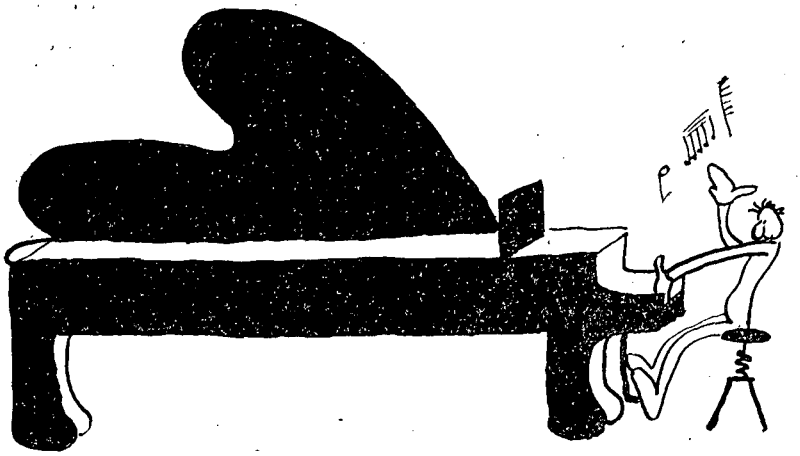

Portrait of Robert Nathan at the Piano, by Himself

adventure story, "The Scarlet Cockerel". Mr. Sublette is a fruit grower and has never written a novel before; but he has been much interested in history. He has, however, published a number of short stories. His winters he spends in writing, his summers in field work for commission houses dealing in fruits and vegetables. This occupation takes him about a good deal in the west and gives him an excellent opportunity for gathering material for his stories. Other prizes come and go. Several prominent poets have already announced to us that they will win the Blindman Prize for 1925. This is the largest prize of its kind in the world, offered by W. Van R. Whitall of Pelham, New York, in commemoration of Hervey Allen's poem, "The Blindman". It is awarded for the best poem of fourteen lines or over, and manuscripts must be in the hands of the Poetry Society of South Carolina by February 28. Further details of the competition may be secured by application to the Society at 57 Broad Street, Charleston.

Robert Nathan, with all his accomplishments, should join Robert C. Benchley on the vaudeville stage. This fine young stylist who has chosen Jewish history as the background of his new novel, "Jonah", has always astonished us by his long series of deeds. He fences well. He writes music. He plays the piano exquisitely. There you are: the Nathan-and-Benchley vaudeville team, literary lights and humorous humdingers. However, Mr. Nathan has this winter been quietly teaching poetry at New York University. We find that his "Autumn" and "The Puppet Master" are well known wherever we go, and this is encouraging; for since "The Plastic Age" stands for the younger generation in many minds, it is comforting to know that a few find worth remembering the work of one of the young people who has real artistry.

The home of the Bobbs-Merrill Company in Indianapolis is a comfortable building, overlooking pleasantly a broad park. Its offices are more like libraries than offices. Its officials are kindly hosts. While Hewitt Howland and his charming wife were entertaining us with stories of literary happenings in the midwest, it seems that

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the New York Bobbs-Merrill — in the persons of young Thomas Coward, squash player of note, and Herbert S. Baker — was doing its share of entertaining at a farewell luncheon to Dr. William E. Barton, before he sailed for Europe. Dr. Barton has made a lifelong study of Lincoln, and his two volume Life to be published this spring represents the fruits of careful research. At the luncheon were Alexander Black, Dr. Albert E. Wiggam, and Professor Nathaniel Stephenson. Several Lincoln volumes are appearing this season — several each season as a matter of fact. Jesse Weik of Greencastle, Indiana, told us that more books had been written and published concerning Abraham Lincoln than any other historical personage except Napoleon. It is Mr. Weik who collaborated with Lincoln's partner, William Herndon, in the writing of the Herndon and Weik Life of Lincoln. "Lincoln trusted old man Herndon", Mr. Weik said, "because he knew that Herndon wasn't ambitious for office." Mr. Weik has a shock of white hair, he is short and stout and quick-moving. He darts at a bookcase and pulls out a treasure to show you. His library and office, with its fireplace, its picture of Lincoln, its photograph of Coolidge, leaves little doubt of political leanings. Then one learns that he has written a history of the Republican party. Anecdote after anecdote flows from a rich store. "Most of my collection is in New York City being catalogued", he explained, and told us that he had been seeing much of Senator Beveridge, who is now working on a large Life of Lincoln. Mr. Weik himself will probably soon write a Life of Herndon. It is a work which should be done, and Mr. Weik knew Herndon better than most other persons. "I've one thing I'll show you!" He sprang to the wall and came back triumphant with a volume of Holmes's poems. "Oliver Wendell Holmes knew that there was one of his poems that Lincoln loved, and he wanted to find out which one it was, so he asked old man Herndon, who remembered, 'The Last Leaf'. I wrote Holmes, and here's the letter he wrote and the book he sent me." There it was, with its curious linking to the past. We gathered that Mr. Weik does not believe all the Lincoln legends, that he thinks Lincoln was treated with rather more respect and dignity in Springfield than is generally supposed. "They didn't call him 'Abe'", he insists. "Why, he used to call Mr. Herndon 'Billy'; but Herndon never called him anything but 'Mr. Lincoln'." What a curious pair the two partners must have been!

We have often tried to figure out our relation to Alexander Black, the author of "Stacey", a book which we have found vastly interesting. Now Mr. Black has been adopted by a certain club of ladies as club husband, and we have been adopted as club son. Does that make us — well, what does it make us? Alexander Black did not start writing novels until he was fairly well along in years. Then he wrote "The Great Desire" and it was received with enthusiasm. "Stacey" in our opinion is a better book. Its author has keen wit and graceful eloquence. He always makes a good speech, and he is always interested and kind. Long life as a newspaper man has not destroyed his charm of style in writing, or his leisurely manner of life outside his office. It always annoys us a bit when some young college boy says, "Won't it ruin my style if I go into journalism?" That's

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what certain college professors not worth the name think. If anyone has a style it can't be ruined, and most of us who haven't won't come to any great harm in the offices of print and ink. Another author whose book may be found on the season's list (and, we prophesy, very soon on the best seller lists) is A. Hamilton Gibbs. Arthur Gibbs, as has been told in these columns heretofore, is a brother of Cosmo Hamilton and of Sir Philip Gibbs. He served during the war with distinction, came to this country as an actor, and remained as author and assistant to one of our large literary agents. Short, dark, quiet, positive, a soldier still in his manner, with little of the actor left, he looks entirely unlike the tall sedate Cosmo, or the slight, nervous Philip. He is deeper, somehow, than either of them. He plays a good game of golf and likes a good story. His book on the war, "Gun Fodder", is one of the finest productions of the conflict.

From our St. Louis friends, more especially from Jane Francis Winn, we hear good news of local authors. We hear, for example, that:

Louis Dodge, whose "Runaway Woman", published a few years ago, was characteristic of his quaint and humorous style, has spent the last six months at the historic old town of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, so reminiscent of the French occupation in the state. He has written an article about the town which will be published in "Scribner's Magazine", and has gathered material that will one day be used for a novel. This winter he is visiting with his brother at Dardenelle, Arkansas, a beautiful mountain town, and will work upon what he describes as his great work, a novel of the time of Christ. Mr. Dodge has arrived at that happy stage of life when it is possible for him to write when and what he pleases, and this work will be purely for his own pleasure, whether it appeals to the popular taste or not.

Temple Bailey, whose "Peacock Feathers" has been one of the best sellers of the year, has spent the winter at Pinehurst, where she is working upon her new novel. While Miss Bailey's vocation is that of a writer of fiction, her avocation is devotion to her mother, who accompanies her wherever she goes and is a charming, cultivated woman, frail physically, but sturdy intellectually. Miss Bailey reads her manuscript to her mother as she writes it and "talks it over" with her.

While in St. Louis Miss Bailey is an ardent Red Cross worker, spending a great deal of her time at the Marine Hospital for disabled veterans. She took an active part in the Christmas celebration there. In fact, with her home duties and her philanthropic work, it is always a wonder to her friends that she gets time to write as much as she does.

Arthur E. Bostwick, St. Louis librarian, whose published books are so numerous, read an interesting critical paper at a recent meeting of the St. Louis Authors' Club on the subject of English authors who write about Americans, with special reference to Stephen Graham. Mr. Bostwick, by the way, goes to China very soon in the interests of library work, and one may expect something interesting in the way of a book when he returns.

The St. Louis Writers' Guild held a Poetry Contest during the month of December, awarding prizes and honorable mention to three of its members. The announcing of the prizes was made the occasion for the annual dinner and entertainment, all of which was original. Mrs. Margretta Scott Lawler, whose poems have appeared in many of the leading magazines, wrote a play called "Snow", a comedy with a Russian background. The principal part was taken by Miss Shirley Seifert, the talented young magazine writer. The play was an admirable bit of writing of its kind and Miss Seifert interpreted it quite as admirably.

The other day we told Sidney Howard that out in a western university they were solemnly studying one of the stories in his new volume, "Three Flights Up", and considering it the finest short story of recent years. They never even knew that he is also author of one of the year's most successful plays, "They Knew What They Wanted". That seemed to please him. After all, there is something peculiarly your own about a story. In a play, the actors have their part in the crea-

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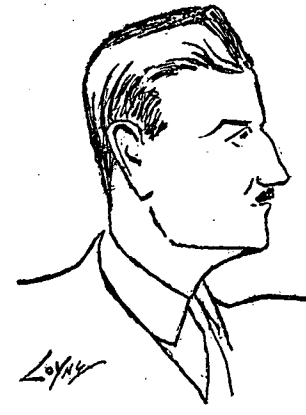
tion. Howard didn't say that, however, and probably he never thought it. We went into the New York Public Library with him, where he is at work gathering material about old Philadelphia for his novel. What an extraordinary place the reading room of the Library is on a cold day like this. Practically every seat taken, and everyone reading too, hundreds and hundreds of them. Mr. Howard had come upon a nice item during the morning which we insisted upon being shown. It was in a paper read before the City Historical Society of Philadelphia in 1907. It seems that in 1779 a law was passed forbidding theatrical performances. This, however, did not daunt the American Theatrical Company, who announced that they would give a series of "Concerts and Lectures". There is always a way of getting around the blue laws. The wise ones of this ancient company apparently put their heads together in those days and decided that they were wiser than the law. They announced "The School for Scandal" as "Comic Lecture in Five Parts, on the Pernicious Vice of Scandal", while "Hamlet" was billed as "A Moral and Instructive tale called 'Filial Piety' exemplified in the History of the Prince of Denmark". So at an early date did the spirit of Thespians defy the Puritans, or perhaps in this case the Quakers.

Louis Forgione, whose first novel "Reamer Lou" has just appeared, is a young Italian-American, a friend of Pascal d'Angelo's. They both come from the same section of Italy; they have known each other for some years. Forgione is of light complexion, with dark hair and brown eyes. He looks as though he might be part French. He is clever and alert, a good business man and a graphic talker. His novel apparently is a story of American shipyards and immigrants, strongly realistic but adventurous. Very successful as a marine engineer, he brought him-



Louis Forgione

self to that success by wile and by hard work, got his first job while he knew practically nothing of draftsmanship, and studied on the side, using various strategies to keep the position. The tale of one of his first efforts is a nice one. It seems that the foreman knew no more than he about drawing, so he depended on Forgione's knowledge. The man who was to make the construction from the drawing was old fashioned and didn't understand blueprints, so he went ahead and made the construction without following the drawing. Thus, by leaning on each other, they achieved success through ignorance. A nice fable that, although somewhat immoral in its conclusions. Forgione has written poems and short stories, and has tried his hand at musical compositions. He is ambitious and wideawake. "When do you write?" we asked. "Evenings and Sundays," was the reply, "like most other people who have a job, too." He has another novel nearly finished, a third started, and has almost completed several plays.

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All of which is highly commendable — it is refreshing to find so much vitality. After all, writing and keeping a job also is useful if it can be done, for often the job gives material for the writing. However, we understand equally the plight of the people who want to write and yet are too weary to do so when they return from the day's labors — that finding of any excuse to convince the mind that tonight is not the night to write. Well do we know it. But that method never wrote a novel yet.

Why more public spirited citizens do not conceive the idea of buying editions of books and presenting them to worthy institutions and sections of the public, we don't know. It is certainly an intelligent and worthwhile philanthropy. Eldridge R. Johnson of Camden, New Jersey, has recently ordered a special edition of ten thousand copies of James M. Beck's "The Constitution of the United States". He did this so that schools and libraries in all parts of the country might possess a copy of it. The President of the United States has written a special foreword for the edition, commending both the book and Mr. Johnson's spirit in making the gift. President Coolidge says, in part, in his foreword:

> It is of first importance that the study of the Constitution should be an essential part of the education of the American youth. The public spirit of an eminent American, Eldridge R. Johnson, in making possible a wide distribution among educational institutions of James M. Beck's "Constitution of the United States", deserves public recognition and commendation.
>
> The Constitution is not self-perpetuating. If it is to survive, it will be because it has public support. Such support is not a passive but an active operation. It means making adequate sacrifice to maintain what is of general benefit.
>
> The Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen. So long as it is observed, those rights will be secure. Whenever it falls into disrespect or dispute, the end of orderly government, as we have known it for more than one hundred and twenty-five years, will be at hand. The Constitution represents a government of law. There is only one other authority and that is a government of force. Americans must make their choice between these two. One signifies justice and liberty: the other, tyranny and oppression. To live under the American Constitution is the greatest political privilege that was ever accorded to the human race.

The entire smoking car of a train running through western Pennsylvania suddenly became violent over a matter intellectual. "S-c-a-r-a-b", shouted the large man in the light grey suit to the lounging brakeman. "There ain't no such word", insisted one. "It's a town in Africa. I know. My wife looked it up the other night!" volunteered another. A small quiet young man with a small quiet voice ventured the opinion that maybe it was a stone beetle. "Ha, ha, ha!" chorused the crowd. "Stone beetle." "Says here, 'an Egyptian token'" — the speaker poked the young man in the ribs. "Hear the little squirt! 'Scarab' ain't no word I tell you. You got the wrong word." So, the cross word puzzle progresses across the length and breadth of the land. The novelist and poet Clement Wood, originally of Birmingham, Alabama, now of Hastings-on-Hudson, where he has not quite lost lingual characteristics of the south — the novelist and poet, as we started to say — informs us that he has made four cross word puzzle books. That's quite a few. He has also written and sold a large number of poems recently, has a book on American poetry about to be published, and has completed several new novels. We think it was several. Clement Wood is one of these violent black haired southerners. He can be quite as pleasant as the next man, yet he occasionally rises to his feet in a

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place like the Poetry Society of America and uses his voice in protest such as is seldom heard in ancient and honorable gatherings. Deep in our soul we know that if we came from the south instead of the north we'd probably do the same thing. The protesters, the violent ones, they have their places. They serve to keep the rest of us a little disturbed, and it's a good thing not to be too comfortable. We liked Mr. Wood's book "Nigger" better than many another story of the same general sort. We find his poetry filled with vigor. He told us that he sang Negro spirituals the other day to a company including Zuloaga and Stefansson. We heard him sing them once, too. Surely the famous Spaniard will take back to the land of sunshine and bull fights memories of curious and yet melodious bellowings. Most of all we are grateful to Clement Wood for convincing us that a poet can be strenuous.

Every time we go to Cleveland we miss Ted Robinson, but this time we succeeded in talking to him over the phone. At any rate, he has promised to send us notes of Cleveland authors. Cleveland has proved itself to be an amazingly live place intellectually, with its tremendous reception of "The Miracle", its fine clubs, its paying little theatre, its real personality as a town. Here are a few gossip bits from that enterprising city!

A catalogue of the armor collection of the Cleveland Museum of Art is one of the beautiful books of the season. It is published by the Museum, and written by Helen Ives Gilchrist, Cleveland author and art expert. The book (which is the second notable volume to be issued by the Museum) is a handsome volume in handmade paper, bound in white vellum and marbled paper and illustrated with more than fifty full page photogravure plates and many small drawings in the text — the latter, the work of Theodore Sizer of the Museum. Miss Gilchrist first began the study of armor while at work at the Museum. She later continued research in France, and secured her Master's degree at Columbia on a thesis she wrote on the subject which had long engaged her attention.

"The Sublime Jester", by Ezra Brudno, published this season by Nicholas L. Brown, is the sixth of this Cleveland writer's novels. Mr. Brudno is a practising attorney of Cleveland, with offices in the Society for Savings Building. In creating the character of his hero, Albert Zorn, the author has followed the life of Heinrich Heine.

A revival of the successful dramatization of Charles S. Brooks's novel "Luca Sarto" was given at the Playhouse, Cleveland, in December. The author, who is a director of the Playhouse, was present, together with Clayton Hamilton, who has been giving a series of lectures in Cleveland. The Playhouse group of players also produced "Makers of Light", and its author, Frederick Day, and Professor George P. Baker (now of Yale) made a pilgrimage to Cleveland to see the production. The play was constructed in Professor Baker's famous "47 Workshop" at Harvard, but its only extended production so far has been at the Playhouse, which revived it this winter after an extremely successful run last season.

The fourth number of "The Book of the Rhymers' Club" has just been issued. The Rhymers' Club of Cleveland is an interesting and perhaps unique organization. Its membership is limited to ten, and the contents of its Book (a periodical issued three or four times a year) consist entirely of verse written by the members. Each poem appearing must have passed the test of severe criticism by the membership and a unanimous vote of acceptance. The membership at present consists of the following poets: John French Wilson, Helen Ives Gilchrist, Edwin Meade Robinson, Carr Liggett, Harmon C. Wade, Margaret Sumner Stevens, G. A. Stevens, Dorothy E. Reid, Norman Kirchbaum, and Herman Fetzer.

From Peoria, Illinois, Dell Nelson Leach sends us "Poems and War Letters" by William James Leach. She has published them as a memorial to Mr. Leach who died in the midst of his services as a Methodist minister. They are honest, inspirational verses, and the letters give clearly and with some humor the viewpoint of a war worker.

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